COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND THE "ROUGH RIDERS"
Battles, Volume Two

THE GREAT BATTLES OF ALL NATIONS

FROM MARATHON TO THE SURRENDER OF CRONJE IN SOUTH AFRICA

490 B. C. TO THE PRESENT DAY

EDITED FROM THE BEST AND LATEST AUTHORITIES BY
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VOLUME TWO

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
PETER FENELON COLLIER & SON
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CHAPTER XXII

THE FIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE

THE RED ALLIES — GATES AND ARNOLD AT SARATOGA — BURGOYNE'S DEFEAT — RECOGNITION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES

A. D. 1776—1783

THE war of American Independence has been, is, and will be, regarded as one of the most significant in history.

It was the first instance in modern times of the successful revolt of a colony against the mother-country. It was followed by a series of more or less similar revolts, which stripped France of her largest remaining colony in the western world, and deprived Spain of the whole of her possessions on both continents of this hemisphere.

It created the first independent state on either American continent which had existed since the downfall of the great Indian kingdoms of Mexico and Peru in the sixteenth century. By depriving England of her most important colonies in this country, it shifted the center of gravity of her colonial empire from the western to the eastern hemisphere. Through the share taken by France in the struggle, and its influence on public opinion in that country, it contributed largely to the French Revolution, and thereby to the complete transformation of the political and social state of Europe, which has resulted therefrom, and which is still going on. It laid the foundation of a policy which is the first realization in history of a federal republic on a large scale; which exhibits features previously unprecedented in the records of political experi-

ence; but which has in turn been largely followed. It has virtually altered the whole theory of the relations of colonies to the mother-country. By splitting the English race into two nations, it has doubled its influence on the destinies of mankind.

It was commenced and carried on by the British ministry in iniquity and folly, and it was concluded in disaster and shame. Its most important battle was that which resulted in Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga in 1777, and which, by inducing the courts of France and Spain to attack England, insured the independence of this country.

The five northern colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Vermont were the strongholds of the insurrection. The feeling of resistance was less vehement elsewhere, though everywhere it was formidably strong. But it was from the descendants of the Puritans that the first armed opposition to the British crown came, and it was by them that the most stubborn determination was displayed. In 1775 they had forced the British troops to evacuate Boston and to transfer their theater of operations to New York. The English, however, had a considerable force in Canada, and the year following completely repulsed an attack which our forces made on that province.

The British ministry resolved to avail themselves, in the next year, of the advantage which the occupation of Canada gave them, not merely for the purpose of defense, but for the purpose of striking a vigorous and crushing blow. With this view the army in Canada was largely re-enforced. Seven thousand veteran troops were sent out from England, with a corps of artillery abundantly supplied and led by select and experienced officers. Large quantities of military stores were also furnished for the equipment of the Canadian volunteers, who were expected to join the expedition. It was intended that the force thus collected should march southward by the line of the lakes, and thence along the banks of the Hudson River. The British army from New York (or a large detachment of it) was to make a simultaneous movement northward, up the line of the Hudson, and the two expeditions were to unite at Albany. By these operations, all communication between the northern colonies and those of the center and south would be

cut off. An irresistible force would be concentrated, so as to crush all further opposition in New England; and when this was done, it was believed that the other colonies would speedily submit. We had no troops in the field that seemed able to baffle these movements. Our principal army, under Washington, was occupied in watching over Pennsylvania and the South. At any rate, it was believed that, in order to oppose the plan intended for the new campaign, the insurgents must risk a pitched battle, in which the superiority of the Royalists, in numbers, in discipline, and in equipment, seemed to promise to the latter a crowning victory. Without question, the plan was ably formed; and had the success of the execution been equal to the ingenuity of the design, the reconquest or submission of the thirteen United States must in all human probability have followed, and the independence which they proclaimed in 1776 would have been extinguished before it existed a second year. No European power had as yet come forward to aid us. It is true that England was generally regarded with jealousy and ill-will, and was thought to have acquired, at the Treaty of Paris, a preponderance of dominion which was perilous to the balance of power; but, though many were willing to wound, none had yet ventured to strike; and America, if defeated in 1777, would have been suffered to fall unaided.

Burgoyne had gained celebrity by some bold and dashing exploits in Portugal during the last war; he was personally as brave an officer as ever headed British troops; he had considerable skill as a tactician; and his general intellectual abilities and acquirements were of a high order. He had several very able and experienced officers under him, among whom were Major-general Philips and Brigadier-general Frazer. His regular troops amounted, exclusively of the corps of artillery, to about seven thousand two hundred men, rank and file. Nearly half of these were Germans. He had also an auxiliary force of from two to three thousand Canadians. He summoned the warriors of several tribes of the red Indians near the Western lakes to join his army. Much eloquence was poured forth both in America and in England in denouncing the use of these savage auxiliaries. Yet Burgoyne seems to have done no more than Montcalm, Wolfe, and other

French, American, and English generals had done before him. But, in truth, the lawless ferocity of the Indians, their unskillfulness in regular action, and the utter impossibility of bringing them under any discipline, made their services of little or no value in times of difficulty; while the indignation which their outrages inspired went far to rouse the whole population of the invaded districts into active hostilities against Burgoyne's force.

Burgoyne assembled his troops and confederates near the River Bouquet, on the west side of Lake Champlain. He then, on the 21st of June, 1777, gave his red allies a war feast, and harangued them on the necessity of abstaining from their usual cruel practices against unarmed people and prisoners. At the same time, he published a pompous manifesto to the Americans, in which he threatened the refractory with all the horrors of war, Indian as well as European. The army proceeded by water to Crown Point, a fortification which the Americans held at the northern extremity of the inlet, by which the water from Lake George is conveyed to Lake Champlain. He landed here without opposition; but the reduction of Ticonderoga, a fortification about twelve miles to the south of Crown Point, was a more serious matter, and was supposed to be the critical part of the expedition. Ticonderoga commanded the passage along the lakes, and was considered to be the key to the route which Burgoyne wished to follow. The English had been repulsed in an attack on it in the war with the French in 1758 with severe loss. But Burgoyne now invested it with great skill; and the American general, St. Clair, who had only an ill-equipped army of about three thousand men, evacuated it on the 5th of July. It seems evident that a different course would have caused the destruction or capture of his whole army, which, weak as it was, was the chief force then in the field for the protection of the New England States. When censured by some of his countrymen for abandoning Ticonderoga, St. Clair truly replied "that he had lost a post, but saved a province." Burgoyne's troops pursued the retiring Americans, gained several advantages over them, and took a large part of their artillery and military stores.

The loss of the British in these engagements was trifling. The

army moved southward along Lake George to Skenesborough, and thence, slowly and with great difficulty, across a broken country, full of creeks and marshes, and clogged by the enemy with felled trees and other obstacles, to Fort Edward, on the Hudson River, the American troops continuing to retire before them.

Burgoyne reached the left bank of the Hudson River on the 30th of July. Hitherto he had overcome every difficulty which the enemy and the nature of the country had placed in his way. His army was in excellent order and in the highest spirits, and the peril of the expedition seemed over when they were once on the bank of the river which was to be the channel of communication between them and the British army in the south. But their feelings, and those of the English nation in general when their successes were announced, may best be learned from a contemporary writer. Burke, in the "Annual Register" for 1777, describes them thus:

"Such was the rapid torrent of success, which swept everything away before the northern army in its onset. It is not to be wondered at if both officers and private men were highly elated with their good fortune, and deemed that and their prowess to be irresistible; if they regarded their enemy with the greatest contempt; considered their own toils to be nearly at an end; Albany to be already in their hands; and the reduction of the northern provinces to be rather a matter of some time than an arduous task full of difficulty and danger.

"At home, the joy and exultation was extreme; not only at court, but with all those who hoped or wished the unqualified subjugation and unconditional submission of the colonies. The loss in reputation was greater to the Americans, and capable of more fatal consequences, than even that of ground, of posts, of artillery, or of men. All the contemptuous and most degrading charges which had been made by their enemies, of their wanting the resolution and abilities of men, even in their defense of whatever was dear to them, were now repeated and believed. Those who still regarded them as men, and who had not yet lost all affection to them as brethren; who also retained hopes that a happy reconciliation upon constitutional principles, without sacrificing the dignity

of the just authority of government on the one side, or a dereliction of the rights of freemen on the other, was not even now impossible, notwithstanding their favorable dispositions in general, could not help feeling upon this occasion that the Americans sunk not a little in their estimation. It was not difficult to diffuse an opinion that the war in effect was over, and that any further resistance could serve only to render the terms of their submission the worse. Such were some of the immediate effects of the loss of those grand keys of North America—Ticonderoga, and the lakes."

The astonishment and alarm which these events produced in this country were naturally great; but in the midst of their disasters none of the colonists showed any disposition to submit. The local governments of the New England States, as well as the Congress, acted with vigor and firmness in their efforts to repel the enemy. General Gates was sent to take command of the army at Saratoga; and Arnold, a favorite leader, was dispatched by Washington to act under him, with re-enforcements of troops and guns from the main American army. Burgoyne's employment of the Indians now produced the worst possible effects. Though he labored hard to check the atrocities which they were accustomed to commit, he could not prevent the occurrence of many barbarous outrages, repugnant both to the feelings of humanity and to the laws of civilized warfare. The American commanders took care that the reports of these excesses should be circulated far and wide, well knowing that they would make the stern New Englanders not droop, but rage. Such was their effect; and though, when each man looked upon his wife, his children, his sisters, or his aged parents, the thought of the merciless Indian "thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child," of "the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles," might raise terror in the bravest breasts; this very terror produced a directly contrary effect to causing submission to the royal army. It was seen that the few friends of the royal cause, as well as its enemies, were liable to be the victims of the indiscriminate rage of the savages; and thus, says Burke, "the inhabitants of the open and frontier countries had no choice of acting: they had no means of security left but by abandoning

their habitations and taking up arms. Every man saw the necessity of becoming a temporary soldier, not only for his own security, but for the protection and defense of those connections which are dearer than life itself. Thus an army was poured forth by the woods, mountains, and marshes, which in this part were thickly sown with plantations and villages. The Americans recalled their courage, and, when their regular army seemed to be entirely wasted, the spirit of the country produced a much greater and more formidable force."

While resolute recruits, accustomed to the use of firearms, and all partially trained by service in the provincial militias, were thus flocking to the standard of Gates and Arnold at Saratoga, and while Burgoyne was engaged at Fort Edward in providing the means for the further advance of his army through the intricate and hostile country that still lay before him, two events occurred, in each of which the British sustained loss and the Americans obtained advantage, the moral effects of which were even more important than the immediate result of the encounters. When Burgoyne left Canada, General St. Leger was detached from that province with a mixed force of about one thousand men and some light field-pieces across Lake Ontario against Fort Stanwix, which the Americans held. After capturing this, he was to march along the Mohawk River to its confluence with the Hudson, between Saratoga and Albany, where his force and that of Burgoyne's were to unite. But, after some successes, St. Leger was obliged to retreat, and to abandon his tents and large quantities of stores to the garrison. At the very time that General Burgoyne heard of this disaster, he experienced one still more severe in the defeat of Colonel Baum, with a large detachment of German troops, at Bennington, whither Burgoyne had sent them for the purpose of capturing some magazines of provisions, of which the British army stood greatly in need. The colonists, augmented by continual accessions of strength, succeeded, after many attacks, in breaking this corps, which fled into the woods, and left its commander mortally wounded on the field: they then marched against a force of five hundred grenadiers and light infantry, which was advancing to Colonel Baum's assistance under Lieutenant-colonel Breyman,

who, after a gallant resistance, was obliged to retreat on the main army. The British loss in these two actions exceeded six hundred men; and a party of American Loyalists, on their way to join the army, having attached themselves to Colonel Baum's corps, were destroyed with it.

Notwithstanding these reverses, which added greatly to the spirit and numbers of our forces, Burgoyne determined to advance. It was impossible any longer to keep up his communications with Canada by way of the lakes, so as to supply his army on his southward march; but having, by unremitting exertions, collected provisions for thirty days, he crossed the Hudson by means of a bridge of rafts, and, marching a short distance along its western bank, he encamped on the 14th of September on the heights of Saratoga. Our troops had fallen back from Saratoga, and were now strongly posted near Stillwater, about half way between Saratoga and Albany, and showed a determination to recede no further.

Meanwhile Lord Howe, with the bulk of the British army that had lain at New York, had sailed away to the Delaware, and there commenced a campaign against Washington, in which the English general took Philadelphia, and gained other showy but unprofitable successes. But Sir Henry Clinton, a brave and skillful officer, was left with a considerable force at New York, and he undertook the task of moving up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne. Clinton was obliged for this purpose to wait for re-enforcements which had been promised from England, and these did not arrive till September. As soon as he received them, Clinton embarked about three thousand of his men on a flotilla, convoyed by some ships of war under Commander Hotham, and proceeded to force his way up the river.

The country between Burgoyne's position at Saratoga and that of our troops at Stillwater was rugged, and seamed with creeks and watercourses; but, after great labor in making bridges and temporary causeways, the British army moved forward. About four miles from Saratoga, on the afternoon of the 19th of September, a sharp encounter took place between part of the English right wing, under Burgoyne himself, and a strong body of our forces, under Gates and Arnold. The conflict lasted till sunset. The

British remained masters of the field; but the loss on each side was nearly equal (from five to six hundred men); and the spirits of our men were greatly raised by having withstood the best regular troops of the English army. Burgoyne now halted again, and strengthened his position by field-works and redoubts; and the colonists also improved their defenses. The two armies remained nearly within cannon-shot of each other for a considerable time, during which Burgoyne was anxiously looking for intelligence of the promised expedition from New York, which, according to the original plan, ought by this time to have been approaching Albany from the south. At last a messenger from Clinton made his way, with great difficulty, to Burgoyne's camp, and brought the information that Clinton was on his way up the Hudson to attack the American forts which barred the passage up that river to Albany. Burgoyne, in reply, stated his hopes that the promised co-operation would be speedy and decisive, and added that, unless he received assistance before the 10th of October, he would be obliged to retreat to the lakes through want of provisions.

The Indians and Canadians now began to desert Burgoyne, while, on the other hand, Gates's army was continually re-enforced by fresh bodies of the militia. An expeditionary force was detached by the latter, which made a bold though unsuccessful attempt to retake Ticonderoga. And finding the number and spirit of the enemy to increase daily, and his own stores of provisions to diminish, Burgoyne determined on attacking the Americans in front of him, and, by dislodging them from their position, to gain the means of moving upon Albany, or, at least, of relieving his troops from the straitened position in which they were cooped up.

Burgoyne's force was now reduced to less than six thousand men. The right of his camp was on high ground a little to the west of the river; thence his intrenchments extended along the lower ground to the bank of the Hudson, their line being nearly at a right angle with the course of the stream. The lines were fortified in the center and on the left with redoubts and field-works. The numerical force of the Americans was now greater than the British, even in regular troops, and the numbers of the militia and volunteers which had joined Gates and Arnold were greater still.

The right of the American position, that is to say, the part of it nearest to the river, was too strong to be assailed with any prospect of success, and Burgoyne therefore determined to endeavor to force their left. For this purpose he formed a column of one thousand five hundred regular troops, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers, and six six-pounders. He headed this in person, having Generals Philips, Reidesel, and Frazer under him. Our force immediately in front of his line was so strong that he dared not weaken the troops who guarded them by detaching any more to strengthen his column of attack.

It was on the 7th of October that Burgoyne led his column on to the attack; and on the preceding day, the 6th, Clinton had successfully executed a brilliant enterprise against two forts which barred his progress up the Hudson. He had captured them both, with severe loss to the forces opposed to him; he had destroyed the fleet which we had been forming on the Hudson, under the protection of the forts; and the upward river was laid open to his squadron. He was now only a hundred and fifty-six miles distant from Burgoyne, and a detachment of one thousand seven hundred men actually advanced within forty miles of Albany. Fortunately, Burgoyne and Clinton were each ignorant of the other's movements; but if Burgoyne had won his battle on the 7th, he must, on advancing, have soon learned the tidings of Clinton's success, and Clinton would have heard of his. A junction would soon have been made of the two victorious armies, and the great objects of the campaign might yet have been accomplished. All depended on the fortune of the column with which Burgoyne, on the eventful 7th of October, 1777, advanced against the American position. There were brave men, both English and German, in its ranks; and, in particular, it comprised one of the best bodies of grenadiers in the British service.

Burgoyne pushed forward some bodies of irregular troops to distract Gates's attention, and led his column to within three-quarters of a mile from the left of Gates's camp, and then deployed his men into line. The grenadiers under Major Ackland were drawn up on the left, a corps of Germans in the center, and the English light infantry and the 24th regiment on the right. But

Gates did not wait to be attacked; and directly the British line was formed and began to advance, Gates, with admirable skill, caused a strong force to make a sudden and vehement rush against its left. The grenadiers under Ackland sustained the charge of superior numbers nobly. But Gates sent more men forward, and in a few minutes the action became general along the center, so as to prevent the Germans from sending any help to the grenadiers. Burgoyne's right was not yet engaged; but a mass of Americans were observed advancing from their extreme left, with the evident

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA.

intention of turning the British right, and cutting off its retreat. The light infantry and the 24th now fell back, and formed an oblique second line, which enabled them to baffle this maneuver, and also to succor their comrades in the left wing, the grenadiers, who were overpowered by superior numbers, and, but for this aid, must have been cut to pieces. Arnold now came up with three regiments and attacked the right flanks of the English double line. Burgoyne's whole force was soon compelled to retreat toward their camp; the left and center were in complete disorder; but the light

infantry and the 24th checked the fury of the assailants, and the remains of Burgoyne's column with great difficulty effected their return to their camp, leaving six of their guns in the possession of the enemy, and great numbers of killed and wounded on the field; and especially a large proportion of the artillerymen, who had stood to their guns until shot down or bayoneted beside them by the advancing Americans.

Burgoyne's column had been defeated, but the action was not yet over. The English had scarcely entered the camp, when the Americans, pursuing their success, assaulted it in several places with uncommon fierceness, rushing to the lines through a severe fire of grape-shot and musketry with the utmost fury. Arnold especially, who on this day appeared maddened with the thirst of combat and carnage, urged on the attack against a part of the intrenchments which was occupied by the light infantry under Lord Balcarras. But the English received him with vigor and spirit. The struggle here was obstinate and sanguinary. At length, as it grew toward evening, Arnold, having forced all obstacles, entered the works with some of the most fearless of his followers. But in this critical moment of glory and danger, he received a painful wound. To his bitter regret, he was obliged to be carried back. His party still continued the attack; but the English also continued their obstinate resistance, and at last night fell, and the assailants withdrew from this quarter of the British intrenchments. But, in another part, the attack had been more successful. A body of the Americans, under Colonel Brooke, forced their way in through a part of the intrenchments on the extreme right, which was defended by the German reserve under Colonel Breyman. The Germans resisted well, and Breyman died in defense of his post, but the Americans made good the ground which they had won, and captured baggage, tents, artillery, and a store of ammunition, which they were greatly in need of. They had, by establishing themselves on this point, acquired the means of completely turning the right flank of the British, and gaining their rear. To prevent this calamity, Burgoyne effected during the night a complete change of position. With great skill, he removed his whole army to some heights near the river, a little

northward of the former camp, and he there drew up his men, expecting to be attacked on the following day. But Gates was resolved not to risk the certain triumph which his success had already secured for him. He harassed the English with skirmishes, but attempted no regular attack. Meanwhile he detached bodies of troops on both sides of the Hudson, to prevent the British from recrossing that river and to bar their retreat. When night fell, it became absolutely necessary for Burgoyne to retire again, and, accordingly, the troops were marched through a stormy and rainy night toward Saratoga, abandoning their sick and wounded and the greater part of their baggage to the enemy. Before the rearguard quitted the camp, the last honors were paid to General Frazer, who had been mortally wounded on the 7th, and expired on the following day.

Burgoyne now took up his last position on the heights near Saratoga; and hemmed in by the enemy, who refused any encounter, and baffled in all his attempts at finding a path of escape, he there lingered until famine compelled him to capitulate. The fortitude of the British army has been eulogized by Botta, who says:

"It exceeds the power of words to describe the pitiable condition to which the British army was now reduced. The troops were worn down by a series of toil, privation, sickness, and desperate fighting. They were abandoned by the Indians and Canadians, and the effective force of the whole army was now diminished by repeated and heavy losses, which had principally fallen on the best soldiers and the most distinguished officers, from ten thousand combatants to less than one-half that number. Of this remnant little more than three thousand were English.

"In these circumstances, and thus weakened, they were invested by an army of four times their own numbers, whose position extended three parts of a circle round them, who refused to fight them, as knowing their weakness, and who, from the nature of the ground, could not be attacked in any part. In this helpless condition, obliged to be constantly under arms, while the enemy's cannon played on every part of their camp, and even the American rifle-balls whistled in many parts of the lines, the troops of Bur-

goyne retained their customary firmness, and, while sinking under a hard necessity, they showed themselves worthy of a better fate. They could not be reproached with an action or a word which betrayed a want of temper or of fortitude."

At length the 13th of October arrived, and as no prospect of assistance appeared, and the provisions were nearly exhausted, Burgoyne, by the unanimous advice of a council of war, sent a messenger to the American camp to treat of a convention.

General Gates in the first instance demanded that the royal army should surrender prisoners of war. He also proposed that the British should ground their arms. Burgoyne replied, "This article is inadmissible in every extremity; sooner than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment, they will rush on the enemy, determined to take no quarter." After various messages, a convention for the surrender of the army was settled which provided that "the troops under General Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honors of war, and the artillery of the intrenchments, to the verge of the river, where the arms and artillery were to be left. The arms to be piled by word of command from their own officers. A free passage was to be granted to the army under Lieutenant-general Burgoyne to Great Britain, upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest."

The articles of capitulation were settled on the 15th of October; and on that very evening a messenger arrived from Clinton with an account of his successes, and with the tidings that part of his force had penetrated as far as Esopus, within fifty miles of Burgoyne's camp. But it was too late. British faith was pledged; and the army was indeed too debilitated by fatigue and hunger to resist an attack if made; and Gates certainly would have made it if the convention had been broken off. Accordingly, on the 17th, the Convention of Saratoga was carried into effect. By this convention five thousand seven hundred and ninety men surrendered themselves as prisoners. The sick and wounded left in the camp, when the British retreated to Saratoga, together with the numbers of the British, German and Canadian troops who were killed, wounded or taken, and who had deserted in the preceding

part of the expedition, were reckoned to be four thousand six hundred and eighty-nine.

The British sick and wounded who had fallen into the hands of the Americans after the battle of the 7th were treated with exemplary humanity; and when the convention was executed, General Gates showed a notable delicacy of feeling, which deserves the highest degree of honor. Every circumstance was avoided which could give the appearance of triumph. The American troops remained within their lines until the British had piled their arms; and when this was done, the vanquished officers and soldiers were received with friendly kindness by their victors, and their immediate wants were promptly and liberally supplied. Discussions and disputes afterward arose as to some of the terms of the convention, and Congress refused for a long time to carry into effect the article which provided for the return of Burgoyne's men to Europe; but no blame was imputable to General Gates or his army, who showed themselves to be generous as they had proved themselves to be brave.

Gates, after the victory, immediately dispatched Colonel Wilkinson to carry the happy tidings to Congress. On being introduced into the hall, he said: "The whole British army has laid down its arms at Saratoga; our own, full of vigor and courage, expect your orders. It is for your wisdom to decide where the country may still have need for their service." Honors and rewards were liberally voted by the Congress to their conquering general and his men; and it would be difficult (says the Italian historian) to describe the transports of joy which the news of this event excited among the Americans. They began to flatter themselves with a still more happy future. No one any longer felt any doubt about their achieving their independence. All hoped, and with good reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France, and the other European powers that waited for her example, to declare themselves in favor of America. "There could no longer be any question respecting the future, since there was no longer the risk of espousing the cause of a people too feeble to defend themselves."

The truth of this was soon displayed in the conduct of France.

When the news arrived at Paris of the capture of Ticonderoga, and of the victorious march of Burgoyne toward Albany, events which seemed decisive in favor of the English, instructions had been immediately dispatched to Nantz, and the other ports of the kingdom, that no American privateers should be suffered to enter them, except from indispensable necessity; as to repair their vessels, to obtain provisions, or to escape the perils of the sea. The American commissioners at Paris, in their disgust and despair, had almost broken off all negotiations with the French government; and they even endeavored to open communications with the British ministry. But the British government, elated with the first successes of Burgoyne, refused to listen to any overtures for accommodation. But when the news of Saratoga reached Paris the whole scene was changed. Franklin and his brother commissioners found all their difficulties with the French government vanish. The time seemed to have arrived for the house of Bourbon to take a full revenge for all its humiliations and losses in previous wars. In December a treaty was arranged, and formally signed in the February following, by which France acknowledged the Independent United States of America. This was, of course, tantamount to a declaration of war with England. Spain soon followed France; and, before long, Holland took the same course. Largely aided by French fleets and troops, this country vigorously maintained the war against the armies which England, in spite of her European foes, continued to send across the Atlantic. But the struggle was too unequal to be maintained by England for many years; and when the treaties of 1783 restored peace to the world, the independence of the United States was reluctantly recognized by England.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE GREAT FIGHT OFF COPENHAGEN

NELSON'S GUNS AGAINST THE LEAGUE OF ARMED NEUTRALITY —BRITONS AND DANES—AN EPISODE IN THE DRAMA OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS

A. D. 1801

"I HAVE been in a hundred and five engagements, but that of to-day is the most terrible of them all." This was how Nelson himself summed up the great fight off Copenhagen, or the battle of the Baltic, as it is sometimes called, fought on April 2, 1801. It was a battle betwixt Britons and Danes. The men who fought under the blood-red flag of Great Britain, and under the split flag of Denmark with its white cross, were alike the descendants of the Vikings. The blood of the old sea-rovers ran hot and fierce in their veins. Nelson, with the glories of the Nile still ringing about his name, commanded the British fleet, and the fire of his eager and gallant spirit ran from ship to ship like so many volts of electricity. But the Danes fought in sight of their capital, under the eyes of their wives and children. It is not strange that through the four hours during which the thunder of the great battle rolled over the roofs of Copenhagen and up the narrow waters of the Sound, human valor and endurance in both fleets were at their very highest.

Less than sixty years afterward "thunders of fort and fleet" along all the shores of England were welcoming a daughter of the Danish throne as

"Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea."

And Tennyson, speaking for every Briton, assured the Danish girl who was to be their future Queen—

"We are all of us Dane in our welcome of thee."

What was it in 1801 which sent a British fleet on an errand of battle to Copenhagen?

It was a tiny episode of the long and stern drama of the Napoleonic wars. Great Britain was supreme on the sea, Napoleon on the land, and, in his own words, Napoleon conceived the idea of "conquering the sea by the land." Paul I. of Russia, a semi-lunatic, became Napoleon's ally and tool. Paul was able to put overwhelming pressure on Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia, and these powers were federated as the "League of Armed Neutrality," with the avowed purpose of challenging the marine supremacy of Great Britain. Paul seized all British ships in Russian ports; Prussia marched troops into Hanover; every port from the North Cape to Gibraltar was shut against the British flag. Britain stood alone, practically threatened with a naval combination of all the Northern Powers, while behind the combination stood Napoleon, the subtlest brain and most imperious will ever devoted to the service of war. Napoleon's master passion, it should be remembered, was the desire to overthrow Great Britain, and he held in the palm of his hand the whole military strength of the Continent. The fleets of France and Spain were crushed or blockaded; but the three Northern Powers could have put into battle-line a fleet of fifty great ships and twenty-five frigates. With this force they could raise the blockade of the French ports, sweep triumphant through the narrow seas, and land a French army in Kent or in Ulster.

Pitt was Prime Minister, and his masterful intellect controlled British policy. He determined that the fleets of Denmark and of Russia should not become a weapon in the hand of Napoleon against England; and a fleet of eighteen ships of the line, with frigates and bomb-vessels, was dispatched to reason, from the iron lips of their guns, with the misguided Danish government. Sir Hyde Parker, a decent, unenterprising veteran, was commander-in-chief by virtue of seniority; but Nelson, with the nominal rank

of second in command, was the brain and soul of the expedition. "Almost all the safety and certainly all the honor of England," he said to his chief, "is more intrusted to you than ever yet fell to the lot of a British officer." And all through the story of the expedition it is amusing to notice the fashion in which Nelson's fiery nature strove to kindle poor Sir Hyde Parker's sluggish temper to its own flame.

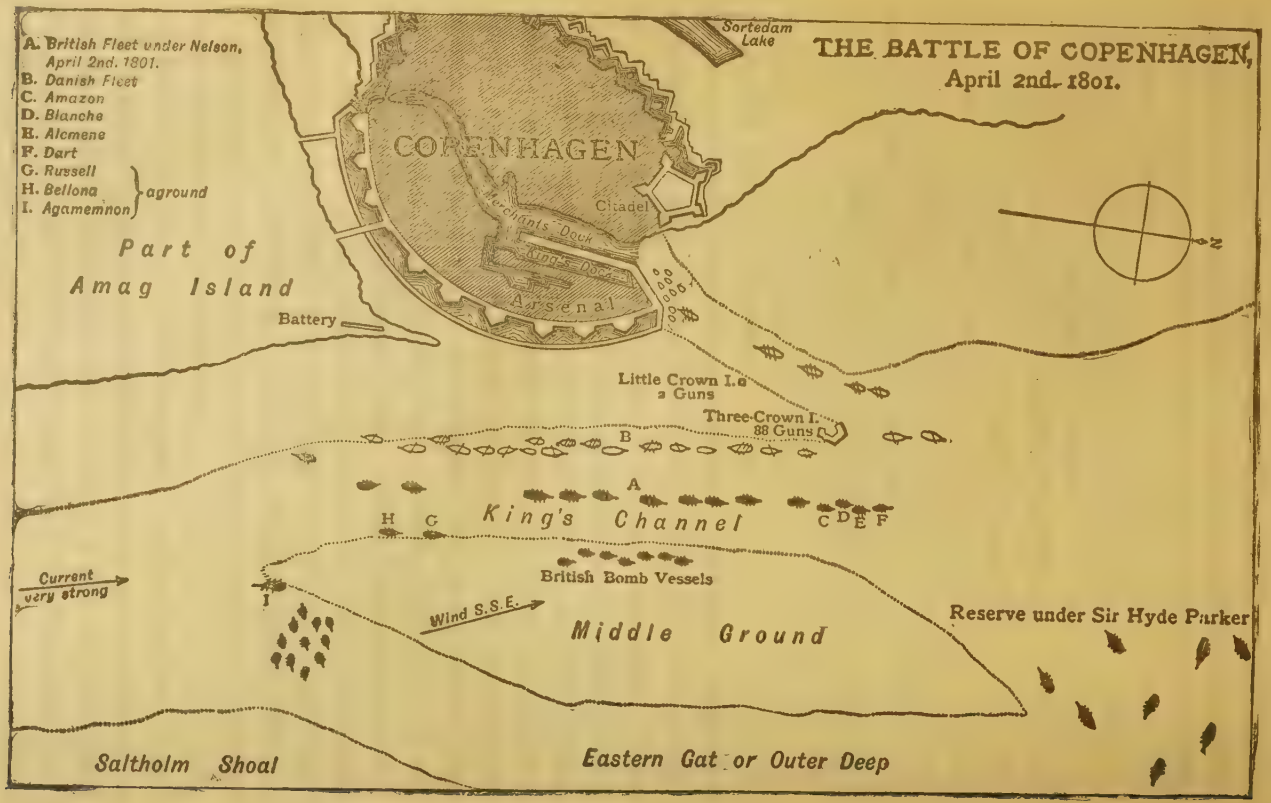
The fleet sailed from Yarmouth on March 12, and fought its way through fierce spring gales to the entrance of the Kattegat. The wind was fair; Nelson was eager to sweep down on Copenhagen with the whole fleet, and negotiate with the whole skyline of Copenhagen crowded with British topsails. "While the negotiation is going on," he said, "the Dane should see our flag waving every time he lifts up his head." Time was worth more than gold; it was worth brave men's lives. The Danes were toiling day and night to prepare the defense of their capital. But prim Sir Hyde anchored, and sent up a single frigate with his ultimatum, and it was not until March 30 that the British fleet, a long line of stately vessels, came sailing up the Sound, passed Elsinore, and cast anchor fifteen miles from Copenhagen. Nothing could surpass the gallant energy shown by the Danes in their preparation for defense, and Nature had done much to make the city impregnable from the sea.

The Sound is narrow and shallow, a mere tangle of shoals wrinkled with twisted channels and scoured by the swift tides. King's Channel runs straight up toward the city, but a huge sandbank, like the point of a toe, splits the channel into two just as it reaches the harbor. The western edge runs up, pocket-shaped, into the city, and forms the actual port; the main channel contracts, swings round to the southeast, and forms a narrow passage between the shallows in front of the city and a huge shoal called the Middle Ground. A cluster of grim and heavily armed fortifications called the Three-Crown Batteries guarded the entrance to the harbor, and looked right up King's Channel; a stretch of floating batteries and line-of-battle ships, a mile and a half in extent, ran from the Three-Crown Batteries along the edge of the shoals in front of the city, with some heavy pile batteries at its termination. The direct

approach up King's Channel, together with the narrow passage between the city and the Middle Ground, were thus commanded by the fire of over 600 heavy guns. The Danes had removed the buoys that marked all the channels, the British had no charts, and only the most daring and skillful seamanship could bring the great ships of the British fleet through that treacherous tangle of shoals to the Danish front. As a matter of fact, the heavier ships in the British fleet never attempted to join in the desperate fight which was waged, but hung as mere spectators in the offing.

Meanwhile popular enthusiasm in the Danish capital was at fever point. Ten thousand disciplined troops manned the batteries; but peasants from the farms, workmen from the factories, merchants from the city, hastened to volunteer, and worked day and night at gun-drill. A thousand students from the university enrolled themselves, and drilled from morning till night. These student-soldiers had probably the best military band ever known; it consisted of the entire orchestra of the Theater Royal, all volunteers. A Danish officer, sent on some message under a flag of truce to the British fleet, was required to put his message in writing, and was offered a somewhat damaged pen for that purpose. He threw it down with a laugh, saying that "if the British guns were not better pointed than their pens they wouldn't make much impression on Copenhagen." That flash of gallant wit marked the temper of the Danes. They were on flame with confident daring.

Nelson, always keen for a daring policy, had undertaken to attack the Danish defenses with a squadron of twelve seventy-fours, and the frigates and bomb vessels of the fleet. He determined to shun the open way of King's Channel, grope through the uncertain passage called the Dutch Deep, at the back of the Middle Ground, and forcing his way up the narrow channel in front of the shallows, repeat on the anchored batteries and battleships of the Danes the exploit of the Nile. He spent the nights of March 30 and 31 sounding the channel, being himself, in spite of fog and ice, in the boat nearly the whole of these two bitter nights. On April 1 the fleet came slowly up the Dutch Deep, and dropped anchor at night about two miles from the southern ex-


THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN,
April 2nd, 1801.
A. British Fleet under Nelson, April 2nd, 1801.
B. Danish Fleet
C. Amazon
D. Blanche
E. Alcmene
F. Dart
G. Russell
H. Bellona
I. Agamemnon
aground
Sortedam Lake
COPENHAGEN
Merchants' Dock
King's Dock
Arsenal
Citadel
Part of Amag Island
Battery
Little Crown I. 6 Guns
Three-Crown I. 88 Guns
King's Channel
British Bomb Vessels
Current very strong
Wind S.S.E.
Middle Ground
Reserve under Sir Hyde Parker
Saltholm Shoal
Eastern Gat or Outer Deep
N

tremity of the Danish line. At eleven o'clock that night, Hardy —in whose arms Nelson afterward died on board the "Victory"— pushed off from the flagship in a small boat and sounded the channel in front of the Danish floating batteries. So daring was he that he actually sounded round the leading ship of the Danish line, using a pole to avoid being detected.

In the morning the wind blew fair for the channel. Nelson's plans had been elaborated to their minutest details, and the pilots of the fleet were summoned at nine o'clock to the flagship to receive their last instructions. But their nerve failed them. They were simply the mates or masters of Baltic traders turned for the moment into naval pilots. They had no charts. They were accustomed to handle ships of two hundred or three hundred tons burden, and the task of steering the great British seventy-fours through the labyrinths of shallows, with the tide running like a mill-race, appalled them. At last Murray, in the "Edgar," undertook to lead. The signal was made to weigh in succession, and one great ship after another, with its topsails on the caps, rounded the shoulder of the Middle Ground, and in stately procession, the "Edgar" leading, came up the channel. Campbell in his fine ballad has pictured the scene:

"Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
It was ten of April morn by the chime;
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.
But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between."

The leading Danish ships broke into a tempest of fire as the British ships came within range. The "Agamemnon" failed to weather the shoulder of the Middle Ground, and went ignobly ashore, and the scour of the tide kept her fast there, in spite of the most desperate exertions of her crew. The "Bellona," a pile of white

canvas above, a double line of curving batteries below, hugged the Middle Ground too closely, and grounded too; and the "Russell," following close after her, went ashore in the same manner, with its jibboom almost touching the "Bellona's" taffrail. One-fourth of Nelson's force was thus practically out of the fight before a British gun was fired. These were the ships, too, intended to sail past the whole Danish line and engage the Three-Crown Batteries. As they were *hors de combat*, the frigates of the squadron, under Riou—"the gallant, good Riou" of Campbell's noble lines—had to take the place of the seventy-fours.

Meanwhile, Nelson, in the "Elephant," came following hard on the ill-fated "Russell." Nelson's orders were that each ship should pass her leader on the starboard side, and had he acted on his own orders, Nelson too would have grounded, with every ship that followed him. The interval betwixt each ship was so narrow that decision had to be instant; and Nelson, judging the water to the larboard of the "Russell" to be deeper, put his helm a-starboard, and so shot past the "Russell" on its larboard beam into the true channel, the whole line following his example. That sudden whirl to starboard of the flagship's helm—a flash of brilliant seamanship—saved the battle.

Ship after ship shot past, and anchored, by a cable astern, in its assigned position. The sullen thunder of the guns rolled from end to end of the long line, the flash of the artillery ran in a dance of flame along the mile and a half of batteries, and some two thousand pieces of artillery, most of them of the heaviest caliber, filled the long Sound with the roar of battle. Nelson loved close fighting, and he anchored within a cable's length of the Danish flagship, the pilots refusing to carry the ship nearer on account of the shallow depth, and the average distance of the hostile lines was less than a hundred fathoms. The cannonade raged, deep-voiced, unbroken, and terrible, for three hours. "Warm work," said Nelson, as it seemed to deepen in fury and volume, "but, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands." The carnage was terrific. Twice the Danish flagship took fire, and out of a crew of three hundred and thirty-six no fewer than two hundred and seventy were dead or wounded. Two of the Danish prams drifted

from the line, mere wrecks, with cordage in rags, bulwarks riddled, guns dismounted, and decks veritable shambles.

The battle, it must be remembered, raged within easy sight of the city, and roofs and church towers were crowded with spectators. They could see nothing but a low-lying continent of whirling smoke, shaken with the tumult of battle, and scored perpetually, in crimson bars, with the flame of the guns. Above the drifting smoke towered the tops of the British seventy-fours, stately and threatening. The southeast wind presently drove the smoke over the city, and beneath that inky roof, as under the gloom of an eclipse, the crowds of Copenhagen, white-faced with excitement, watched the Homeric fight, in which their sons, and brothers, and husbands were perishing.

Nothing could surpass the courage of the Danes. Fresh crews marched fiercely to the floating batteries as these threatened to grow silent by mere slaughter, and, on decks crimson and slippery with the blood of their predecessors, took up the fight. Again and again, after a Danish ship had struck from mere exhaustion, it was manned afresh from the shore, and the fight renewed. The very youngest officer in the Danish navy was a lad of seventeen named Villemoes. He commanded a tiny floating battery of six guns, manned by twenty-four men, and he managed to bring it under the very counter of Nelson's flagship, and fired his guns pointblank into its huge wooden sides. He stuck to his work until the British marines shot down every man of his tiny crew except four. After the battle Nelson begged that young Villemoes might be introduced to him, and told the Danish Crown Prince that a boy so gallant ought to be made an admiral. "If I were to make all my brave officers admirals," was the reply, "I should have no captains or lieutenants left."

The terrific nature of the British fire, as well as the stubbornness of Danish courage, may be judged from the fact that most of the prizes taken in the fight were so absolutely riddled with shot as to have to be destroyed. Foley, who led the van at the battle of the Nile, was Nelson's flag-captain in the "Elephant," and he declared he burned fifty more barrels of powder in the four hours' furious cannonade at Copenhagen than he did during the long

night struggle at the Nile! The fire of the Danes, it may be added, was almost as obstinate and deadly. The "Monarch," for example, had no fewer than two hundred and ten of its crew lying dead or wounded on its decks. At one o'clock Sir Hyde Parker, who was watching the struggle with a squadron of eight of his heaviest ships from the offing, hoisted a signal to discontinue the engagement. Then came the incident which every boy remembers.

The signal-lieutenant of the "Elephant" reported that the admiral had thrown out No. 39, the signal to discontinue the fight. Nelson was pacing his quarter-deck fiercely, and took no notice of the report. The signal-officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat the signal. Nelson's reply was to ask if his own signal for close action was still hoisted. "Yes," said the officer. "Mind you keep it so," said Nelson. Nelson continued to tramp his quarter-deck, the thunder of the battle all about him, his ship reeling to the recoil of its own guns. The stump of his lost arm jerked angrily to and fro, a sure sign of excitement with him. "Leave off action!" he said to his lieutenant; "I'm hanged if I do." "You know, Foley," he said, turning to his captain, "I've only one eye; I've a right to be blind sometimes." And then putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal!" He dismissed the incident by saying, "D—— the signal! Keep mine for closer action flying!"

As a matter of fact, Parker had hoisted the signal only to give Nelson the opportunity for withdrawing from the fight if he wished. The signal had one disastrous result—the little cluster of frigates and sloops engaged with the Three-Crown Batteries obeyed it and hauled off. As the "Amazon," Riou's ship, ceased to fire, the smoke lifted, and the Danish battery got her in full sight, and smote her with deadly effect. Riou himself, heartbroken with having to abandon the fight, had just exclaimed, "What will Nelson think of us!" when a chain-shot cut him in two, and with him a sailor with something of Nelson's own genius for battle perished.

By two o'clock the Danish fire began to slacken. One-half the line was a mere chain of wrecks; some of the floating batteries had sunk; the flagship was a mass of flames. Nelson at this point sent his boat ashore with a flag of truce, and a letter to the Prince

Regent. The letter was addressed, "To the Danes, the brothers of Englishmen." If the fire continued from the Danish side, Nelson said he would be compelled to set on fire all the floating batteries he had taken, "without being able to save the brave Danes who had defended them." Somebody offered Nelson, when he ad written the letter, a wafer with which to close it. "This," said Nelson, "is no time to appear hurried or informal," and he insisted on the letter being carefully sealed with wax. The Crown Prince proposed an armistice. Nelson, with great shrewdness, referred the proposal to his admiral lying four miles off in the "London," foreseeing that the long pull out and back would give him time to get his own crippled ships clear of the shoals, and past the Three-Crown Batteries into the open channel beyond—the only course the wind made possible; and this was exactly what happened. Nelson, it is clear, was a shrewd diplomatist as well as a great sailor.

The night was coming on black with the threat of tempest; the Danish flagship had just blown up; but the white flag of truce was flying, and the British toiled, as fiercely as they had fought, to float their stranded ships and take possession of their shattered prizes. Of these, only one was found capable of being sufficiently repaired to be taken to Portsmouth. On the 4th Nelson himself landed and visited the Crown Prince, and a four months' truce was agreed upon. News came at that moment of the assassination of Paul I., and the League of Armed Neutrality—the device by which Napoleon hoped to overthrow the naval power of Great Britain—vanished into space.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ

THE DEFEAT OF THE EMPERORS OF AUSTRIA AND OF RUSSIA BY THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE

A. D. 1805

BETWEEN this great battle and that of Marengo several things occurred. Out of General Bonaparte had emerged Napoleon, out of the First Consul the Emperor of France. From the eminence of his high throne he surveyed England and prepared to attack her. The result, which was Trafalgar, is told in the next chapter. But, meanwhile, Austria, supported by Russia, renewed the war which it had lost. Thereupon Napoleon marched into Germany, took Vienna, and vanquished not only the Austrians, but the Russians too.

The battle of Austerlitz took place on the 2d of December, 1805. Just previously—after the entry and occupation of Vienna—Napoleon had drawn back to Brünn, into a position admirably well chosen for fighting. This movement was misunderstood by the Russians. About the czar there was but one cry. Napoleon is falling back, it is said; he is in full retreat; we must rush upon him and overwhelm him!

The French soldiers, who were not—says Thiers—deficient in intelligence, perceived, on their part, clearly enough that they should have to do with the Russians, and their joy was extreme. Preparations were made on both sides for a decisive engagement.

Thiers continues:

Napoleon, with that military tact which he had received from Nature, and which he had so greatly improved by experience, had

adopted, among other positions which he might have taken about Brunn, one which could not fail to insure to him the most important results, under the supposition that he should be attacked—a supposition which had become a certainty.

The mountains of Moravia, which connect the mountains of Bohemia with those of Hungary, subside successively toward the Danube so completely that near that river Moravia presents but one wide plain. In the environs of Brunn, the capital of the province, they are not of greater altitude than high hills, and are covered with dark firs. Their waters, retained for want of drains, form numerous ponds, and throw themselves by various streams into the Morawa, or March, and by the Morawa into the Danube.

All these characters are found together in the position between Brunn and Austerlitz, which Napoleon has rendered forever celebrated. The highroad of Moravia, running from Vienna to Brunn, rises in a direct line to the northward, then in passing from Brunn to Olmutz descends abruptly to the right, that is, to the east, thus forming a right angle with its first direction. In this angle is situated the position in question. It commences on the left toward the Olmutz road, with heights studded with firs; it then runs off to the right in an oblique direction toward the Vienna road, and, after subsiding gradually, terminates in ponds full of deep water in winter. Along this position, and in front of it, runs a rivulet, which has no name known in geography, but which in part of its course is called Goldbach by the people of the country. It runs through the little villages of Girzikowitz, Puntowitz, Kobelnitz, Sokolnitz, and Telnitz, and sometimes forming marshes, sometimes confined in channels, terminates in the ponds above-mentioned, which are called the ponds of Satschau and Menitz.

Concentrated with all his forces on this ground, appuyed on the one hand upon the wooded hills of Moravia, and particularly upon a rounded knoll to which the soldiers of Egypt gave the name of the Santon, appuyed, on the other, upon the ponds of Satschau and Menitz—thus covering by his left the Olmutz road, by his right the Vienna road—Napoleon was in a condition to accept with advantage a decisive battle. He meant not, however, to confine

his operations to self-defense, for he was accustomed to reckon upon greater results; he had divined, as though he had read them, the plans framed at great length by General Weirother. The Austro-Russians having no chance of wresting from him the *point d'appui*, which he found for his left in high wooded hills, would be tempted to turn his right, which was not close to the ponds, and to take the Vienna road from him. There was sufficient inducement for this step; for Napoleon, if he lost that road, would have no other resource but to retire into Bohemia. The rest of his forces, hazarded toward Vienna, would be obliged to ascend separately the valley of the Danube. The French army, thus divided, would find itself doomed to a retreat, eccentric, perilous, nay, even disastrous, if it should fall in with the Prussians by the way.

Napoleon was perfectly aware that such must be the plan of the enemy. Accordingly, after concentrating his army toward his left and the heights, he left toward his right, that is, toward Sokolnitz, Telnitz, and the ponds, a space almost unguarded. He thus invited the Russians to persevere in their plans. But it was not precisely there that he prepared the mortal stroke for them. The ground facing him presented a feature from which he hoped to derive a decisive result.

Beyond the stream that ran in front of our position the ground spread at first, opposite to our left, into a slightly undulated plain, through which passed the Olmutz road; then opposite to our center it rose successively, and at last formed facing our right a plateau, called the plateau of Pratzen, after the name of a village situated half-way up, in the hollow of a ravine. This plateau terminated on the right in rapid declivities toward the ponds, and at the back in a gentle slope toward Austerlitz, the chateau of which appeared at some distance.

There were to be seen considerable forces; there a multitude of fires blazed at night, and a great movement of men and horses was observable by day. On these appearances, Napoleon had no longer any doubt of the designs of the Austro-Russians. They intended evidently to descend from the position which they occupied, and crossing the Goldbach rivulet, between the ponds and our right,

to cut us off from the Vienna road. But, for this reason, it was resolved to take the offensive in our turn, to cross the rivulet at the villages of Girzikowitz and Puntowitz, to ascend to the plateau of Pratzen while the Russians were leaving it, and to take possession of it ourselves. In case we succeeded, the enemy's army would be cut in two; one part would be thrown to the left into the plain crossed by the Olmutz road, the other to the right into the ponds. Thenceforward the battle could not fail to be disastrous for the Austro-Russians. But, for this effect, it was requisite that they should not blunder by halves. The prudent, nay, even timid, attitude of Napoleon, exciting their silly confidence, would induce them to commit the entire blunder.

Agreeably to these ideas, Napoleon made his dispositions. Expecting for two days past to be attacked, he had ordered Bernadotte to quit Iglau on the frontier of Bohemia, to leave there the Bavarian division which he had brought with him, and to hasten by forced marches to Brunn. He had ordered Marshal Davout to march Friant's and if possible Gudin's division toward the abbey of Gross Raigern, situated on the road from Vienna to Brunn, opposite to the ponds. In consequence of these orders Bernadotte marched and had arrived on the 1st of December. General Friant, being alone apprised in time, because General Gudin was at a greater distance toward Presburg, had set out immediately, and traveled in forty-eight hours the thirty-six leagues which separate Vienna from Gross Raigern. The soldiers sometimes dropped on the road exhausted with fatigue; but at the least sound, imagining that they heard the cannon, they rose with ardor to hasten to the assistance of their comrades, engaged, they said, in a bloody battle. On the night of the 1st of December, which was extremely cold, they bivouacked at Gross Raigern, a league and a half from the field of battle. Never did troops on foot perform so astonishing a march; for it is a march of eighteen leagues a day for two successive days.

On the 1st of December, Napoleon, re-enforced by Bernadotte's corps and Friant's division, could number sixty-five thousand or seventy thousand men present under arms, against ninety thousand men, Russians and Austrians, likewise present under arms.

At his left he placed Lannes, in whose corps Caffarelli's division supplied the place of Gazan's. Lannes, with the two divisions of Suchet and Caffarelli, was to occupy the Olmutz road, and to fight in the undulated plain outspread on either side of that road. Napoleon gave him, moreover, Murat's cavalry, comprising the cuirassiers of Generals d'Hautpoul and Nansouty, the dragoons of Generals Walther and Beaumont, and the chasseurs of Generals Milhaud and Kellermann. The level surface of the ground led him to expect a prodigious engagement of cavalry on this spot. On the knoll of the Santon, which commands this part of the ground, and is topped by a chapel called the Chapel of Bosenitz, he placed the 17th light, commanded by General Claparede, with eighteen pieces of cannon, and made him take an oath to defend this position to the death. This knoll was, in fact, the point d'appui of the left.

At the center, behind the Goldbach rivulet, he ranged Vandamme's and St. Hilaire's divisions, which belonged to the corps of Marshal Soult. He destined them to cross that stream at the villages of Girzikowitz and Puntowitz, and to gain possession of the plateau of Pratzen when the proper moment should arrive. A little further, behind the marsh of Kobelnitz and the chateau of Kobelnitz, he placed Marshal Soult's third division, that of General Legrand. He re-enforced it with two battalions of tirailleurs, known by the names of chasseurs of the Po and Corsican chasseurs, and by a detachment of light cavalry, under General Margaron. This division was to have only the 3d of the line and the Corsican chasseurs at Telnitz, the nearest point to the ponds, and to which Napoleon was desirous of drawing the Russians. Far in rear, at the distance of a league and a half, was posted Friant's division at Gross Raigern.

Having ten divisions of infantry, Napoleon therefore presented but six of them in line. Behind Marshals Lannes and Soult he kept in reserve Oudinot's grenadiers, separated on this occasion from Lannes' corps, the corps of Bernadotte, composed of Drouet's and Rivaud's divisions, and lastly, the imperial guard. He thus kept at hand a mass of twenty-five thousand men, to move to any point where they might be needed, and particularly to the heights

of Pratzen, in order to take those heights at any cost if the Russians should not have cleared them sufficiently. He bivouacked himself amid this reserve.

These dispositions completed, he carried his confidence so far as to make them known to his army in a proclamation imbued with the grandeur of the events that were preparing. It is subjoined, just as it was read to the troops, on the evening before the battle.

"SOLDIERS—The Russian army appears before you to avenge the Austrian army of Ulm. They are the same battalions that you beat at Hollabrunn, and that you have since been constantly pursuing to this spot.

"The positions which we occupy are formidable; and while they are marching to turn my right, they will present their flank to me.

"Soldiers, I shall myself direct your battalions. I shall keep out of the fire if, with your usual bravery, you throw disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks. But if the victory should be for a moment uncertain, you will see your emperor the foremost to expose himself to danger. For victory must not hang doubtful on this day most particularly, when the honor of the French infantry, which so deeply concerns the honor of the whole nation, is at stake.

"Let not the ranks be thinned upon pretext of carrying away the wounded, and let every one be thoroughly impressed with this thought, that it behooves us to conquer these hirelings of England, who are animated with such bitter hatred against our nation.

"This victory will put an end to the campaign, and we shall then be able to return to our winter quarters, where we shall be joined by the new armies which are forming in France, and then the peace which I shall make will be worthy of my people, of you, and of myself. NAPOLEON."

On this same day he received M. d'Haugwitz, who had at length reached the French headquarters, discerned in his wheedling conversation all the falseness of Prussia, and felt more convinced than ever of the necessity of gaining a signal victory. He received the Prussian envoy most graciously, told him that he was going to fight on the morrow, and that he would see him again afterward, if he was not swept off by some cannon-ball, and that then it would be time to arrange matters with the cabinet of Ber-

lin. He advised him to set out that very night for Vienna, and he gave him a letter to M. de Talleyrand, taking care to let him be conducted through the field of battle of Hollabrunn, which presented a horrible sight. It is right, he wrote M. de Talleyrand, that this Prussian should learn by his own eyes in what manner we make war.

Having passed the evening at the bivouac with his marshals, he resolved to visit the soldiers and to judge for himself of their moral disposition. It was the evening of the 1st of December, the eve of the anniversary of his coronation. The coincidence of these dates was singular, and Napoleon had not contrived it, for he accepted battle, but did not offer it. The night was cold and dark.

The first soldiers who perceived him, eager to light him on his way, picked up the straw of their bivouac and made it into torches, which they placed blazing on the top of their muskets. In a few minutes this example was followed by the whole army, and along the vast front of our position was displayed this singular illumination. The soldiers accompanied the steps of Napoleon with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" promising to prove on the morrow that they were worthy of him and of themselves. Enthusiasm pervaded all the ranks. They went as men ought to go into danger, with hearts full of content and confidence.

Napoleon retired to oblige his soldiers to take some rest, and awaited in his tent the dawn of that day which was to be one of the most glorious of his life, one of the most glorious in history.

Those lights, those shouts, had been early distinguished from the heights occupied by the Russian army, and in a small number of discreet officers they had produced a sinister presentiment. They asked one another if these were signs of an army disheartened and in retreat.

Meanwhile the commanders of the Russian corps, assembled at the quarters of General Kutusof, in the village of Kreznowitz, were receiving their instructions for the following day. Old Kutusof was fast asleep, and General Weirother, having spread out a map of the country before those who did listen to him, read with emphasis a memorial containing the whole plan of the battle. We

have nearly explained it already in describing the dispositions of Napoleon. The right of the Russians, under Prince Bagration, faced our left, as it was destined to advance against Lannes on both sides of the Olmutz road, to take the Santon from us, and to march direct for Brunn. The cavalry, collected into a single mass between the corps of Bagration and the center of the Russian army, was to occupy the same plain in which Napoleon had placed Murat, and to connect the left of the Russians with their center. The main body of the army, composed of four columns, commanded by Generals Doctorow, Langeron, Pribyschewski, and Kollowrath, established at the moment on the heights of Pratzen, was to descend from them, to cross the swampy stream which has been previously mentioned, to take Telnitz, Sokolnitz, and Kobelnitz, to turn the right of the French, and to advance upon their rear, to wrest the Vienna road from them. The rendezvous of all the corps was fixed under the walls of Brunn. The Archduke Constantine, with the Russian guard, nine thousand or ten thousand strong, was to start from Austerlitz at daybreak, and to place himself in reserve behind the center of the combined army.

When General Weirother had finished his lecture to the commanders of the Russian corps, only one of whom, General Doctorow, was attentive, and only one, General Langeron, inclined to contradict, the latter ventured to make some objections. General Langeron, a French emigrant, who served against his country, who was a grumbler but a good officer, asked General Weirother if he imagined that circumstances would turn out precisely as he had written, and showed himself strongly disposed to doubt it. General Weirother would never admit any other idea than that current in the Russian staff, namely, that Napoleon was retreating and that the instructions for this case were excellent. But General Kutusof put an end to all discussion by sending the commanders of the corps to their quarters, and ordering a copy of the instructions to be forwarded to each. That experienced chief knew in what estimation plans of battles conceived and arranged in that manner ought to be held, and yet he suffered the thing to be done, though it was in his name that the transaction took place.

By four in the morning Napoleon had left his tent, to judge

with his own eyes if the Russians were committing the blunder into which he had been so dexterously leading them. He descended to the village of Puntowitz, situated on the bank of the brook which separated the two armies, and perceived the fires of the Russians nearly extinguished on the heights of Pratzen. A very distinguishable sound of cannon and horses indicated a march from left to right toward the ponds, the very way that he wished the Russians to take. Great was his joy on finding his foresight so fully justified; he returned and placed himself on the high ground where he had bivouacked, and where the eye embraced the whole extent of that field of battle. His marshals were on horseback at his side. Day began to dawn. A wintry fog covered the country to a distance, the most prominent points only being visible, and rising above the mist like islands out of the sea. The different corps of the French army were in motion, and were descending from the position which they had occupied during the night to cross the rivulet which separated them from the Russians. But they halted in the bottom, where they were concealed by the fog, and kept by the emperor till the opportune moment for the attack.

A very brisk fire was already heard at the extremity of the line toward the ponds. The movement of the Russians against our left was evident. Marshal Davout had gone in all haste to direct Friant's division from Gross Raigern upon Telnitz, and to support the 3d of the line and the Corsican chasseurs, who would soon have upon their hands a considerable portion of the enemy's army. Marshals Lannes, Murat, and Soult, with their aides-de-camp, surrounded the emperor, awaiting his order to commence the combat at the center and on the left. Napoleon moderated their ardor, wishing to let the Russians consummate the fault which they were committing on our right so completely that they should not have it in their power to get back out of those bottoms which they were seen entering. The sun at length burst forth, and, dispelling the fog, poured a flood of radiance upon the vast field of battle. It was the sun of Austerlitz, a sun the recollections of which have been so frequently submitted to the present generation that assuredly they will not be forgotten by future generations. The

heights of Pratzen were cleared of troops. The Russians, in execution of the plan agreed upon, had descended to the bed of the Goldbach, to gain possession of the villages of Telnitz and Sokolnitz, situated along that rivulet. Napoleon then gave the signal for the attack, and his marshals galloped off to put themselves at the head of their respective corps d'armee.

The three Russian columns directed to attack Telnitz and Sokolnitz had broken up at seven o'clock in the morning. They were under the immediate command of Generals Doctorow, Langeron, and Pribyschewski, and under the superior command of General Buxhovden, an officer of inferior abilities, inactive, puffed up by the favor which he owed to a court marriage, and who no more commanded the left of the Russian army than General Kutusof commanded the whole. He marched himself along with General Doctorow's column, forming the extremity of the Russian line, and which would have to engage first. He paid no attention to the other columns, or to the harmony which ought to have been introduced into their different movements, which was very lucky for us; for if they had acted together, and attacked Telnitz and Sokolnitz en masse, as Friant's division had not yet arrived at that point, they might have gained much more ground upon our right than it would have suited us to give up to them.

Doctorow's column had bivouacked, like the others, on the height of Pratzen. At the foot of this height, in the bottom which separated it from our right, there was a village called Augezd, and in that village an advanced guard under the command of General Kienmayer, composed of five Austrian battalions and fourteen squadrons. This advanced guard was to sweep the plain between Augezd and Telnitz, while Doctorow's column was descending from the heights. The Austrians, eager to show the Russians that they could fight as well as they, attacked the village of Telnitz with great resolution. It was necessary to cross at once the rivulet running here in channels, and then a height covered with vines and houses. We had in this place, besides the 3d of the line, the battalion of the Corsican chasseurs, concealed from view by the nature of the ground. These skillful marksmen, coolly taking aim at the hussars who had been sent forward, picked off

a great number of them. They received in the same manner the Szekler regiment (infantry), and in half an hour strewed the ground with part of that regiment. The Austrians, tired of a destructive combat, and one that was productive of no result, attacked en masse the village of Telnitz with their five united battalions, but were not able to penetrate into it, thanks to the firmness of the 3d of the line, which received them with the vigor of a tried band. While Kienmayer's advanced guard was thus exhausting itself in impotent efforts, Doctorow's column, twenty-four battalions strong, led by General Buxhovden, made its appearance an hour later than was expected, and proceeded to assist the Austrians to take Telnitz, which the 3d of the line was no longer sufficient to defend. The bed of the stream was crossed, and General Kienmayer threw his fourteen squadrons into the plain beyond Telnitz, against the light cavalry of General Margaron. The latter bravely stood several charges, but could not maintain its ground against such a mass of cavalry. Friant's division, conducted by Marshal Davout, having not yet arrived from Gross Raigern, our right was greatly overmatched. But General Buxhovden, after being long waited for, was obliged in his turn to wait for the second column, commanded by General Langeron. This latter had been delayed by a singular accident. The mass of the cavalry, destined to occupy the plain which was on the right of the Russians and on the left of the French, had misconceived the order prescribing that it should take that position: it had therefore gone and taken post at Pratzen, amid the bivouacs of Langeron's column.

Having discovered its error, this cavalry, in repairing to its proper place, had cut and long retarded Langeron's and Pribyschewski's columns. General Langeron having at length arrived before Sokolnitz, commenced an attack on it. But meanwhile General Friant had come up in the utmost haste with his division, composed of five regiments of infantry and six regiments of dragoons. The 1st regiment of dragoons, attached for this occasion to Bourcier's division, was dispatched at full trot upon Telnitz. The Austro-Russians, already victorious at this point, began to cross the Goldbach, and to press the 3d of the light as well as

Margaron's light cavalry. The dragoons of the first regiment, on approaching the enemy, broke into a gallop, and drove back into Telnitz all who had attempted to debouch from it. Generals Friant and Heudelet, arriving with the 1st brigade, composed of the 108th of the line and the voltigeurs of the 15th light, entered Telnitz with bayonets fixed, expelled the Austrians, and drove them pell-mell beyond the channels which form the bed of the Goldbach, and remained masters of the ground, after they had strewed it with dead and wounded. Unluckily the fog, dispersed nearly everywhere, prevailed in the bottoms. It enveloped Telnitz as in a sort of cloud. The 26th light of Legrand's division, which had come to the assistance of the 3d of the line, perceiving indistinctly masses of troops on the other side of the stream, without being able to discern the color of their uniform, fired upon the 108th, under the impression that it was the enemy. This unexpected attack staggered the 108th, which fell back for fear of being turned. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the Russians and Austrians, having twenty-nine battalions at this point, resumed the offensive, and dislodged Heudelet's brigade from Telnitz, while General Langeron, attacking with twelve Russian battalions the village of Sokolnitz, situated on the Goldbach, a little above Telnitz, had penetrated it. The two hostile columns of Doctorow and Langeron then began to debouch, the one from Telnitz, the other from Sokolnitz. At the same time General Pribyschewski's column had attacked and taken the chateau of Sokolnitz, situated above the village of that name. At this sight General Friant, who on that day, as on so many others, behaved like a hero, flung General Bourcier, with his six regiments of dragoons, upon Doctorow's column, at the moment when the latter was deploying beyond Telnitz. The Russians presented their bayonets to our dragoons; but the charges of our horse, repeated with the utmost fury, prevented them from extending themselves, and supported Heudelet's brigade, which was opposed to them. General Friant afterward put himself at the head of Lochet's brigade, composed of the 18th and the 111th of the line, and rushed upon Langeron's column, which was already beyond the village of Sokolnitz, drove it back to that place, entered it at its heels, expelled it again, and hurled

it to the other side of the Goldbach. Having occupied Sokolnitz, General Friant committed it to the guard of the 48th, and marched with his 3d brigade, that of Kister, composed of the 33d of the line and the 15th light, to recover the chateau of Sokolnitz from Pribyschewski's column. He forced it to fall back. But while he was engaged with Pribyschewski's troops in front of the chateau of Sokolnitz, Langeron's column, attacking anew the village dependent on this chateau, had wellnigh overwhelmed the 48th, which, retiring into the houses of the village, defended itself with admirable gallantry. General Friant returned and extricated the 48th. That brave general and his illustrious chief, Marshal Davout, hastened incessantly from one point to another on this line of the Goldbach, so warmly disputed, and with seven or eight thousand foot and two thousand eight hundred horse engaged thirty-five thousand Russians. Indeed, Friant's division was reduced, by a march of thirty-six hours which it had performed, to six thousand men at most, and with the 3d of the line formed no more than seven or eight thousand combatants. But the men who had lagged behind, arriving every moment at the report of the cannon, successively filled up the gaps made by the enemy's fire in its ranks.

During this obstinate combat toward our right, Marshal Soult, at the center, had attacked the position on which depended the issue of the battle. At a signal given by Napoleon, the two divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire formed into close column, and ascended at a rapid pace the acclivities of the plateau of Pratzen. Vandamme's division had proceeded to the left, St. Hilaire's to the right of the village of Pratzen, which is deeply embedded in a ravine that terminates at the Goldbach rivulet, near Puntowitz. While the French were pushing forward, the center of the enemy's army, composed of Kollowrath's Austrian infantry and the Russian infantry of Miloradovich, twenty-seven battalions strong, under the immediate command of General Kutusof and the two emperors, had come and deployed on the plateau of Pratzen, to take the place of Buxhovden's three columns, which had descended into the bottoms. Our soldiers, without returning the fire of musketry which they sustained, continued to climb the height, surpris-

ing by their nimble and resolute step the enemy's generals, who expected to find them retreating.

On reaching the village of Pratzen they passed on without halting there. General Morand, putting himself at the head of the 10th light, went and drew up on the plateau. General Thiebault followed him with his brigade, composed of the 14th and 36th of the line, and while he was advancing suddenly received in rear a volley of musketry, which proceeded from two Russian battalions concealed in the ravine, at the bottom of which the village of Pratzen is situated. General Thiebault halted for a moment, returned at pointblank range the volley which he had received, and entered the village with one of his battalions. He dispersed and took the Russians who occupied it, and then returned to support General Morand, deployed on the plateau. Vare's brigade, the second of St. Hilaire's division, passing on its part to the left of the village, drew up facing the enemy, while Vandamme, with his whole division, took a position still further to the left, near a small knoll, called Stari Winobradi, which commands the plateau of Pratzen. Upon this knoll the Russians had posted five battalions and a numerous artillery.

The Austrian infantry of Kollowrath and the Russian infantry of Miloradovich were drawn up in two lines. Marshal Soult without loss of time brought forward St. Hilaire's and Vandamme's divisions. General Thiebault, forming with his brigade the right of St. Hilaire's division, had a battery of twelve pieces. He ordered them to be charged with balls and grape, and opened a destructive fire upon the infantry opposed to him. This fire, kept up briskly and directed with precision, soon threw the Austrian ranks into disorder, and they hurried in confusion to the back of the plateau. Vandamme immediately attacked the enemy drawn up opposite to him. His brave infantry coolly advanced, halted, fired several murderous volleys, and marched upon the Russians with the bayonet. It flung back their first line upon their second, put both to flight, and obliged them to retreat to the back of the plateau of Pratzen, leaving their artillery behind them. In this movement Vandamme had left the knoll of Stari Winobradi, defended by several Russian battalions and bristling with artillery,

on his left. He went back to it, and directing General Schiner to turn it with the 24th light, he ascended it himself with the 4th of the line. In spite of a downward fire he climbed the knoll, overturned the Russians who guarded it, and took their cannon.

Thus in less than an hour the two divisions of Marshal Soult's corps had made themselves masters of the plateau of Pratzen, and were pursuing the Russians and Austrians, hurled pell-mell down the declivities of that plateau, which inclines toward the chateau of Austerlitz.

The two emperors of Austria and Russia, witnesses of this rapid action, strove in vain to rally their soldiers. They were scarcely listened to amid that confusion, and Alexander could already perceive that the presence of a sovereign is not, in such circumstances, worth that of a good general. Miloradovich, always conspicuous in the fire, traversed on horseback that field of battle, plowed with balls, and strove to bring back the fugitives. General Kutusof, wounded on the cheek by a musket-ball, beheld the realization of the disaster which he had foreseen, and which he had not the firmness to prevent. He had hastened to send for the Russian imperial guard, which had bivouacked in advance of Austerlitz, in order to rally his routed center behind it. If this commander of the Austro-Russian army, whose merit was limited to great astuteness disguised by great indolence, had been capable of just and prompt resolutions, he would have hurried at this moment to his left, engaged with our right, drawn Buxhovden's three columns from the bottoms into which they had been plunged, brought them back to the plateau of Pratzen, and with a collected force of fifty thousand men have made a decisive effort to recover a position without which the Russian army must be cut in two. If even he had not succeeded, he might at least have retired in order upon Austerlitz by a safe road, and not have left his left backed upon an abyss. But content to parry the evil of which he was an eye-witness, he did nothing more than rally his center upon the Russian imperial guard, nine or ten thousand strong, while Napoleon, on the contrary, with his eyes riveted on the plateau of Pratzen, was bringing forward to the support of Marshal Soult, already

victorious, the corps of Bernadotte, the guard, and Oudinot's grenadiers, that is to say, twenty-five thousand choice troops.

While our right was thus disputing the line of the Goldbach with the Russians, and our center was wresting from them the plateau of Pratzen, Lannes and Murat, on our left, were engaged with Prince Bagration and all the cavalry of the Austro-Russians.

Lannes, with Suchet's and Caffarelli's divisions, deployed on both sides of the Olmutz road, was to march straight forward. On the left of the road, the same near which rose the Santon, the ground, on approaching the wooded heights of Moravia, was very uneven, sometimes hilly, sometimes intersected by deep ravines. There Suchet's division was placed. On the right, more level ground was connected by very gentle rises with the plateau of Pratzen. Caffarelli marched on that side, protected by Murat's cavalry, against the mass of the Austro-Russian cavalry.

At this point a sort of Egyptian battle was anticipated, for here were seen eighty-two Russian and Austrian squadrons, drawn up in two lines, commanded by Prince John of Lichtenstein. For this reason Suchet's and Caffarelli's divisions presented several battalions deployed, and behind the intervals of these battalions other battalions in close column, to appuy and flank the former. The artillery was spread over the front of the two divisions. General Kellermann's light cavalry, as also the divisions of dragoons, were on the right in the plain, Nansouty's and d'Hautpoul's heavy cavalry in reserve in rear.

In this imposing order Lannes moved off as soon as he heard the cannon at Pratzen, and traversed at a foot pace, as though it had been a parade ground, that plain illumined by a bright winter's sun.

Prince John of Lichtenstein had not arrived upon the ground till late, owing to a mistake which had caused the Austro-Russian cavalry to run from the right to the left of the field of battle. In his absence, Alexander's imperial guard had filled the gap left between the center and the right of the combined army. When he at length arrived, perceiving the movement of Lannes' corps, he directed the Grandduke Constantine's hulans against Caffarelli's division. Those bold horse rushed upon that division, before which

Kellermann was placed with his brigade of light cavalry. General Kellermann, one of our ablest cavalry officers, judging that he should be flung back upon the French infantry, and perhaps throw it into confusion, if he awaited, without moving, that formidable charge, drew back his squadrons, and making them pass through the intervals of Caffarelli's battalions, drew them up again on the left, in order to seize a favorable opportunity for charging. The hulans, coming up at a gallop, no longer found our light cavalry, but encountered in its stead a line of infantry, which was not to be broken, and which, even without forming into square, received it with a murderous fire of musketry. Four hundred of these assailants were soon stretched on the ground in front of the division. The Russian general, Essen, was mortally wounded fighting at their head. The others dispersed in disorder to the right and left. Kellermann, who had reformed his squadrons on the left of Caffarelli, seizing the opportune moment, charged the hulans, and cut in pieces a considerable number of them. Prince John of Lichtenstein sent a fresh portion of his squadrons to the assistance of the hulans. Our divisions of dragoons dashed off in their turn upon the enemy's cavalry, and for a while nothing was to be seen but an awful fray, in which all the combatants were fighting hand to hand. This cloud of horsemen at length dispersed, and each rejoined his line of battle, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded, mostly Russians and Austrians. Our two masses of infantry then advanced with firm and measured step upon the ground abandoned by the cavalry. The Russians opposed to them forty pieces of cannon, which poured forth a shower of projectiles. One discharge swept away the whole group of drummers of Caffarelli's first regiment. This fierce cannonade was returned by the fire of all our artillery. In this combat with great guns, General Valhabert had a thigh fractured by a ball. Some soldiers would have carried him away. "Remain at your post," said he, "I shall know how to die all alone; six men must not be taken away for the sake of one." The French then marched for the village of Blaziowitz, situated on the right of the plain, where the ground begins to rise toward Pratzen. Of this village, seated like all those of the country in a deep ravine, nothing was to be seen but the

flames that were consuming it. A detachment of the Russian imperial guard had occupied it in the morning, till Prince Lichtenstein's cavalry should arrive. Lannes ordered the 13th light to take it. Colonel Castex, who commanded the 13th, advanced with the first battalion in column of attack, and as soon as he arrived before the village he was struck by a ball in the forehead. The battalion rushed forward, and revenged with the bayonet the death of its colonel. Blaziowitz was carried, and some hundreds of prisoners, picked up there, were sent to the rear.

At the other wing of Lannes' corps the Russians, led by Prince Bagration, strove to take the little eminence called by our soldiers the Santon. They had descended into a valley which skirts the foot of this eminence, taken the village of Bosenitz, and exchanged balls to no purpose with the numerous artillery planted on the height. But the Russians did not care to encounter the musketry of the 17th of the line, too advantageously posted for them to dare to approach too near.

Prince Bagration had drawn up the rest of his infantry on the Olmutz road, facing Suchet's division. Being obliged to fall back, he retired slowly before the corps of Lannes, which marched without precipitation, but with imposing compactness, and kept constantly gaining ground. Blaziowitz being carried, Lannes caused the villages of Holubitz and Kruch, situated on the Olmutz road, to be taken also, and at length came upon Bagration's infantry. At this moment he broke the line formed by his two divisions. He directed Suchet's division obliquely to the left, Caffarelli's division obliquely to the right. By this diverging movement he separated Bagration's infantry from Prince Lichtenstein's cavalry, and threw back the first to the left of the Olmutz road, the second to the right, toward the slopes of the plateau of Pratzen.

That cavalry then determined to make a last effort, and rushed in a mass upon Caffarelli's division, which received it with its usual firmness, and brought it to a stand by the fire of its musketry. Numerous squadrons of Lichtenstein's, at first dispersed, then rallied by their officers, were led back against our battalions. By order of Lannes the cuirassiers of Generals d'Hautpoul and

Nansouty, who followed Caffarelli's infantry, filed away at full trot behind the ranks of that infantry, formed upon its right, deployed there, and dashed off at a gallop. The earth quaked under those four thousand horsemen cased in iron. They rushed sword in hand upon the mass of the new-formed Austro-Russian squadrons, overthrew them by the shock, dispersed and obliged them to flee toward Austerlitz, whither they retired, to appear no more during the engagement.

Meanwhile Suchet's division had attacked Prince Bagration's infantry. After pouring upon the Russians those quiet and sure volleys which our troops, not less intelligent than inured to war, executed with extreme precision, Suchet's division had advanced upon them with the bayonet. The Russians, giving way to the impetuosity of our battalions, had retired, but unbroken and without surrendering. They formed a confused mass bristling with muskets, which the French could only drive before them, without being able to take them prisoners. Lannes, having got rid of Prince Lichtenstein's eighty-two squadrons, had hastened to bring back General d'Hautpoul's heavy cavalry from the right to the left of that plain, and directed it upon the Russians, in order to decide their retreat. The cuirassiers, charging on all sides those obstinate foot-soldiers who were retiring in large bodies, had obliged some thousands of them to lay down their arms.

Thus on our left Lannes had fought a real battle by himself. He had taken four thousand prisoners. The ground around him was strewed with four thousand Russians and Austrians, dead or wounded.

But on the plateau of Pratzen the conflict was renewed between the enemy and the corps of Marshal Soult, re-enforced by all the reserves, which Napoleon brought up in person. General Kutusof, without having any idea, as we have observed, of calling to him the three columns of Doctorow, Langeron, and Pribyschewski, posted in the bottoms, thought only of rallying his center upon the imperial Russian guard. The single brigade of Kamenski, belonging to Langeron's corps, hearing a very brisk fire on its rear, had halted, and then spontaneously fallen back, in order to return to the plateau of Pratzen. General Langeron, apprised

of the circumstance, had come up to put himself at the head of this brigade, leaving the rest of his column at Sokolnitz.

The French, in this renewed combat at the center, were about to find themselves engaged with Kamenski's brigade, with the infantry of Kollowrath and Miloradovich, and with the imperial Russian guard. Thiebault's brigade, occupying the extreme right of Marshal Soult's corps, and separated from Vare's brigade by the village of Pratzen, found itself amid a square of fires, for it had in front the reformed line of the Austrians, and on its right part of Langeron's troops. This brigade, consisting of the 10th light and of the 14th and 36th of the line, was soon exposed to the most serious danger. As it was deploying and forming itself into a square to face the enemy, Adjutant Labadie, fearing that his battalion, under a fire of musketry and grape, discharged at the distance of thirty paces, might be staggered in its movement, seized the colors, and planting himself upon the ground, cried, "Soldiers, here is your line of battle!" The battalion deployed with perfect steadiness. The others imitated it, the brigade took position, and for some moments exchanged a destructive fire of musketry at half range. These three regiments, however, would soon have sunk under a mass of cross fires had the conflict been prolonged. General St. Hilaire, admired by the army for his chivalrous valor, was conversing with Generals Thiebault and Morand on the course proper to be pursued, when Colonel Pouzet of the 10th said, "General, let us advance with the bayonet, or we are undone." "Yes, forward!" replied General St. Hilaire. The bayonets were immediately crossed, and the men, falling upon Kamenski's Russians on the right and on Kollowrath's Austrians in front, precipitated the first into the bottoms of Sokolnitz and Telnitz, and the second down the back of the plateau of Pratzen, toward the Austerlitz road.

While Thiebault's brigade, left for some time unsupported, extricated itself with such valor and success, Vare's brigade and Vandamme's division, placed on the other side of the village of Pratzen, had not near so much trouble to repulse the offensive return of the Austro-Russians, and had soon flung them to the foot of the plateau, which they strove in vain to ascend. In the

ardor that hurried away our troops, the first battalion of the 4th of the line, belonging to Vandamme's division, had yielded to the temptation to pursue the Russians over the sloping ground, covered with vines. The Grandduke Constantine had immediately sent a detachment of the cavalry of the guard, which, surprising that battalion among the vines, had overthrown it before it could form into square. In this confusion the color-bearer of the regiment had been killed. A subaltern, endeavoring to save the eagle, had also been killed. A soldier had then snatched it out of the hands of the officer, and being himself put hors de combat, had not been able to prevent Constantine's horse from carrying off the trophy.

Napoleon, who had come to re-enforce the center with the infantry of his guard, the whole corps of Bernadotte, and Oudinot's grenadiers, witnessed the rash proceeding of this battalion from the height on which he was posted. "They are in disorder yonder," said he to Rapp; "that must be set to rights." At the head of the Mamelukes and the horse chasseurs of the guard, Rapp instantly flew to the succor of the compromised battalion. Marshal Bessieres followed Rapp with the horse grenadiers. Drouet's division of Bernadotte's corps, formed of the 94th and 95th regiments and of the 27th light, advanced in second line, headed by Colonel Gerard, Bernadotte's aid-de-camp, and an officer of great energy, to oppose the infantry of the Russian guard.

Rapp, on making his appearance, drew upon him the enemy's cavalry, who were slaughtering our foot-soldiers extended on the ground. This cavalry turned against him with four unhorsed pieces of cannon. In spite of a discharge of grape, Rapp rushed forward and broke through the imperial cavalry. He pushed on, and passed beyond the ground covered by the wrecks of the battalion of the 4th. The soldiers of that battalion immediately rallied, and formed anew to revenge the check which they had received. Rapp, on reaching the lines of the Russian guard, was assailed with a second charge of cavalry. These were Alexander's horse guards, who, headed by their colonel, Prince Repnin, fell upon him. The brave Morland, colonel of the chasseurs of the French imperial guard, was killed; the chasseurs were driven back. But at this moment the horse grenadiers, led by Marshal

Bessieres, came up at a gallop to the assistance of Rapp. This splendid body of men, mounted on powerful horses, was eager to measure its strength with the horse guards of Alexander. A conflict of several minutes ensued between them. The infantry of the Russian guard, witnessing this fierce encounter, durst not fire, for fear of slaughtering its own countrymen. At length Napoleon's horse grenadiers, veterans tried in a hundred battles, triumphed over the young soldiers of Alexander, dispersed them, after extending a number of them upon the ground, and returned conquerors to their master.

Napoleon, who was present at this engagement, was delighted to see the Russian youth punished for their boasting. Surrounded by his staff, he received Rapp, who returned wounded, covered with blood, followed by Prince Repnin, a prisoner, and gave him signal testimonies of satisfaction. Meanwhile the three regiments of Drouet's division, brought by Colonel Gerard, pushed the infantry of the Russian guard upon the village of Kreznowitz, carried that village, and took many prisoners. It was one o'clock; victory appeared no longer doubtful, for Lannes and Murat being masters of the plain on the left, Marshal Soult, supported by the whole of the reserve, being master of the plateau of Pratzen, there was nothing left to be done but to fall upon the right and fling Buxhovden's three Russian columns, which had so vainly striven to cut us off from the road to Vienna, into the ponds. Napoleon, then leaving Bernadotte's corps on the plateau of Pratzen, and turning to the right with Marshal Soult's corps, the guard, and Oudinot's grenadiers, resolved himself to seize the prize of his profound combinations, and proceeded by the route which Buxhovden's three columns had taken when descending from the plateau of Pratzen to attack them in rear. It was high time for him to arrive, for Marshal Davout and his lieutenant-general, Friant, hurrying incessantly from Kobelnitz to Telnitz to prevent the Russians from crossing the Goldbach, were almost knocked up. The brave Friant had had four horses killed under him in the fight. But while he was making the last efforts, Napoleon suddenly appeared at the head of an overwhelming mass of forces. Prodigious confusion then took place among the surprised and despairing Russians.

Pribyschewski's entire column, and half of Langeron's, left before Sokolnitz, found themselves surrounded without any hope of escape, for the French were coming upon their rear by the routes which they had themselves pursued in the morning. These two columns dispersed; part were made prisoners in Sokolnitz, others fled toward Kobelnitz and were enveloped near the marshes of that name. Lastly, a third portion made off toward Brunn, but was obliged to lay down its arms near the Vienna road, the same which the Russians had appointed for rendezvous in the hope of victory.

General Langeron, with the relics of Kamenski's brigade and some battalions which he had withdrawn from Sokolnitz before the disaster, had fled toward Telnitz and the ponds, near to the spot where Buxhovden was with Doctorow's column. The silly commander of the left wing of the Russians, quite proud of having, with twenty-nine battalions and twenty-two squadrons, disputed the village of Telnitz against five or six French battalions, continued motionless, awaiting the success of Langeron's and Pribyschewski's columns. His face, according to an eye-witness, exhibited evidence of the excess in which he was accustomed to indulge. Langeron, hastening to this point, related to him with warmth what was passing. "You see nothing but enemies everywhere," was the brutal answer of Buxhovden. "And you," replied Langeron, "are not in a state to see them anywhere." At this instant Marshal Soult's column appeared on the slope of the plateau toward the ponds, advancing toward Doctorow's column to drive it into them. It was no longer possible to doubt the danger. Buxhovden, with four regiments, which he had most unskillfully left inactive about him, endeavored to regain the route by which he had come, and which ran through the village of Augezd, between the foot of the plateau of Pratzen and the pond of Satschau. Thither he proceeded precipitately, ordering General Doctorow to save himself as he best could. Langeron joined him with the remains of his column. Buxhovden was passing through Augezd at the very moment when Vandamme's division, descending from the height, arrived there on its side. He sustained in his flight the fire of the French, and succeeded in gaining a place of safety with a portion of his troops. The greater part, accompanied

by Langeron's wrecks, was stopped short by Vandamme's division, which was in possession of Augezd. Then all together rushed toward the frozen ponds and strove to clear themselves a way there. The ice which covered these ponds, weakened by the warmth of a fine day, could not bear the weight of men, horses and cannon. It gave way at some points beneath the Russians, who were engulfed; at others it was strong enough to afford a retreat to the fugitives who thronged across it.

Napoleon, having reached the slopes of the plateau of Pratzen, toward the ponds, perceived the disaster which he had so skillfully prepared. He ordered a battery of the guard to fire with ball upon those parts of the ice which still held firm, and completed the destruction of those who were upon it. Nearly two thousand perished beneath the broken ice.

Between the French army and these inaccessible ponds was still left Doctorow's unfortunate column, one detachment of which had escaped with Buxhovden, and another found a grave under the ice. General Doctorow, left in this cruel situation, behaved with the noblest courage. The ground in approaching the lakes rose so as to offer a sort of appui. General Doctorow, backing himself against this rising ground, formed his troops into three lines, placing the cavalry in the first line, the artillery in the second, and the infantry in the third. Thus deployed, he opposed a bold face to the French, while he sent a few squadrons in search of a route between the pond of Satschau and that of Menitz.

A last and severe combat ensued on this ground. The dragoons of Beaumont's division, borrowed from Murat, and brought from the left to the right, charged Kienmayer's Austrian cavalry, which after doing its duty retired under the protection of the Russian artillery. The latter, sticking close to its guns, poured a shower of grape upon the dragoons, who endeavored in vain to take it. Marshal Soult's infantry marched up in its turn to this artillery, in spite of a fire at pointblank range, took it, and drove the Russian infantry toward Telnitz. Marshal Davout, on his part, with Friant's division, was entering Telnitz. The Russians, therefore, had no other retreat but a narrow pass between Telnitz and the ponds. Some rushed upon them pell-mell, and shared the fate of

those who had preceded them. Others found means to escape by a route which had been discovered between the ponds of Satschau and Menitz. The French cavalry pursued them along this track, and harassed them in their retreat. The sun in the daytime had converted the clayey soil of these parts from ice into thick mud, into which men and horses sunk. The artillery of the Russians stuck fast in it. Their horses, fitted rather for speed than for draught, being unable to extricate the guns, were obliged to leave them there. Amid this rout our horses picked up three thousand prisoners and a great number of cannon. "I had previously seen some lost battles," says an eye-witness of this frightful scene, General Langeron, "but I had no conception of such a defeat."

In fact, from one wing to the other of the Russian army no part of it was in order but the corps of Prince Bagration, which Lannes had not ventured to pursue, being ignorant of what was passing on the right of the army. All the rest was in a state of frightful disorder, setting up wild shouts, and plundering the villages scattered upon its route, to procure provisions. The two sovereigns of Russia and Austria fled from that field of battle upon which they heard the French crying "Vive l'Empereur!" Alexander was deeply dejected. The Emperor Francis, more tranquil, bore the disaster with great composure. Under the common misfortune, he had at least one consolation: the Russians could no longer allege that the cowardice of the Austrians constituted all the glory of Napoleon. The two princes retreated precipitately over the plains of Moravia, amid profound darkness, separated from their household, and liable to be insulted through the barbarity of their own soldiers. The Emperor Francis, seeing that all was lost, took it upon him to send Prince John of Lichtenstein to Napoleon, to solicit an armistice, with a promise to sign a peace in a few days. He commissioned him, moreover, to express to Napoleon his wish to have an interview with him at the advanced posts.

Prince John, who had well performed his duty in the engagement, could appear with honor before the conqueror. He repaired with the utmost expedition to the French headquarters. The victorious Napoleon was engaged in going over the field of battle, to

have the wounded picked up. He would not take rest himself till he had paid to his soldiers those attentions to which they had such good right. In obedience to his orders, none of them had quitted the ranks to carry away the wounded. The ground was in consequence strewed with them for a space of more than three leagues. It was covered more especially with Russian corpses. The field of battle was an awful spectacle. But this sight affected our old soldiers of the Revolution very slightly. Accustomed to the horrors of war, they regarded wounds, death, as a natural consequence of battles, and as trifles in the bosom of victory. They were intoxicated with joy, and raised boisterous acclamations when they perceived the group of officers which marked the presence of Napoleon. His return to the headquarters, which had been established at the post-house of Posoritz, had the appearance of a triumphal procession.

That spirit, in which such bitter pangs were one day to succeed such exquisite joys, tasted at that moment the delights of the most magnificent and the most deserved success; for if victory is frequently a pure favor of chance, it was in this instance the reward of admirable combinations. Napoleon, in fact, guessing with the penetration of genius that the Russians designed to wrest the Vienna road from him, and that they would then place themselves between him and the ponds, had by his very attitude encouraged them to come thither; since, weakening his right, re-enforcing his center, he had thrown himself upon the heights of Pratzen, abandoned by them, cut them thus in two, and flung them into a gulf, which they could not get out of. The greater part of his troops, kept in reserve, had scarcely been brought into action, so strong did a just conclusion render his position, and so well also did the valor of his soldiers permit him to bring them forward in inferior number before the enemy. It may be said that out of sixty-five thousand French, forty thousand or forty-five thousand at most had been engaged; for Bernadotte's corps, the grenadiers, and the infantry of the guard had exchanged only a few musket-shots. Thus forty-five thousand French had beaten ninety thousand Austro-Russians.

The results of the battle were immense: fifteen thousand killed

or wounded, about thirty thousand prisoners, among whom were ten colonels and eight generals, one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, an immense quantity of artillery and baggage wagons—such were the losses of the enemy and the trophies of the French. The latter had to regret about seven thousand men killed and wounded.

Napoleon, having returned to his headquarters at Posoritz, there received Prince John of Lichtenstein. He treated him as a conqueror full of courtesy, and agreed to an interview with the Emperor of Austria on the day after the next, at the advanced posts of the two armies; but an armistice was not to be granted till the two emperors of France and Austria had met and explained themselves.

On the morrow Napoleon transferred his headquarters to Austerlitz, a mansion belonging to the family of Kaunitz. There he established himself, and determined to give the name of that mansion to the battle which the soldiers already called the battle of the three emperors. It has borne and will bear for ages the name which it received from the immortal captain who won it. He addressed to his soldiers the following proclamation:

"AUSTERLITZ, 12*th Frimaire.*

"SOLDIERS—I am satisfied with you: in the battle of Austerlitz you have justified all that I expected from your intrepidity. You have decorated your eagles with immortal glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the emperors of Russia and Austria, has been in less than four hours either cut in pieces or dispersed. Those who escaped your weapons are drowned in the lakes.

"Forty colors, the standards of the imperial guard of Russia, one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, more than thirty thousand prisoners, are the result of this over-celebrated battle. That infantry, so highly vaunted and superior in number, could not withstand your shocks, and thenceforward you have no rivals to fear. Thus in two months this third coalition has been vanquished and dissolved. Peace cannot now be far distant, but, as I promised my people before I passed the Rhine, I will make only such a peace as gives us guarantees and insures rewards to our allies.

"Soldiers, when all that is necessary to secure the welfare and

the prosperity of our country is accomplished, I will lead you back to France; there you will be the object of my tenderest concern. My people will see you again with joy, and it will be sufficient to say, I was at the battle of Austerlitz, for them to reply, There is a brave man. NAPOLEON."

CHAPTER XXV

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

THE CAUSES THAT LED TO IT — HOW THE FLEETS MET — HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON — NELSON AND VILLENEUVE

A. D. 1805

AFTER the terrific struggle at Aboukir, both England and France were anxious to suspend hostilities. The result was the agreement known as the Peace of Amiens. A general sense of relief ensued. But shrewd observers saw the dangers that lay in the ambition of Bonaparte, whose aim was to be master of the western world.

The means at his command were immense. The political life of the Revolution had been cut short by his military despotism, but the new social vigor which it had given to France through the abolition of privileges and the creation of a new middle class on the ruins of the clergy and the nobles still lived on. While the dissensions which tore France asunder were hushed by the policy of the First Consul, by his restoration of the Church as a religious power, his recall of the exiles, and the economy and wise administration which distinguished his rule, the centralized system of government bequeathed by the Monarchy to the Revolution, and by the Revolution to Bonaparte, enabled him easily to seize this national vigor for the profit of his own despotism. The exhaustion of the brilliant hopes raised by the Revolution, the craving for public order, the military enthusiasm and the impulse of a new glory given by the wonderful victories France had won, made a

Tyranny possible; and in the hands of Bonaparte this tyranny was supported by a secret police, by the suppression of the press and of all freedom of opinion, and above all by the iron will and immense ability of the First Consul himself. Once chosen consul for life, he felt himself secure at home, and turned restlessly to the work of outer aggression. The pledges given at Amiens were set aside. The republics established on the borders of France were brought into mere dependence on his will. Piedmont and Parma were annexed to France; and a French army occupied Switzerland. The temperate protests of the English government were answered by demands for the expulsion of the French exiles who had been living in England ever since the Revolution, and for its surrender of Malta, which was retained till some security could be devised against a fresh seizure of the island by the French fleet. It was plain that a struggle was inevitable; huge armaments were preparing in the French ports, and a new activity was seen in those of Spain. In May, 1803, the British government anticipated Bonaparte's attack by a declaration of war.

The breach only quickened Bonaparte's resolve to attack the enemy at home. The difficulties in his way he set contemptuously aside. "Fifteen millions of people," he said, in allusion to the disproportion between the population of England and France, "must give way to forty millions"; and an invasion of England itself was planned on a gigantic scale. A camp of one hundred thousand men was formed at Boulogne, and a host of flat-bottomed boats gathered for their conveyance across the Channel.

The invasion seemed imminent when Bonaparte, who, as already recited, had assumed the title of the Emperor Napoleon, appeared in the camp at Boulogne. "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours," he is reported to have said, "and we are masters of the world." A skillfully combined plan, by which the British fleet would have been divided, while the whole French navy was concentrated in the Channel, was delayed by the death of the admiral destined to execute it. But the alliance with Spain placed the Spanish fleet at Napoleon's disposal, and in 1805 he planned its union with that of France, the crushing of the squadron which blocked the ports of the Channel before the

English ships which were watching the Spanish armament could come to its support, and a crossing of the vast armament thus protected to the English shore. The three hundred thousand volunteers mustered in England to meet the coming attack would have offered small hinderance to the veterans of the Grand Army, had they once crossed the Channel. But Pitt had already found work for France elsewhere. The alarm of the Continental Powers had been brought to a head by Napoleon's annexation of Genoa; Pitt's subsidies had removed the last obstacle in the way of a league; and Russia, Austria, and Sweden joined in an alliance to wrest Italy and the Low Countries from the grasp of the French emperor. Napoleon meanwhile swept the sea in vain for a glimpse of the great armament whose assembly in the Channel he had so skillfully planned. Admiral Villeneuve, uniting the Spanish ships with his own squadron from Toulon, drew Nelson in pursuit to the West Indies, and then, suddenly returning to Cadiz, hastened to form a junction with the French squadron at Brest and crush the English fleet in the Channel. But a headlong pursuit brought Nelson up with him ere the maneuver was complete, and the two fleets met on the 21st of October, 1805, off Cape Trafalgar.

Nelson's fleet comprised twenty-seven line-of-battle ships and Villeneuve's thirty-three. The first British gun was fired at 12.10 o'clock; at 5 o'clock the battle was over; and within those five hours the combined fleets of France and Spain were simply destroyed. No fewer than eighteen ships of the line were captured, burned or sunk; the rest were in flight, and had practically ceased to exist as a fighting force. But what very few people realize is that Trafalgar is only the last incident in a great strategic conflict —a warfare of brains rather than of bullets—which for nearly three years raged round a single point. For that long period the warlike genius of Napoleon was pitted in strategy against the skill and foresight of a cluster of British sailors; and the sailors won. They beat Napoleon at his own weapons. The French were not merely outfought in the shock of battling fleets, they were outgeneraled in the conflict of plotting and warlike brains which preceded the actual fight off Cape Trafalgar.

The strategy which preceded Trafalgar represents Napoleon's

solitary attempt to plan a great campaign on the tossing floor of the sea. "It has an interest wholly unique," says Mahan, "as the only great naval campaign ever planned by this foremost captain of modern times." And it is a very marvelous fact that a cluster of British sailors—Jervis and Barham (a salt eighty years old) at the Admiralty, Cornwallis at Brest, Collingwood at Cadiz, and Nelson at Toulon—guessed all Napoleon's profound and carefully hidden strategy, and met it by even subtler plans and swifter resolves than those of Napoleon himself. The five hours of gallant fighting off Cape Trafalgar filled England with exultant pride. But the intellectual duel which preceded the shock of actual battle, and which lasted for nearly three years, is, in a sense, a yet more splendid story. Great Britain may well honor her naval leaders of that day for their cool and profound strategy, as much as for the unyielding courage with which such a blockade, as, say, that of Brest by Cornwallis was maintained for years, or such splendid daring as that which Collingwood showed when, in the "Royal Sovereign," he broke Villeneuve's line at Trafalgar.

When in 1803 the war which brought to an end the brief peace of Amiens broke out, Napoleon framed a great and daring plan for the invasion of England. French plans for the invasion of England were somewhat numerous a century or so ago. The Committee of Public Safety in 1794, while keeping the guillotine busy in the Place de la Révolution, had its own little plan for extending the Reign of Terror, by means of an invasion, to England; and on May 27 of that year solemnly appointed one of their number to represent the Committee in England "when it was conquered." The member chosen was citizen Bon Saint André, the same hero who, in the battle of the 1st of June, fled in terror to the refuge of the French flagship's cockpit when the "Queen Charlotte," with her triple lines of guns, came too alarmingly near. But Napoleon's plans for the same object in 1803 were definite, formidable, profound. Great Britain was the one barrier in the path of his ambition. "Bonaparte," says Green, in his "Short History of the English People," "was resolute to be master of the western world, and no notions of popular freedom or sense of popular right ever interfered with his resolve. . . England was now the one country

where freedom in any sense remained alive. . . With the fall of England, despotism would have been universal throughout Europe; and it was at England that Bonaparte resolved to strike the first blow in his career of conquest. Fifteen millions of people, he argued, must give way to forty millions."

So he formed the vast camp at Boulogne, in which were gathered one hundred and thirty thousand veterans. A great flotilla of boats was built, each boat being armed with one or two guns, and capable of carrying one hundred soldiers. More than one thousand of such boats were built, and concentrated along twenty miles of the Channel coast, and at four different ports. A new port was dug at Boulogne, to give shelter to the main division of this flotilla, and great and powerful batteries erected for its protection. The French soldiers were exercised in embarking and disembarking till the whole process could be counted by minutes. "Let us," said Napoleon, "be masters of the Straits for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world."

When since the days of William the Conqueror were the shores of Great Britain menaced by such a peril? "There is no difficulty," said Moltke, "in getting an army into England; the trouble would be to get it out again." And, no doubt, Englishmen, fighting on their own soil and for their own hearths, would have given an invader a very rough time of it. But let it be remembered that Napoleon was a military genius of the first order, and that the one hundred and thirty thousand soldiers waiting on the heights above Boulogne to leap on British soil were, to quote Mahan, "the most brilliant soldiery of all time." They were the men who afterward won Austerlitz, who struck down Prussia with a single blow at Jena, who marched as victors through the streets of Vienna and of Berlin, and fought their way to Moscow. Imagine such an army, with such a leader, landed on the green fields of Kent! In that case there might have been an English Austerlitz or Friedland. London might have shared the fate of Moscow. If Napoleon had succeeded, the fate of the world would have been changed, and Toronto and Cape Town, Melbourne and Sydney and Auckland might have been ruled by French prefects.

Napoleon himself was confident of success. He would reach

London, he calculated, within four days of landing, and then he would have issued decrees abolishing the House of Lords, proclaiming a redistribution of property, and declaring England a republic. "You never would have burned your capital," he said to O'Meara at St. Helena; "you are too rich and fond of money." The London mob, he believed, would have joined him, for, as he cynically argued, "the *canaille* of all nations are nearly alike."

Even Napoleon would probably have failed, however, in subduing Great Britain, and would have remained a prisoner where he came intending to be a conqueror. As he himself said when a prisoner on his way to St. Helena, "I entered into no calculation as to the manner in which I was to return!" But in the battles which must have been fought, how many English cities would have perished in flames, how many English rivers would have run red with the blood of slain men! "At Waterloo," says Alison, "England fought for victory; at Trafalgar for existence."

But "the streak of silver sea" guarded England, and for more than two years Napoleon framed subtle plans and organized vast combinations which might give him that brief six hours' command of the Straits which was all he needed, as he thought, to make himself the master of the world. The flotilla could not so much as get out of the ports, in which the acres of boats lay, in a single tide, and one-half of the army of invasion must lie tossing—and, it may be suspected, dreadfully seasick—for hours outside these ports, waiting for the other half to get afloat. Then there remained forty miles of sea to cross. And what would happen if, say, Nelson and Collingwood, with a dozen 74-gun ships, got at work among the flotilla? It would be a combat between wolves and sheep. It was Nelson's chief aspiration to have the opportunity of "trying Napoleon on a wind," and the attempt to cross the Straits might have given him that chance. All Napoleon's resources and genius were therefore strained to give him for the briefest possible time the command of the Channel; and the skill and energy of the British navy were taxed to the utmost to prevent that consummation.

Now France, as a matter of fact, had a great fleet, but it was scattered, and lying imprisoned, in fragments, in widely separated

ports. There were twelve ships of the line in Toulon, twenty in Brest, five in Rochefort, yet other five in Ferrol; and the problem for Napoleon was, somehow, to set these imprisoned squadrons free, and assemble them for twenty-four hours off Boulogne; the British policy, on the other hand, was to maintain a sleepless blockade of these ports, and keep the French fleet sealed up in scattered and helpless fragments. The battle for the Straits of Dover, the British naval chiefs held, must be fought off Brest and Ferrol and Toulon; and never in the history of the world were blockades so vigilant, and stern, and sleepless maintained.

Nelson spent two years battling with the fierce northwesters of the Gulf of Lyons, keeping watch over a great French squadron in Toulon, and from May, 1803, to August, 1805, left his ship only three times, and for less than an hour on each occasion. The watch kept by Cornwallis off Brest, through summer and winter, for nearly three years, Mahan declares, has never, for constancy and vigilance, been excelled, perhaps never equaled, in the history of blockades. The hardship of these long sea-watches was terrible. It was waging a fight with weariness and brain-paralyzing monotony, with cold and scurvy and tempest, as well as with human foes. Collingwood was once twenty-two months at sea without dropping anchor. In seventeen years of sea service—between 1793 and 1810—he was only twelve months in England.

The wonder is that the seamen of that day did not grow web-footed, or forget what solid ground felt like! Collingwood tells his wife in one letter that he had "not seen a green leaf on a tree" for fourteen months! By way of compensation, these long and stern blockades developed such a race of seamen as perhaps the world has never seen before or since; exhaustless of resource, hardy, tireless, familiar with every turn of sea life, of iron frame and an iron courage which neither tempest nor battle could shake. Great Britain, as a matter of fact, won her naval battles, not because she had better ships or heavier guns than her enemies, but only because she trained a finer race of seamen. Says Brenton, himself a gallant sailor of the period, "I have seen Spanish line-of-battle ships twenty-four hours unmooring; as many minutes are sufficient for a well-manned British ship to perform the same

operation. When, on any grand ceremony, they found it necessary to cross their top-gallant yards in harbor, they began the day before; we cross ours in one minute from the deck."

But it was these iron blockades that in the long run thwarted the plans of Napoleon and changed the fate of the world. Cornwallis off Brest, Collingwood off Rochefort, Pellew off Ferrol, Nelson before Toulon, fighting the wild gales of the Bay of Biscay and the fierce northwesters of the Gulf of Lyons, in what Mahan calls "that tremendous and sustained vigilance which reached its utmost tension in the years preceding Trafalgar," really saved England. "Those far-distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked," says Mahan, "stood between it and the dominion of the world."

An intellect so subtle and combative as Napoleon's was, of course, strained to the utmost to break or cheat the British blockades, and the story of the one crafty ruse after another which he employed to beguile the British leaders is very remarkable. Even more remarkable, perhaps, is the manner in which these plain-minded, business-like British seamen, for whose mental powers Napoleon cherished the deepest contempt, fathomed his plans and shattered his combinations.

Napoleon's first plot was decidedly clever. He gathered in Brest twenty thousand troops, ostensibly for a descent upon Ireland. This, he calculated, would preoccupy Cornwallis, and prevent him moving. The Toulon fleet was to run out with the first northwest wind, and, as long as a British lookout ship was in sight, would steer east, as though making for Egypt; but when beyond sight of British eyes the fleet was to swing round, run through the Straits, be joined off Cadiz by the Rochefort squadron, and sweep, a great fleet of at least sixteen sail of the line, past the Scilly Islands to Boulogne. Napoleon calculated that Nelson would be racing in the direction of Egypt, Cornwallis would be redoubling his vigilance before Brest, at the exact moment the great Boulogne flotilla was carrying its one hundred and thirty thousand invading Frenchmen to Dover! Napoleon put the one French admiral as to whose resolve and daring he was sure—Latouche Tréville—in command of the Toulon fleet; but before the moment

for action came Tréville died, and Napoleon had to fall back upon a weaker man, Villeneuve.

He changed his plans to suit the qualities of his new admiral—the Toulon and Rochefort squadrons were to break out, sail separately to a rendezvous in the West Indies, and, once joined, spread havoc through the British possessions there. "I think," wrote Napoleon, "that the sailing of these twenty ships of the line will oblige the English to dispatch over thirty in pursuit." So the blockades everywhere would be weakened, and the Toulon and Rochefort squadrons, doubling back to Europe, were to raise the blockade off Ferrol and Brest, and the Brest squadron was to land eighteen thousand troops, under Augereau, in Ireland, while the Grand Army of Boulogne was to cross the Straits, with Napoleon at its head. Thus Great Britain and Ireland would be invaded simultaneously.

The trouble was to set the scheme going by the release of the Toulon and Rochefort squadrons. Nelson's correspondence shows that he guessed Napoleon's strategy. If the Toulon fleet broke loose, he wrote, he was sure its course would be held for the Atlantic, and thither he would follow it. In the meanwhile he kept guard so steadfastly that the great French strategy could not get itself started. In December, 1804, war broke out between Britain and Spain, and this gave Napoleon a new ally and a new fleet. Napoleon found he had nearly sixty line-of-battle ships, French or Spanish, to weave into his combinations, and he framed —to use Mahan's words—"upon lines equal, both in boldness and scope, to those of the Marengo and Austerlitz campaigns, the immense strategy which resulted in Trafalgar." The Toulon and Rochefort squadrons, as before, were to break out separately, rendezvous in the West Indies, return by a different route to European waters, pick up the French and Spanish ships in Ferrol, and then sweep through the narrow seas.

The Rochefort squadron duly escaped; Villeneuve, too, in command of the Toulon squadron, aided by the weather, evaded Nelson's watchfulness and disappeared toward the east. Nelson, however, suspected the real plan, and with fine insight took up a position which must have intercepted Villeneuve; but that admiral

found the weather too rough for his ships, and ran back into Toulon. "These gentlemen," said Nelson, "are not accustomed to a Gulf of Lyons gale. We have faced them for twenty-one months, and not lost a spar!" The Rochefort squadron was, of course, left by its own success wandering in space, a mere cluster of sea-vagrants.

By March, 1805, Napoleon had a new combination prepared. In the ports between Brest and Toulon were scattered no less than sixty-seven French or Spanish ships of the line. Ganteaume, with his squadron, was to break out from Brest; Villeneuve, with his, from Toulon; both fleets were to rendezvous at Martinique, return by an unusual route, and appear off Boulogne, a great fleet of thirty-five French ships of the line.

About the end of June the Toulon fleet got safely out—Nelson being, for once, badly served by his frigates—picked up additional ships off Cadiz, and disappeared on its route to the West Indies. Nelson, misled by false intelligence, first went eastward, then had to claw back through the Straits of Gibraltar in the teeth of strong westerly gales, and plunged over the horizon in fierce pursuit of Villeneuve. But the watch kept by Cornwallis over Ganteaume in Brest was so close and stern that escape was impossible, and one-half of Napoleon's combination broke down. Napoleon dispatched swift ships on Villeneuve's track, summoning him back to Ferrol, where he would find a squadron of fifteen French and Spanish ships ready to join him. Villeneuve, Napoleon believed, had thoroughly deceived Nelson. "Those boasted English," he wrote, "who claim to know of everything, know nothing of it," *i.e.*, of Villeneuve's escape and course. But the "boasted English," as a matter of fact, did know all about it, and in place of weakening their forces in the Bay of Biscay, strengthened them. Meanwhile Nelson, with ten ships of the line, was hard on the track of Villeneuve with eighteen. At Barbadoes, Nelson was sent a hundred miles out of his course by false intelligence, and that hundred miles just enabled Villeneuve to double back toward Europe.

Nelson divined this plan, and followed him with the fiercest energy, sending off, meanwhile, his fastest brig to warn the Ad-

miralty. Villeneuve, if he picked up the Ferrol and Rochefort squadrons, would arrive off Brest with forty line-of-battle ships; if he raised the blockade, and added Ganteaume's squadron to his own, he might appear off Boulogne with sixty great ships! Napoleon calculated on British blunders to aid him. "We have not to do with a far-sighted, but with a very proud government," he wrote. The blunder Napoleon hoped the British Admiralty would make was that of weakening the blockading squadrons in order to pursue Villeneuve's fleet, and thus release the imprisoned French squadrons, making a great concentration possible.

But this was exactly the blunder into which the Admiralty refused to be tempted. When the news that Villeneuve was on his way back to Europe reached the Admiralty, the First Lord, Barham, an old sailor, eighty years of age, without waiting to dress himself, dictated orders which, without weakening the blockades at any vital point, planted a fleet, under Sir Robert Calder, west of Finisterre, and right in Villeneuve's track; and if Calder had been Nelson, Trafalgar might have been fought on July 22, instead of October 21. Calder fought, and captured two of Villeneuve's ships, but failed to prevent the junction of Villeneuve's fleet with the squadron in Ferrol, and was court-martialed for his failure—victory though he called it. But this partial failure does not make less splendid the promptitude shown by the British Admiralty. "The English Admiralty," Napoleon reasoned, "could not decide the movements of its squadron in twenty-four hours." As a matter of fact, Barham decided the British strategy in almost as many minutes!

Meanwhile Nelson had reached the scene; and, like his ship, worn out with labors, sailed for Portsmouth, for what proved his last visit to England. On August 13, Villeneuve sailed from Ferrol with twenty-nine ships. He had his choice between Brest, where Cornwallis was keeping guard, with Boulogne beyond, and where Napoleon was watching eagerly for the white topsails of his fleet; or Cadiz, where Collingwood with a tiny squadron held the Spanish fleet strictly bottled up.

Villeneuve's true course was Boulogne, but Cornwallis lay in his path with over thirty sail of the line, and Villeneuve's nerve

failed him. On August 21 he swung round and bore up for Cadiz; and with the turn of the helm which swung Villeneuve's ship away from Boulogne, Napoleon's last chance of invading England vanished. Villeneuve pushed Collingwood's tiny squadron aside and entered Cadiz, where the combined fleet now numbered nearly forty ships of the line, and Collingwood, with delightful coolness, solemnly resumed his blockade—four ships, that is, blockading forty! Napoleon gave way to a tempest of rage when his fleet failed to appear off Boulogne, and he realized that the British sailors he despised had finally thwarted his strategy. A French writer has told how Daru, his secretary, found him walking up and down his cabinet with agitated steps. With a voice that shook, and in half-strangled exclamations, he cried, "What a navy! What sacrifices for nothing! What an admiral! All hope is gone! That Villeneuve, instead of entering the Channel, has taken refuge in Ferrol. It is all over. He will be blockaded there." Then, with that swift and terrible power of decision in which he has never been surpassed, he flung the long-cherished plan of invading England out of his brain, and dictated the orders which launched his troops on the road which led to Austerlitz and Jena, and, beyond, to the flames of Moscow and the snows of the great retreat, and which finally led Napoleon himself to St. Helena. Villeneuve's great fleet meanwhile lay idle in Cadiz, till, on October 20, the ill-fated French admiral led his ships out to meet Nelson in his last great sea-fight.

The night of October 20, 1805, was moonless and black. In the narrow waters at the western throat of the Straits of Gibraltar, at regular intervals of three minutes through the whole night, the deep voice of a gun broke out and swept, a pulse of dying sound, almost to either coast, while at every half-hour a rocket soared aloft and broke in a curve of stars in the black sky. It was one of Nelson's repeating frigates signaling to the British fleet, far off to the southwest, Villeneuve's movements. Nelson for more than a week had been trying to daintily coax Villeneuve out of Cadiz, as an angler might try to coax a much-experienced trout from the cool depths of some deep pool. He kept the main body of his fleet sixty leagues distant—west of Cape St. Mary—but kept a chain of

frigates within signaling distance of each other between Cadiz and himself. He allowed the news that he had detached five of his line-of-battle ships on convoy duty to the eastward to leak through to the French admiral, but succeeded in keeping him in ignorance of the fact that he had called in under his flag five ships of equal force from the westward.

On October 19, Villeneuve, partly driven by hunger, and by the news that a successor was on the road from Paris to displace him, and partly tempted by the belief that he had before him a British fleet of only twenty-one ships of the line, crept out of Cadiz with thirty-three ships of the line—of which three were three-deckers—and seven frigates. Nelson had twenty-seven sail of the line with four frigates. The wind was light, and all through the 20th, Villeneuve's fleet, formed in seven columns — the "Santissima Trinidad" towering like a giant among them—moved slowly eastward. Nelson would not alarm his foe by making too early an appearance over the sky-line. His frigates signaled to him every few minutes, through sixty miles of sea-air, the enemy's movements; but Nelson himself held aloof till Villeneuve was too far from Cadiz to make a dash back to it and safety. All through the night of the 20th, Villeneuve's great fleet—a procession of mighty phantoms—was dimly visible against the Spanish coast, and the British frigates sent the news in alternate pulses of sound and flame to Nelson, by this time eagerly bearing up from Cape St. Mary.

The morning of the 21st broke misty, yet bright. The sea was almost like a floor of glass. The faintest of sea-airs blew. A lazy Atlantic swell rolled at long intervals toward the Straits, and the two fleets at last were visible to each other. Villeneuve's ships stretched a waving and slightly curved line, running north and south, with no regularity of order. The British fleet, in two compact and parallel columns, half a mile apart, came majestically on from the west. The ships in each column followed each other so closely that sometimes the bow of one was thrust past the quarter of the ship in advance of it. Nelson, in the "Victory," headed one column, Collingwood, in the "Royal Sovereign," led the other, and each flagship, it was to be noted, led with a clear interval between itself and its supports.

Villeneuve had a tactician's brain, and his battle-plan was admirable. In a general order, issued just before leading out his fleet, he told his captains, "There is nothing to alarm us in the sight of an English fleet. Their 64-gun ships have not five hundred men on board; they are not more brave than we are; they are harassed by a two-years' cruise; they have fewer motives to fight well!" Villeneuve explained that the enemy would attack in column, the French would meet the attack in close line of battle; and, with a touch of Nelson's spirit, he urged his captains to take every opportunity of boarding, and warned them that every ship not under fire would be counted a defaulter.

Nelson's plan was simple and daring. The order of sailing was to be the order of battle. Collingwood leading one column, and he the other, would pierce the enemy's lines at points which would leave some twelve of the enemy's ships to be crushed between the two British lines. Nelson, whose brooding genius forecast every changing eddy of battle, gave minute instructions on a score of details. To prevent mistakes amid the smoke and the fight, for example, he had the hoops on the masts of every British ship painted yellow; every ship was directed to fly a St. George's ensign, with the Union Jack at the fore-topmast and another flying from the top-gallant stays. That he would beat the enemy's fleet he calmly took for granted, but he directed that every effort should be made to capture its commander-in-chief. Nelson crowned his instructions with the characteristic remark, that "in case signals were obscure, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside of an enemy."

By twelve o'clock the two huge fleets were slowly approaching each other: the British columns compact, grim, orderly; the Franco-Spanish line loose, but magnificently picturesque, a far-stretching line of lofty hulls, a swaying forest of sky-piercing masts. They still preserve the remark of one prosaic British sailor, who, surveying the enemy through an open port, offered the comment, "What a fine sight, Bill, yon ships would make at Spithead!"

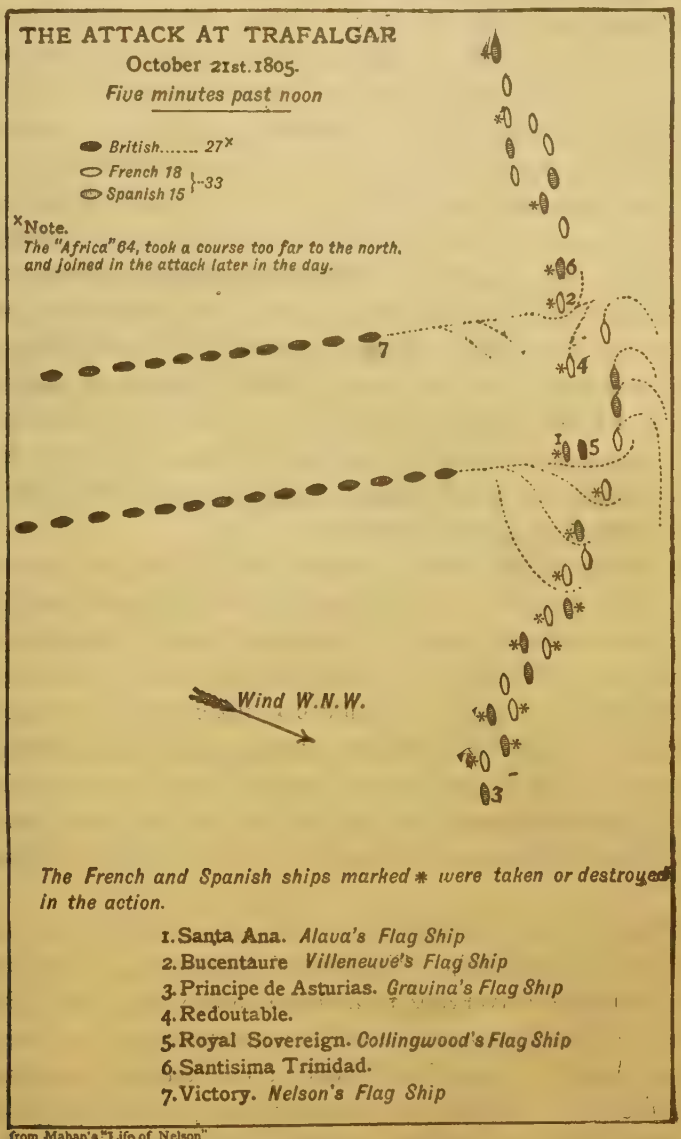
It is curious to reflect how exactly both British and French invert on sea their land tactics. French infantry attack in

column, and are met by British infantry in line; and the line, with its steadfast courage and wide front of fire, crushes the column. On sea, on the other hand, the British attack in column, and the French meet the attack in line; but the column wins. But it must be admitted that the peril of this method of attack is enormous. The leading ship approaches, stem on, to a line of fire which, if steady enough, may well crush her by its concentration of flame. Attack in column, in fact, means that the leading ships are sacrificed to secure victory for the ships in the rear. The risks of this method of attack at Trafalgar were enormously increased by the light and uncertain quality of the wind. Collingwood, in the "Royal Sovereign," and Nelson, in the "Victory," as a matter of fact, drifted slowly rather than sailed, stem on to the broadsides of their enemy. The leading British ships, with their stately heights of swelling canvas, moved into the raking fire of the far-stretching Franco-Spanish line at a speed of about two knots an hour. His officers knew that Nelson's ship, carrying the flag of the commander-in-chief, as it came slowly on, would be the mark for every French gunner, and must pass though a tempest of flame before it could fire a shot in reply; and Blackwood begged Nelson to let the "Temeraire"—"the fighting Temeraire"—take the "Victory's" place at the head of the column. "Oh yes, let her go ahead," answered Nelson, with a queer smile; and the "Temeraire" was hailed, and ordered to take the lead. But Nelson meant that the "Temeraire" should take the "Victory's" place only if she could, and he watched grimly to see that not a sheet was let fly or a sail shortened to give the "Temeraire" a chance of passing; and so the "Victory" kept its proud and perilous lead.

Collingwood led the lee division and had the honor of beginning the mighty drama of Trafalgar. The "Royal Sovereign" was newly coppered, and, with every inch of canvas outspread, got so far ahead of her followers that, after Collingwood had broken into the French line, he sustained its fire, unhelped, for nearly twenty minutes before the "Belleisle," the ship next following, could fire a gun for his help.

Of Collingwood, Thackeray says, "I think, since Heaven made

gentlemen, it never made a better one than Cuthbert Collingwood''; and there was, no doubt, a knightly and chivalrous side


THE ATTACK AT TRAFALGAR
October 21st. 1805.
Five minutes past noon
British..... 27x
French 18
Spanish 15
-33
xNote.
The "Africa" 64, took a course too far to the north, and joined in the attack later in the day.
Wind W.N.W.
The French and Spanish ships marked * were taken or destroyed in the action.
1. Santa Ana. Alava's Flag Ship
2. Bucentaure Villeneuve's Flag Ship
3. Principe de Asturias. Gravina's Flag Ship
4. Redoutable.
5. Royal Sovereign. Collingwood's Flag Ship
6. Santisima Trinidad.
7. Victory. Nelson's Flag Ship

from Mahan's "Life of Nelson"

to Collingwood worthy of King Arthur's round table. But there was also a side of heavy-footed common sense, of Dutch-like frugality, in Collingwood, a sort of wooden-headed unimaginative-

ness which looks humorous when set against the background of such a planet-shaking fight as Trafalgar. Thus on the morning of the fight he advised one of his lieutenants, who wore a pair of boots, to follow his example and put on stockings and shoes, as in the event of being shot in the leg it would, he explained, "be so much more manageable for the surgeon." And as he walked the break of his poop in tights, silk stockings, and buckled shoes, leading, in his single ship, an attack on a fleet, he calmly munched an apple. To be able to munch an apple when beginning Trafalgar is an illustration of what may be called the quality of wooden-headed unimaginativeness in Collingwood. And yet Collingwood had a sense of the scale of the drama in which he was taking part. "Now, gentlemen," he said to his officers, "let us do something to-day which the world may talk of hereafter." Collingwood, in reality, was a great man and a great seaman, and in the battle which followed he "fought like an angel," to quote the amusingly inappropriate metaphor of Blackwood.

The two majestic British columns moved slowly on, the great ships, with ports hauled up and guns run out, following each other like a procession of giants. "I suppose," says Codrington, who commanded the "Orion," "no man ever before saw such a sight." And the element of humor was added to the scene by the spectacle of the tiny "Pickle," a duodecimo schooner, gravely hanging on to the quarter of an 80-gun ship—as an actor in the fight describes it —"with the boarding-nettings up, and her tompions out of her four guns—about as large and as formidable as two pairs of Wellington boots."

Collingwood bore down to the fight a clear quarter of a mile ahead of the next ship. The fire of the enemy, like so many spokes of flame converging to a center, broke upon him. But in silence the great ship moved ahead to a gap in the line between the "Santa Anna," a huge black hulk of one hundred and twelve guns, and the "Neptune," of seventy-four. As the bowsprit of the "Royal Sovereign" slowly glided past the stern of the "Santa Anna," Collingwood, as Nelson had ordered all his captains, cut his studding-sails loose, and they fell, a cloud of white canvas, into the water. Then as the broadside of the "Royal Sovereign" fairly

covered the stern of the "Santa Anna," Collingwood spoke. He poured with deadly aim and suddenness, and at pistol-shot distance, his whole broadside into the Spaniard's stern. The tempest of shot swept the unhappy "Santa Anna" from end to end, and practically destroyed that vessel. Some four hundred of its crew are said to have been killed or wounded by that single discharge! At the same moment Collingwood discharged his other broadside at the "Neptune," though with less effect; then swinging round broadside to broadside on the Spanish ship, he swept its decks again and again with his guns. The first broadside had practically done the Spaniard's business; but its captain, a gallant man, still returned what fire he could. All the enemy's ships within reach of Collingwood had meanwhile opened on him a dreadful fire; no fewer than five line-of-battle ships were emptying their guns upon the "Royal Sovereign" at one time, and it seemed marvelous that the British ship was not shattered to mere splinters by the fire poured from so many quarters upon her. It was like being in the heart of a volcano. Frequently, it is said, the British saw the flying cannon-balls meet in midair. The seamen fell fast, the sails were torn, the bulwarks shattered, the decks ran red with blood. It was at that precise moment, however, that Collingwood said to his captain, "What would not Nelson give to be here!" While at the same instant Nelson was saying to Hardy, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action!"

The other ships of Collingwood's column were by this time slowly drifting into the fight. At a quarter past twelve the "Belleisle," the next ship, ranged under the stern of the unfortunate "Santa Anna," and fired her larboard guns, double shotted, into that ship, with the result that her three masts fell over the side. She then steered for the "Indomptable," an 80-gun ship, and sustained at the same moment the fire of two Spanish seventy-fours. Ship after ship of Collingwood's column came steadily up, and the roar of the battle deepened as in quick-following crashes each new line-of-battle ship broke into the thunder of broadsides.

Nelson, leading the weather column, steered a trifle to the northward, as the slowly moving line of the enemy pointed toward Cadiz. Nelson had given his last orders. At his mainmast head

was flying, fast belayed, the signal, "Engage the enemy more closely." Nelson himself walked quietly to and fro on the little patch of clear plank, scarcely seven yards long, on the quarter-deck of the "Victory," whence he could command the whole ship, and he wore the familiar threadbare frock uniform coat, bearing on the left breast four tarnished and lack-luster stars. Then came the incident of the immortal signal. "We must give the fleet," said Nelson to Blackwood, "something by way of a fillip." After musing a while, he said, "Suppose we signal, 'Nelson confides that every man will do his duty'?" Some one suggested "England" instead of "Nelson," and Nelson at once caught at the improvement. The signal-officer explained that the word "confide" would have to be spelled, and suggested instead the word "expects," as that was in the vocabulary. So the flags on the masthead of the "Victory" spelled out the historic sentence to the slowly moving fleet. That the signal was "received with cheers" is scarcely accurate. The message was duly acknowledged, and recorded in the log of every ship, but perhaps not one man in every hundred of the actors at Trafalgar knew at the moment that it had been sent. But the message rings in British ears yet, across ninety years, and will ring in the ears of generations yet unborn.

Nelson led his column on a somewhat slanting course into the fight. He was bent on laying himself alongside the flagship of the enemy, and he knew that this must be one of the three great line-of-battle ships near the huge "Santissima Trinidad." But there was no sign to show which of the three carried Villeneuve. At half-past twelve the ships upon which the "Victory" was moving began to fire single shots at her slowly drifting hulk, to discover whether she was within range. The seventh of these shots, fired at intervals of a minute or so, tore a rent through the upper canvas of the "Victory"—a rent still to be seen in the carefully preserved sail. A couple of minutes of awful silence followed. Slowly the "Victory" drifted on its path, and then no fewer than eight of the great ships upon which the "Victory" was moving broke into such a tempest of shot as perhaps never before was poured on a single ship. One of the first shots killed Scott, Nelson's secretary; another cut down eight marines standing in line on the "Victory's"

quarter-deck; a third passed between Nelson and Hardy as they stood side by side. "Too warm work to last long, Hardy," said Nelson, with a smile. Still the "Victory" drifted majestically on its fiery path without an answering gun.

The French line was irregular at this point, the ships lying, in some instances, two or three deep, and this made the business of "cutting" the line difficult. As Nelson could not pick out the French flagship, he said to Hardy, "Take your choice, go on board which you please;" and Hardy pointed the stem of the "Victory" toward a gap between the "Redoutable," a 74-gun ship, and the "Bucentaure." But the ship moved slowly. The fire upon it was tremendous. One shot drove a shower of splinters upon both Nelson and Hardy; nearly fifty men and officers had been killed or wounded; the "Victory's" sails were riddled, her studding-sail booms shot off close to the yardarm, her mizzen-topmast shot away. At one o'clock, however, the "Victory" slowly moved past the stern of the "Bucentaure," and a 68-pounder carronade on its forecastle, charged with a round shot and a keg of five hundred musket balls, was fired into the cabin windows of the French ship. Then, as the great ship moved on, every gun of the remaining fifty that formed its broadside—some of them double and treble loaded—was fired through the Frenchman's cabin windows.

The dust from the crumpled woodwork of the "Bucentaure's" stern covered the persons of Nelson and the group of officers standing on the "Victory's" quarter-deck, while the British sailors welcomed with a fierce shout the crash their flying shot made within the Frenchman's hull. The "Bucentaure," as it happened—though Nelson was ignorant of the fact—was the French flagship; and after the battle its officers declared that by this single broadside, out of its crew of nearly one thousand men, nearly four hundred were struck down, and no less than twenty guns dismounted!

But the "Neptune," a fine French 80-gun ship, lay right across the water-lane up which the "Victory" was moving, and it poured upon the British ship two raking broadsides of the most deadly quality. The "Victory," however, moved on unflinchingly, and the "Neptune," fearing to be run aboard by the British ship, set

her jib and moved ahead; then the "Victory" swung to starboard on to the "Redoutable." The French ship fired one hurried broadside, and promptly shut her lower-deck ports, fearing the British sailors would board through them. No fewer, indeed, than five French line-of-battle ships during the fight, finding themselves grinding sides with British ships, adopted the same course—an expressive testimony to the enterprising quality of British sailors. The "Victory," however, with her lower-deck guns actually touching the side of the "Redoutable," still kept them in full and quick action; but at each of the lower-deck ports stood a sailor with a bucket of water, and when the gun was fired—its muzzle touching the wooden sides of the "Redoutable"—the water was dashed upon the ragged hole made by the shot, to prevent the Frenchman taking fire and both ships being consumed.

The guns on the upper deck of the "Victory" speedily swept and silenced the upper deck of the "Redoutable," and, as far as its broadsides were concerned, that ship was helpless. Its tops, however, were crowded with marksmen, and armed with brass coehorns, firing langrage shot, and these scourged with a pitiless and most deadly fire the decks of the "Victory," while the "Bucentaure" and the gigantic "Santissima Trinidad" also thundered on the British flagship.

Nelson's strategy at Trafalgar is described quaintly, but with real insight, in a sentence which a Spanish novelist, Don Perez Galdos, puts into the mouth of one of his characters: "Nelson, who, as everybody knows, was no fool, saw our long line and said, 'Ah, if I break through that in two places, and put the part of it between the two places between two fires, I shall grab every stick of it.' That was exactly what the confounded fellow did. And as our line was so long that the head couldn't help the tail, he worried us from end to end, while he drove his two wedges into our body." It followed that the flaming vortex of the fight was in that brief mile of sea-space, between the two points where the parallel British lines broke through Villeneuve's swaying forest of masts. And the tempest of sound and flame was fiercest, of course, round the two ships that carried the flags of Nelson and Collingwood. As each stately British liner, however, drifted—rather than sailed—into the

black pall of smoke, the roar of the fight deepened and widened until the whole space between the "Royal Sovereign" and the "Victory" was shaken with mighty pulse-beats of sound that marked the furious and quick-following broadsides.

The scene immediately about the "Victory" was very remarkable. The "Victory" had run foul of the "Redoutable," the anchors of the two ships hooking into each other. The concussion of the broadsides would, no doubt, have driven the two hulls apart, but that the "Victory's" studding-sail boom iron had fastened, like a claw, into the leech of the Frenchman's fore-topsail. The "Temeraire," coming majestically up through the smoke, raked the "Bucentaure," and closed with a crash on the starboard side of the "Redoutable," and the four great ships lay in a solid tier, while between their huge grinding sides came, with a sound and a glare almost resembling the blast of an exploding mine, the flash, the smoke, the roar of broadside after broadside.

In the whole heroic fight there is no finer bit of heroism than that shown by the "Redoutable." She was only a 74-gun ship, and she had the "Victory," of one hundred guns, and the "Temeraire," of ninety-eight, on either side. It is true these ships had to fight at the same time with a whole ring of antagonists; nevertheless, the fire poured on the "Redoutable" was so fierce that only courage of a steel-like edge and temper could have sustained it. The gallant French ship was semi-dismasted, her hull shot through in every direction, one-fourth of her guns were dismounted. Out of a crew of six hundred and forty-three, no fewer than five hundred and twenty-two were killed or wounded. Only thirty-five, indeed, lived to reach England as prisoners. And yet she fought on. The fire from her great guns, indeed, soon ceased, but the deadly splutter of musketry from such of her tops as were yet standing was maintained; and, as Brenton put it, "there was witnessed for nearly an hour and a half the singular spectacle of a French 74-gun ship engaging a British first and second rate, with small-arms only."

As a matter of fact, the "Victory" repeatedly ceased firing, believing that the "Redoutable" had struck, but still the venomous and deadly fire from the tops of that vessel continued; and it was

to this circumstance, indeed, that Nelson owed his death. He would never put small-arms men in his own tops, as he believed their fire interfered with the working of the sails, and, indeed, ran the risk of igniting them. Thus the French marksmen that crowded the tops of the "Redoutable" had it all their own way; and as the distance was short, and their aim deadly, nearly every man on the poop, quarter-deck, and forecastle of the "Victory" was shot down.

Nelson, with Hardy by his side, was walking backward and forward on a little clear space of the "Victory's" quarter-deck, when he suddenly swung round and fell face downward on the deck. Hardy picked him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said Nelson; "my backbone is shot through." A musket bullet from the "Redoutable's" mizzen-top—only fifteen yards distant—had passed through the forepart of the epaulet, smashed a path through the left shoulder, and lodged in the spine. The evidence seems to make it clear that it was a chance shot that wrought the fatal mischief. Hardy had twice the bulk of Nelson's insignificant figure, and wore a more striking uniform, and would certainly have attracted the aim of a marksman in preference to Nelson.

Few stories are more pathetic or more familiar than that of Nelson's last moments. As they carried the dying hero across the blood-splashed decks, and down the ladders into the cockpit, he drew a handkerchief over his own face and over the stars on his breast, lest the knowledge that he was struck down should discourage his crew. He was stripped, his wound probed, and it was at once known to be mortal. Nelson suffered greatly; he was consumed with thirst, had to be fanned with sheets of paper; and he kept constantly pushing away the sheet, the sole covering over him, saying, "Fan, fan," or "Drink, drink," and one attendant was constantly employed in drawing the sheet over his thin limbs and emaciated body. Presently Hardy, snatching a moment from the fight raging on the deck, came to his side, and the two comrades clasped hands. "Well, Hardy, how goes the battle?" Nelson asked. He was told that twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships had struck. "That is well," said Nelson, "but I had bar-

gained for twenty." Then his seaman's brain, forecasting the change of weather, and picturing the battered ships with their prizes on a lee shore, he exclaimed emphatically, "Anchor! Hardy, anchor!" Hardy hinted that Collingwood would take charge of affairs. "Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," said the dying chief, trying to raise himself on his bed. "No! do you anchor, Hardy."

Many of Nelson's expressions, recorded by his doctor, Beatty, are strangely touching. "I am a dead man, Hardy," he said. "I am going fast. It will all be over with me soon." "O 'Victory,' 'Victory,' " he said, as the great ship shook to the roar of her own guns, "how you distract my poor brain!" "How dear is life to all men!" he said, after a pause. He begged that "his carcass might be sent to England, and not thrown overboard." So in the dim cockpit, with the roar of the great battle—bellow of gun and shout of cheering crews—filling all the space about him, and his last thoughts yet busy for his country, the soul of the greatest British seaman passed away. "Kiss me, Hardy," was one of his last sentences. His last intelligible sentence was, "I have done my duty; I praise God for it."

It may interest many to read the prayer which Nelson wrote—the last record, but one, he made in his diary—and written as the final act of preparation for Trafalgar: "May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Nelson's plan allowed his captains a large discretion in the choice of their antagonists. Each British ship had to follow the wake of her leader till she reached the enemy's line, then her captain was free to choose his own foe—which, naturally, was the biggest Frenchman or Spaniard in sight. And the huge "Santissima Trinidad," of course, attracted the eager attention of the ships that immediately followed the "Victory." The Spaniard

carried one hundred and forty guns, and in that swaying continent of fighting ships towered like a giant among dwarfs. The "Neptune," the "Leviathan" and the "Conqueror," in turn, hung on the quarter or broadside of the gigantic Spaniard, scourged it with fire, and then drifted off to engage in a fiery wrestle with some other antagonist. By half-past two the Spanish four-decker was a mastless wreck. The "Neptune" at that moment was hanging on her bow, the "Conqueror" on her quarter. "This tremendous fabric," says an account written by an officer on board the "Conqueror," "gave a deep roll, with a swell to leeward, then back to windward, and on her return every mast went by the board, leaving her an unmanageable hulk on the water. Her immense topsails had every reef out, her royals were sheeted home but lowered, and the falling of this majestic mass of spars, sails, and rigging plunging into the water at the muzzles of our guns was one of the most magnificent sights I ever beheld." Directly after this a Spaniard waved an English union over the lee gangway of the "Santissima Trinidad" in token of surrender; whereupon the "Conqueror," scorning to waste time in taking possession of even a four-decker that had no longer any fight in it, pushed off in search of a new foe; while the "Neptune's" crew proceeded to shift the tattered topsails of their ship for new ones, with as much coolness as though in a friendly port.

The "Africa," sixty-four, less than half the size of the Spaniard, presently came slowly up through the smoke, and fired into the Spanish ship; then, seeing no flag flying, sent a lieutenant on board the mastless hulk to take possession. The Englishman climbed to the quarter-deck, all black with smoke and bloody with slaughter, and asked the solitary officer he found there whether or not the "Santissima Trinidad" had surrendered. The ship, as a matter of fact, was drifting into the center of a cluster of French and Spanish ships; so the Spaniard replied, "Non, non," at the same time pointing to the friendly ships upon which they were drifting. The Englishman had only half a dozen men with him, so he coolly returned to his boat, and the "Santissima Trinidad" drifted like a log upon the water till half-past five P.M., when the "Prince" put a prize crew on board.

Perez Galdos has given a realistic picture—quoted in the "Cornhill Magazine"—of the scenes within the gloomy recesses of the great Spanish four-decker as the British ships hung on her flanks and wasted her with their fire: "The English shot had torn our sails to tatters. It was as if huge invisible talons had been dragging at them. Fragments of spars, splinters of wood, thick hempen cables cut up as corn is cut by the sickle, fallen blocks, shreds of canvas, bits of iron, and hundreds of other things that had been wrenched away by the enemy's fire, were piled along the deck, where it was scarcely possible to move about. From moment to moment men fell—some into the sea; and the curses of the combatants mingled with groans of the wounded, so that it was often difficult to decide whether the dying were blaspheming God or the fighters were calling upon Him for aid. I helped in the very dismal task of carrying the wounded into the hold, where the surgeons worked. Some died ere we could convey them thither; others had to undergo frightful operations ere their wornout bodies could get an instant's rest. It was much more satisfactory to be able to assist the carpenter's crew in temporarily stopping some of the holes torn by shot in the ship's hull. . . Blood ran in streams about the deck; and, in spite of the sand, the rolling of the ship carried it hither and thither until it made strange patterns on the planks. The enemy's shot, fired, as they were, from very short range, caused horrible mutilations. . . The ship creaked and groaned as she rolled, and through a thousand holes and crevices in her strained hull the sea spurted in and began to flood the hold. The 'Trinidad's' people saw the commander-in-chief haul down his flag; heard the 'Achille' blow up and hurl her six hundred men into eternity; learned that their own hold was so crowded with wounded that no more could be received there. Then, when all three masts had in succession been brought crashing down, the defense collapsed, and the 'Santissima Trinidad' struck her flag."

The dreadful scenes on the decks of the "Santissima Trinidad" might almost have been paralleled on some of the British ships. Thus the "Belleisle," Collingwood's immediate supporter, sustained the fire of two French and one Spanish line-of-battle ships until she was dismasted. The wreck of her mizzen-mast covered

her larboard guns, her mainmast fell upon the break of the poop; her larboard broadside was thus rendered useless; and just then another French line-of-battle ship, the "Achille," took her position on the "Belleisle's" larboard quarter, and opened on her a deadly fire, to which the British ship could not return a shot. This scene lasted for nearly a hour and a half, but at half-past three the "Swiftsure" came majestically up, passed under the "Belleisle's" stern—the two crews cheering each other, the "Belleisle's" men waving a Union Jack at the end of a pike to show they were still fighting, while an ensign still flew from the stump of the mainmast—and the fury with which the "Swiftsure" fell upon the "Achille" may be imagined. The "Defiance" about the same time took off the "Aigle," and the "Polyphemus" the "Neptune," and the much-battered "Belleisle" floated free. Masts, bowsprit, boats, figurehead—all were shot away; her hull was pierced in every direction; she was a mere splintered wreck.

The "Temeraire" fought a battle almost as dreadful. The "Africa," a light ship carrying only sixty-four guns, chose as her antagonist the "Intrepide," a French seventy-four, in weight of broadside and number of crew almost double her force. How dreadful were the damages sustained by the British ship in a fight so unequal and so stubborn may be imagined; but she clung to her big antagonist until, the "Orion" coming up, the "Intrepide" struck.

At three P.M. the firing had begun to slacken, and ship after ship of the enemy was striking. At a quarter past two the "Algeziras" struck to the "Tonnant," and fifteen minutes afterward the "San Juan"—the "Tonnant" was fighting both ships—also hailed that she surrendered. Lieutenant Clement was sent in the jolly-boat, with two hands, to take possession of the Spanish seventy-four, and the boat carrying the gallant three was struck by a shot and swamped. The sailors could swim, but not the lieutenant; the pair of tars succeeded in struggling back with their officer to the "Tonnant"; and as that ship had not another boat that would float, she had to see the prize drift off. The "Colossus," in like manner, fought with the French "Swiftsure" and the "Bahama"—each her own size—and captured them both. The "Redoutable"

had surrendered by this time, and a couple of midshipmen, with a dozen hands, had climbed from the "Victory's" one remaining boat through the stern ports of the French ship. The "Bucentaure," Villeneuve's flagship, had her fate practically sealed by the first tremendous broadside poured into her by the "Victory." With fine courage, however, the French ship maintained a straggling fire until both the "Leviathan" and the "Conqueror," at a distance of less than thirty yards, were pouring a tempest of shot into her. The French flagship then struck, and was taken possession of by a tiny boat's crew from the "Conqueror" consisting of three marines and two sailors. The marine officer coolly locked the powder magazine of the Frenchman, put the key in his pocket, left two of his men in charge of the surrendered "Bucentaure," put Villeneuve and his two captains in his boat with his two marines and himself, and went off in search of the "Conqueror." In the smoke and confusion, however, he could not find that ship, and so carried the captured French admiral to the "Mars." Hercules Robinson has drawn a pen picture of the unfortunate French admiral as he came on board the British ship: "Villeneuve was a tallish, thin man, a very tranquil, placid, English-looking Frenchman; he wore a long-tailed uniform coat, high and flat collar, corduroy pantaloons of a greenish color with stripes two inches wide, half-boots with sharp toes, and a watch-chain with long gold links. Majendie was a short, fat, jocund sailor, who found a cure for all ills in the Frenchman's philosophy, 'Fortune de la guerre' (though this was the third time the goddess had brought him to England as a prisoner); and he used to tell our officers very tough stories of the 'Mysteries of Paris.'"

By five o'clock the roar of guns had died almost into silence. Of thirty-three stately battleships that formed the Franco-Spanish fleet four hours earlier, one had vanished in flames, seventeen were captured as mere bloodstained hulks, and fifteen were in flight; while Villeneuve himself was a prisoner. But Nelson was dead. Night was falling. A fierce southeast gale was blowing. A sea —such a sea as only arises in shallow waters—ugly, broken, hollow, was rising fast. In all directions ships dismantled, with scuppers crimson with blood, and sides jagged with shot-holes,

were rolling their tall, huge hulks in the heavy sea; and the shoals of Trafalgar were only thirteen miles to leeward! The fight with tempest and sea during that terrific night was almost more dreadful than the battle with human foes during the day. Codrington says the gale was so furious that "it blew away the top maintopsail, though it was close-reefed, and the fore-topsail after it was clewed up ready for furling." They dare not set a storm staysail, although now within six miles of the reef. The "Redoutable" sank at the stern of the ship towing it; the "Bucentaure" had to be cut adrift, and went to pieces on the shoals. The wind shifted in the night and enabled the shot-wrecked and storm-battered ships to claw off the shore; but the fierce weather still raged, and on the 24th the huge "Santissima Trinidad" had to be cut adrift. It was night; wind and sea were furious; but the boats of the "Ajax" and the "Neptune" succeeded in rescuing every wounded man on board the huge Spaniard. The boats, indeed, had all put off when a cat ran out on the muzzle of one of the lower-deck guns and mewed plaintively, and one of the boats pulled back, in the teeth of wind and sea, and rescued poor puss!

Of the eighteen British prizes, fourteen sank, were wrecked, burned by the captors, or recaptured; only four reached Portsmouth. Yet never was the destruction of a fleet more absolutely complete. Of the fifteen ships that escaped Trafalgar, four were met in the open sea on November 4 by an equal number of British ships, under Sir Richard Strahan, and were captured. The other eleven lay disabled hulks in Cadiz till—when France and Spain broke into war with each other—they were all destroyed. Villeneuve's great fleet, in brief, simply vanished from existence! But Napoleon, with that courageous economy of truth characteristic of him, summed up Trafalgar in the sentence: "The storms occasioned to us the loss of a few ships after a battle imprudently fought"! Trafalgar, as a matter of fact, was the most amazing victory won by land or sea through the whole revolutionary war. It permanently changed the course of history; and it goes far to justify Nelson's magnificently audacious boast, "The fleets of England are equal to meet the world in arms!"

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BATTLES WHICH LED TO WATERLOO

THE PENINSULAR WAR—THE GREAT FIGHT AT BADAJOS—THE STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO—WELLINGTON AT VITTORIA AND THE ROUT WHICH ENSUED

A. D. 1808—1814

"AT Trafalgar," said Pitt, "England saved herself by her courage. She will," he added, "save Europe by her example."

The speech was prophetic. It foretold Vittoria. It foretold Waterloo! And yet even before the victory at Trafalgar, Napoleon had abandoned the idea of invading England. Already against him a new coalition had been formed. He turned to meet it. The result was Austerlitz. Then presently he was marching into Poland. There is no need here to tell of the fight at Eylau, or of the victory at Friedland. Suffice it to say that the Peace of Tilsit ensued, and that from foes the emperor of Russia and the emperor of France became friends.

Napoleon then was practically master of Europe. Its whole face was changed. Prussia was occupied by French troops. Holland was changed into a monarchy by a simple decree of the French emperor, and its crown bestowed on his brother Louis. Another brother, Jerome, became king of Westphalia, a new realm built up out of the electorates of Hesse-Cassel and Hanover. A third brother, Joseph, was made king of Naples; while the rest of Italy, and even Rome itself, was annexed to the French empire. It was the hope of effectually crushing the world power of Britain which drove him to his worst aggression, the aggression upon Spain. He acted with his usual subtlety. In October, 1807, France and

Spain agreed to divide Portugal between them; and on the advance of their forces the reigning House of Braganza fled helplessly from Lisbon to a refuge in Brazil. But the seizure of Portugal was only a prelude to the seizure of Spain. Charles IV., whom a riot in his capital drove at this moment to abdication, and his son, Ferdinand VII., were drawn to Bayonne in May, 1808, and forced to resign their claims to the Spanish crown; while a French army entered Madrid and proclaimed Joseph Bonaparte king of Spain. But this high-handed act of aggression was hardly completed when Spain rose as one man against the stranger; and desperate as the effort of its people seemed, the news of the rising was welcomed throughout England with a burst of enthusiastic joy. "Hitherto," cried Sheridan, a leader of the Whig opposition, "Bonaparte has contended with princes without dignity, numbers without ardor, or peoples without patriotism. He has yet to learn what it is to combat a people who are animated by one spirit against him." Tory and Whig alike held that "never had so happy an opportunity existed in Britain to strike a bold stroke for the rescue of the world"; and Canning at once resolved to change the system of desultory descents on colonies and sugar islands for a vigorous warfare in the Peninsula.

The furious and bloody struggle which ensued found its climax at Vittoria, but it would be difficult to find in the whole history of war a more thrilling chapter than that which tells of the six great campaigns of which the war itself was composed.

The Peninsular war was perhaps the least selfish conflict ever waged. It was not a war of aggrandizement or of conquest. It was fought to deliver Europe from the despotism of Napoleon. At its close the fleets of Great Britain rode triumphant, and in the Peninsula between 1808–14 her land forces fought and won nineteen pitched battles, made or sustained ten fierce and bloody sieges, took four great fortresses, twice expelled the French from Portugal and once from Spain. Great Britain expended in these campaigns more than one hundred million pounds sterling on her own troops, besides subsidizing the forces of Spain and Portugal. This "nation of shopkeepers" proved that when kindled to action it could wage war on a scale and in a fashion that might have moved the wonder

of Alexander or of Cæsar, and from motives, it may be added, too lofty for either Cæsar or Alexander so much as to comprehend. It is worth while to tell afresh the story of some of the more picturesque incidents in that great strife.

On April 6, 1812, Badajos was stormed by Wellington; and the story forms one of the most tragical and splendid incidents in the military history of the world. Of "the night of horrors at Badajos," Napier says, "posterity can scarcely be expected to credit the tale." No tale, however, is better authenticated, or, as an example of what disciplined human valor is capable of achieving, better deserves to be told. Wellington was preparing for his great forward movement into Spain, the campaign which led to Salamanca, the battle in which "forty thousand Frenchmen were beaten in forty minutes." As a preliminary he had to capture, under the vigilant eyes of Soult and Marmont, the two great border fortresses, Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos. He had, to use Napier's phrase, "jumped with both feet" on the first-named fortress, and captured it in twelve days with a loss of twelve hundred men and ninety officers.

But Badajos was a still harder task. The city stands on a rocky ridge which forms the last spur of the Toledo range, and is of extraordinary strength. The river Rivillas falls almost at right angles into the Guadiana, and in the angle formed by their junction stands Badajos, oval in shape, girdled with elaborate defenses, with the Guadiana, five hundred yards wide, as its defense to the north, the Rivillas serving as a wet ditch to the west, and no less than five great fortified outposts—Saint Roque, Christoval, Picurina, Pardaleras, and a fortified bridge-head across the Guadiana —as the outer zone of its defenses. Twice the English had already assailed Badajos, but assailed it in vain. It was now held by a garrison five thousand strong, under a soldier, General Phillipson, with a real genius for defense, and the utmost art had been employed in adding to its defenses. On the other hand, Wellington had no means of transport and no battery train, and had to make all his preparations under the keen-eyed vigilance of the French. Perhaps the strangest collection of artillery ever employed in a great siege was that which Wellington collected from every available

quarter and used at Badajos. Of the fifty-two pieces, some dated from the days of Philip II. and the Spanish Armada, some were cast in the reign of Philip III., others in that of John IV. of Portugal, who reigned in 1640; there were 24-pounders of George II.'s day, and Russian naval guns; the bulk of the extraordinary medley being obsolete brass engines which required from seven to ten minutes to cool between each discharge.

Wellington, however, was strong in his own warlike genius and in the quality of the troops he commanded. He employed eighteen thousand men in the siege, and it may well be doubted whether—if we put the question of equipment aside—a more perfect fighting instrument than the force under his orders ever existed. The men were veterans, but the officers on the whole were young, so there was steadiness in the ranks and fire in the leading. Hill and Graham covered the siege, Picton and Barnard, Kempt and Colville led the assaults. The trenches were held by the third, fourth, and fifth divisions, and by the famous light division. Of the latter it has been said that the Macedonian phalanx of Alexander the Great, the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, the famous Spanish infantry of Alva, or the iron soldiers who followed Cortes to Mexico, did not exceed it in warlike quality. Wellington's troops, too, had a personal grudge against Badajos, and had two defeats to avenge. Perhaps no siege in history, as a matter of fact, ever witnessed either more furious valor in the assault, or more of cool and skilled courage in the defense. The siege lasted exactly twenty days, and cost the besiegers five thousand men, or an average loss of two hundred and fifty per day. It was waged throughout in stormy weather, with the rivers steadily rising, and the tempests perpetually blowing; yet the thunder of the attack never paused for an instant.

Wellington's engineers attacked the city at the eastern end of the oval, where the Rivillas served it as a gigantic wet ditch; and the Picurina, a fortified hill, ringed by a ditch fourteen feet deep, a rampart sixteen feet high, and a zone of mines, acted as an outwork. Wellington, curiously enough, believed in night attacks, a sure proof of his faith in the quality of the men he commanded; and on the eighth night of the siege, at nine o'clock, five hundred men

of the third division were suddenly flung on the Picurina. The fort broke into a ring of flame, by the light of which the dark figures of the stormers were seen leaping with fierce hardihood into the ditch and struggling madly up the ramparts, or tearing furiously at the palisades. But the defenses were strong, and the assailants fell literally in scores. Napier tells how "the axmen of the light division, compassing the fort like prowling wolves," discovered the gate at the rear, and so broke into the fort. The engineer officer who led the attack declares that "the place would never have been taken had it not been for the coolness of these men" in absolutely walking round the fort to its rear, discovering the gate, and hewing it down under a tempest of bullets. The assault lasted an hour, and in that period, out of the five hundred men who attacked, no less than three hundred, with nineteen officers, were killed or wounded! Three men out of every five in the attacking force, that is, were disabled, and yet they won!

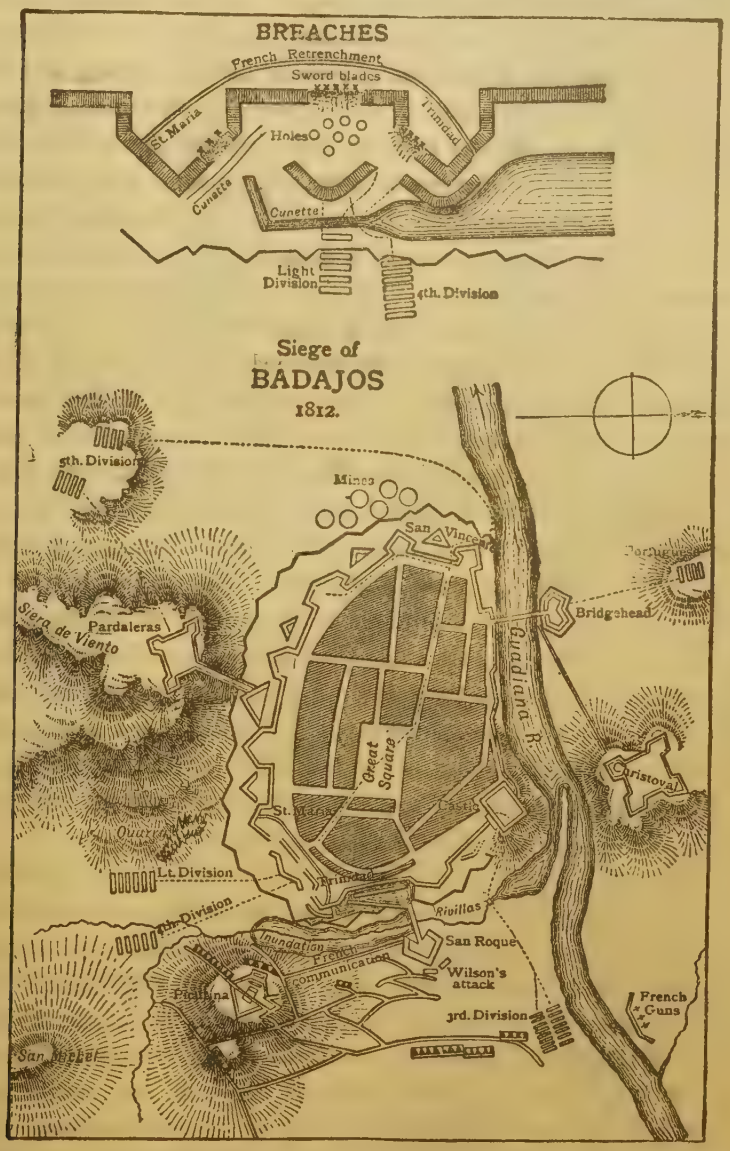
There followed twelve days of furious industry, of trenches pushed tirelessly forward through mud and wet, and of cannonading that only ceased when the guns grew too hot to be used. Captain MacCarthy, of the Fiftieth Regiment, has left a curious little monograph on the siege, full of incidents, half tragic and half amusing, but which show the temper of Wellington's troops. Thus he tells how an engineer officer, when marking out the ground for a breaching-battery very near the wall, which was always lined with French soldiers in eager search of human targets, "used to challenge them to prove the perfection of their shooting by lifting up the skirts of his coat in defiance several times in the course of his survey; driving in his stakes and measuring his distances with great deliberation, and concluding by an extra shake of his coat-tails and an ironical bow before he stepped under shelter!"

On the night of April 6, Wellington determined to assault. No less than seven attacks were to be delivered. Two of them—on the bridge-head across the Guadiana and on the Pardaleras—were mere feints. But on the extreme right Picton with the third division was to cross the Rivillas and escalade the castle, whose walls rose time-stained and grim, from eighteen to twenty-four feet high. Leith

with the fifth division was to attack the opposite or western extremity of the town, the bastion of St. Vincente, where the glacis was mined, the ditch deep, and the scarp thirty feet high. Against the actual breaches Colville and Andrew Barnard were to lead the light division and the fourth division, the former attacking the bastion of Santa Maria and the latter the Trinidad. The hour was fixed for ten o'clock, and the story of that night attack, as told in Napier's immortal prose, is one of the great battle-pictures of literature; and any one who tries to tell the tale will find himself slipping insensibly into Napier's cadences.

The night was black; a strange silence lay on rampart and trench, broken from time to time by the deep voices of the sentinels that proclaimed all was well in Badajos. "*Sentinelle garde à vous,*" the cry of the sentinels, was translated by the British private as "All's well in Badahoo!" A lighted carcass thrown from the castle discovered Picton's men standing in ordered array, and compelled them to attack at once. MacCarthy, who acted as guide across the tangle of wet trenches and the narrow bridge that spanned the Rivillas, has left an amusing account of the scene. At one time Picton declared MacCarthy was leading them wrong, and, drawing his sword, swore he would cut him down. The column reached the trench, however, at the foot of the castle walls, and was instantly overwhelmed with the fire of the besieged. MacCarthy says we can only picture the scene by "supposing that all the stars, planets, and meteors of the firmament, with innumerable moons emitting smaller ones in their course, were descending on the heads of the besiegers." MacCarthy himself, a typical and gallant Irishman, addressed his general with the exultant remark, "'Tis a glorious night, sir—a glorious night!' and, rushing forward to the head of the stormers, shouted, "Up with the ladders!" The five ladders were raised, the troops swarmed up, an officer leading, but the first files were at once crushed by cannon fire, and the ladders slipped into the angle of the abutments. "Dreadful their fall," records MacCarthy of the slaughtered stormers, "and appalling their appearance at daylight." One ladder remained, and, a private soldier leading, the eager red-coated crowd swarmed up it. The brave fellow leading was shot as soon as his head ap-

peared above the parapet; but the next man to him—again a private—leaped over the parapet, and was followed quickly by



others, and this thin stream of desperate men climbed singly, and in the teeth of the flashing musketry, up that solitary ladder, and carried the castle.

In the meanwhile the fourth and light divisions had flung themselves with cool and silent speed on the breaches. The storming party of each division leaped into the ditch. It was mined, the fuse was kindled, and the ditch, crowded with eager soldiery, became in a moment a sort of flaming crater, and the storming parties, five hundred strong, were in one fierce explosion dashed to pieces. In the light of that dreadful flame the whole scene became visible—the black ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, on the one side; on the other the red columns of the British, broad and deep, moving steadily forward like a stream of human lava. The light division stood at the brink of the smoking ditch for an instant, amazed at the sight. "Then," says Napier, "with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion," they leaped into it and swarmed up to the breach. The fourth division came running up and descended with equal fury, but the ditch opposite the Trinidad was filled with water; the head of the division leaped into it, and, as Napier puts it, "about one hundred of the fusiliers, the men of Albuera, perished there." The breaches were impassable. Across the top of the great slope of broken wall glittered a fringe of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, fixed in ponderous beams chained together and set deep in the ruins. For ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points. Behind the glittering edge of sword-blades stood the solid ranks of the French, each man supplied with three muskets, and their fire scourged the British ranks like a tempest.

Hundreds had fallen, hundreds were still falling; but the British clung doggedly to the lower slopes, and every few minutes an officer would leap forward with a shout, a swarm of men would instantly follow him, and, like leaves blown by a whirlwind, they swept up the ascent. But under the incessant fire of the French the assailants melted away. One private reached the sword blades, and actually thrust his head beneath them till his brains were beaten out, so desperate was his resolve to get into Badajos. The breach, as Napier describes it, "yawning and glittering with steel, resembled the mouth of a huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame." But for two hours, and until two thousand men had

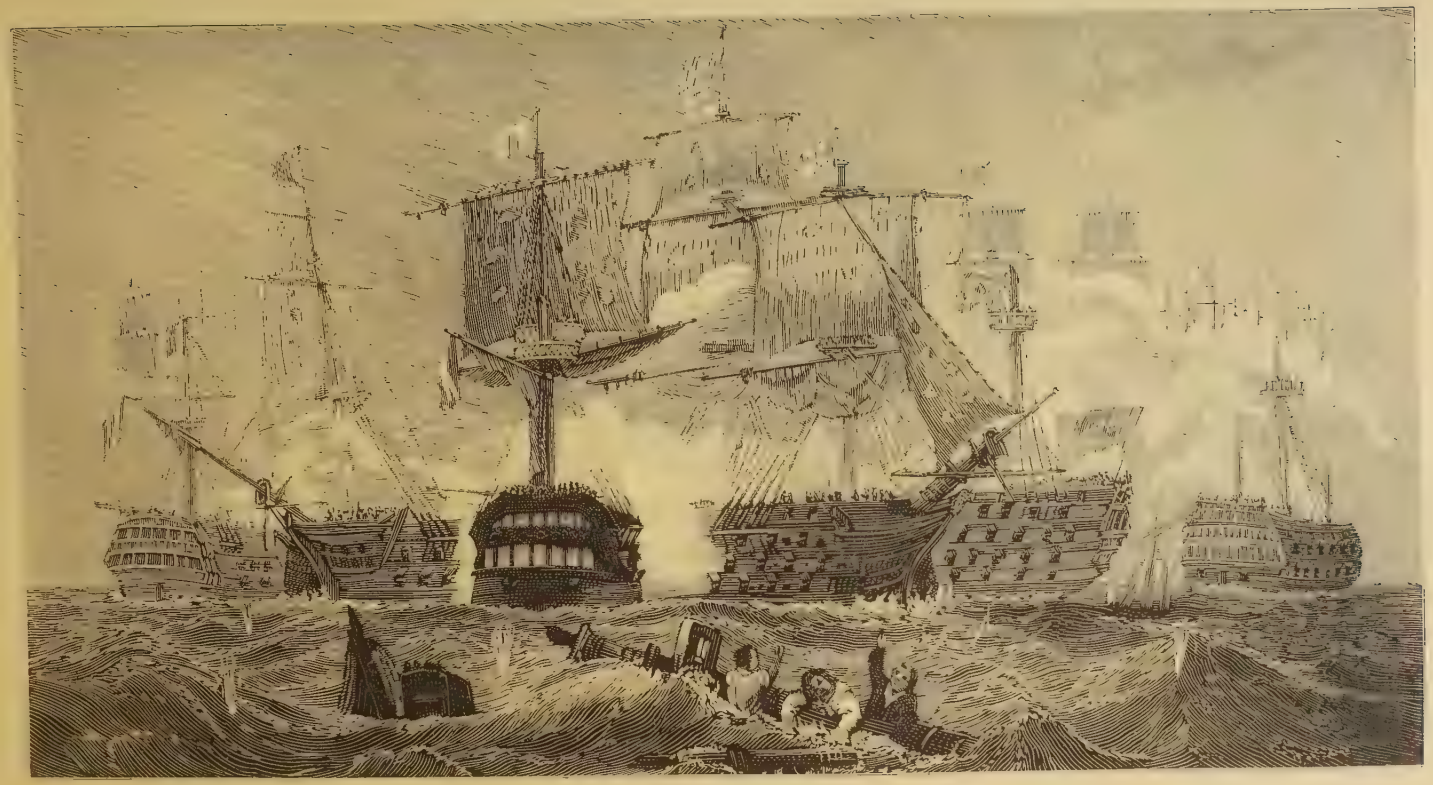
BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Twenty-one

THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE'S ARMY AT SARATOGA, OCT, 17, 1777.

FROM THE PICTURE BY TRUMBULL IN THE TRUMBULL GALLERY.

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Twenty-two



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

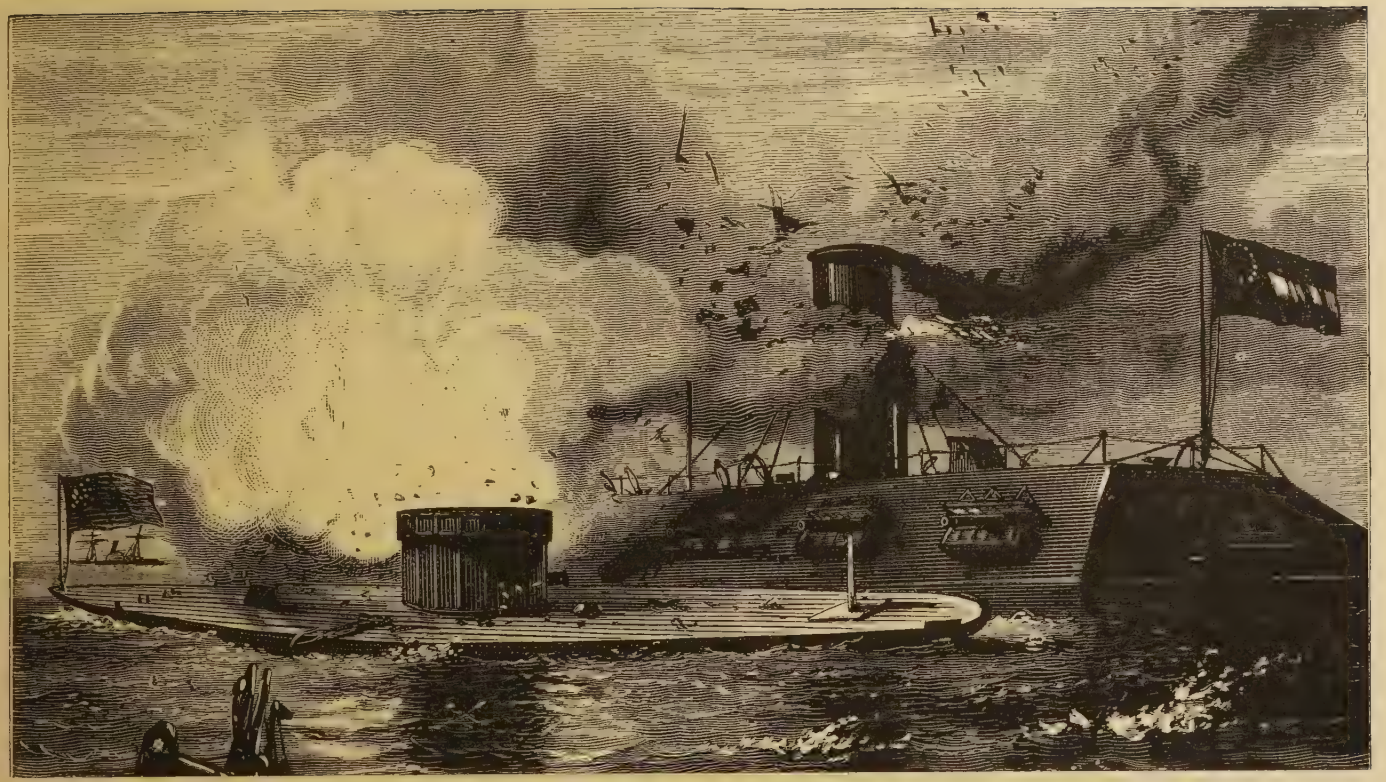
Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Twenty-five

BATTLE OF WATERLOO

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Twenty-eight

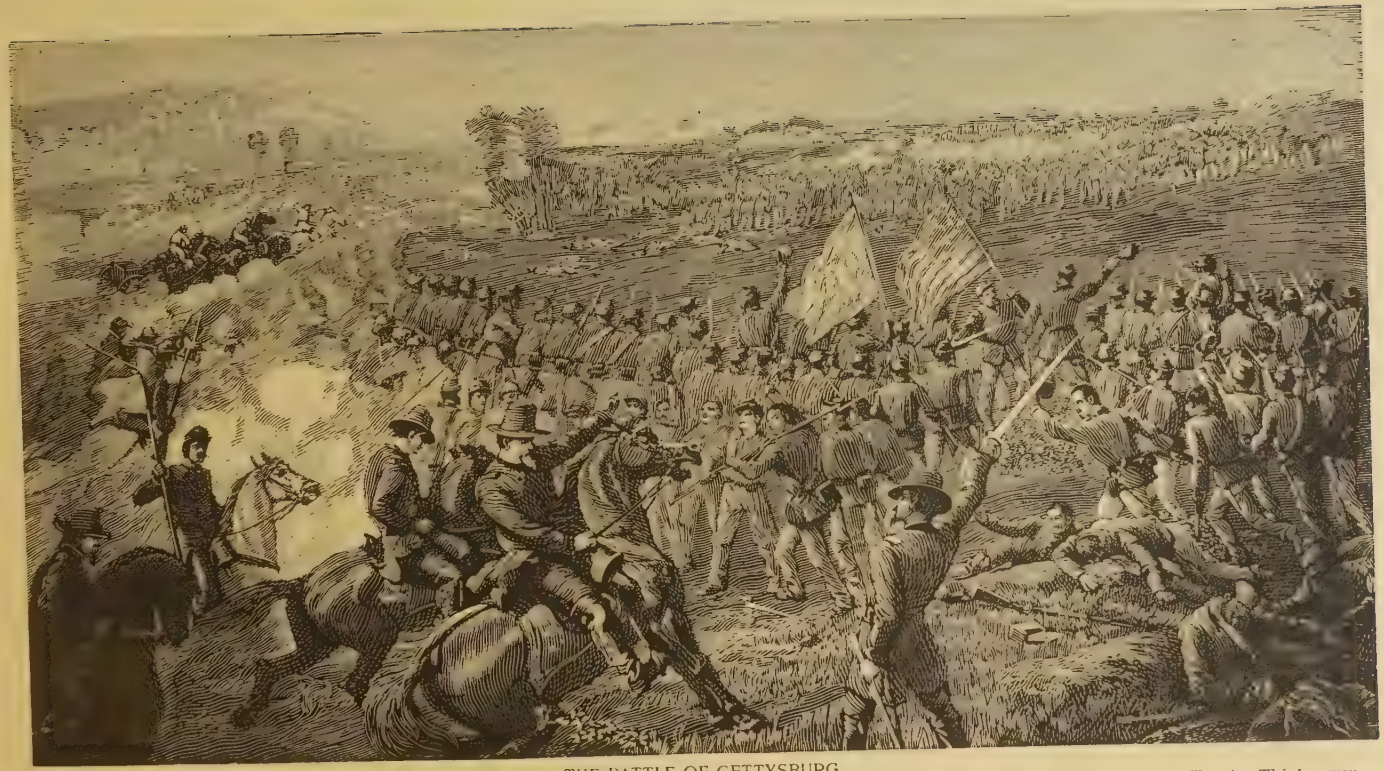
AT SEBASTOPOL—THE FIGHT WITHIN THE SANDBAG BATTERY

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Thirty-two



THE GREAT DUEL BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRIMAC," SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 1862

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Thirty-five



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Thirty-seven

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Forty

fallen, the stubborn British persisted in their attacks. Currie, of the 52d, a cool and most daring soldier, found a narrow ramp beyond the Santa Maria breach only half-ruined; he forced his way back through the tumult and carnage to where Wellington stood watching the scene, obtained an unbroken battalion from the reserve, and led it toward the broken ramp. But his men were caught in the whirling madness of the ditch and swallowed up in the tumult. Nicholas, of the engineers, and Shaw, of the 43d, with some fifty soldiers, actually climbed into the Santa Maria bastion, and from thence tried to force their way into the breach. Every man was shot down except Shaw, who stood alone on the bastion. "With inexpressible coolness he looked at his watch, said it was too late to carry the breaches," and then leaped down! The British could not penetrate the breach; but they would not retreat. They could only die where they stood. The buglers of the reserve were sent to the crest of the glacis to sound the retreat; the troops in the ditch would not believe the signal to be genuine, and struck their own buglers who attempted to repeat it. "Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets," says Napier, "they looked up in sullen desperation at Trinidad, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of fire-balls, which they threw over, asked as their victims fell, 'Why they did not come into Badajos.' "

All this while, curiously enough, Picton was actually in Badajos, and held the castle securely, but made no attempt to clear the breach. On the extreme west of the town, however, at the bastion of San Vincente, the fifth division made an attack as desperate as that which was failing at the breaches. When the stormers actually reached the bastion, the Portuguese battalions, who formed part of the attack, dismayed by the tremendous fire which broke out on them, flung down their ladders and fled. The British, however, snatched the ladders up, forced the barrier, jumped into the ditch, and tried to climb the walls. These were thirty feet high, and the ladders were too short. A mine was sprung in the ditch under the soldiers' feet; beams of wood, stones, broken wagons, and live shells were poured upon their heads from above. Showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch.

The stubborn soldiers, however, discovered a low spot in the rampart, placed three ladders against it, and climbed with reckless valor. The first man was pushed up by his comrades; he, in turn, dragged others up, and the unconquerable British at length broke through and swept the bastion. The tumult still stormed and raged at the eastern breaches, where the men of the light and fourth division were dying sullenly, and the men of the fifth division marched at speed across the town to take the great eastern breach in the rear. The streets were empty, but the silent houses were bright with lamps. The men of the fifth pressed on; they captured mules carrying ammunition to the breaches, and the French, startled by the tramp of the fast-approaching column, and finding themselves taken in the rear, fled. The light and fourth divisions broke through the gap hitherto barred by flame and steel, and Badajos was won!

In that dreadful night assault the English lost three thousand five hundred men. "Let it be considered," says Napier, "that this frightful carnage took place in the space of less than a hundred yards square—that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death—that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions—that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and the town was won at last. Let these things be considered, and it must be admitted a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say the French were feeble men. The garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the British soldiers or the noble emulation of the officers? . . . No age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos."

In addition to Badajos, the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo and of San Sebastian deserve mention. The annals of strife nowhere record assaults more daring than those which raged in turn around these three great fortresss. Of them all that of Badajos was the most picturesque and bloody; that of San Sebastian the

most sullen and exasperated; that of Ciudad Rodrigo the swiftest and most brilliant. A great siege tests the fighting quality of any army as nothing else can test it. In the night watches in the trenches, in the dogged toil of the batteries, and the crowded perils of the breach, all the frippery and much of the real discipline of an army dissolves. The soldiers fall back upon what may be called the primitive fighting qualities—the hardihood of the individual soldier, the daring with which the officers will lead, the dogged loyalty with which the men will follow. As an illustration of the warlike qualities in a race by which empire has been achieved, nothing better can be desired than the story of how the breaches were won at Ciudad Rodrigo.

At the end of 1811 the English and the French were watching each other jealously across the Spanish border. The armies of Marmont and of Soult, sixty-seven thousand strong, lay within touch of each other, barring Wellington's entrance into Spain. Wellington, with thirty-five thousand men, of whom not more than ten thousand men were British, lay within sight of the Spanish frontier. It was the winter time. Wellington's army was wasted by sickness, his horses were dying of mere starvation, his men had received no pay for three months, and his muleteers none for eight months. He had no siege train, his regiments were ragged and hungry, and the French generals confidently reckoned the British army as, for the moment at least, *une quantité négligeable.*

And yet at that precise moment, Wellington, subtle and daring, was meditating a leap upon the great frontier fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, in the Spanish province of Salamanca. Its capture would give him a safe base of operations against Spain; it was the great frontier *place d'armes* for the French; the whole siege-equipage and stores of the army of Portugal were contained in it. The problem of how, in the depth of winter, without materials for a siege, to snatch a place so strong from under the very eyes of two armies, each stronger than his own, was a problem which might have taxed the warlike genius of a Cæsar. But Wellington accomplished it with a combination of subtlety and audacity simply marvelous.

He kept the secret of his design so perfectly that his own engineers never suspected it, and his adjutant-general, Murray, went home on leave without dreaming anything was going to happen. Wellington collected artillery ostensibly for the purpose of arming Almeida, but the guns were transshipped at sea and brought secretly to the mouth of the Douro. No less than eight hundred mule-carts were constructed without anybody guessing their purpose. Wellington, while these preparations were on foot, was keenly watching Marmont and Soult, till he saw that they were lulled into a state of mere yawning security, and then, in Napier's expressive phrase, he "instantly jumped with both feet upon Ciudad Rodrigo."

This famous fortress, in shape, roughly resembles a triangle with the angles truncated. The base, looking to the south, is covered by the Agueda, a river given to sudden inundations; the fortifications were strong and formidably armed; as outworks it had to the east the great fortified Convent of San Francisco, to the west a similar building called Santa Cruz; while almost parallel with the northern face rose two rocky ridges called the Great and Small Teson, the nearest within six hundred yards of the city ramparts, and crowned by a formidable redoubt called Francisco. The siege began on January 8. The soil was rocky and covered with snow, the nights were black, the weather bitter. The men lacked intrenching tools. They had to encamp on the side of the Agueda furthest from the city, and ford that river every time the trenches were relieved. The 1st, 3d, and light divisions formed the attacking force; each division held the trenches in turn for twenty-four hours. Let the reader imagine what degree of hardihood it took to wade in the gray and bitter winter dawn through a half-frozen river, and without fire or warm food, and under a ceaseless rain of shells from the enemy's guns, to toil in the frozen trenches, or to keep watch, while the icicles hung from eyebrow and beard, over the edge of the battery for twenty-four hours in succession.

Nothing in this great siege is more wonderful than the fierce speed with which Wellington urged his operations. Massena, who had besieged and captured the city the year before in the height of summer, spent a month in bombarding it before he ventured

to assault. Wellington broke ground on January 8, under a tempest of mingled hail and rain; he stormed it on the night of the 19th.

He began operations by leaping on the strong work that crowned the Great Teson the very night the siege began. Two companies from each regiment of the light division were detailed by the officer of the day, Colonel Colborne, for the assault. Colborne (afterward Lord Seaton), a cool and gallant soldier, called his officers together in a group and explained with great minuteness how they were to attack. He then lanched his men against the redoubt with a vehemence so swift that, to those who watched the scene under the light of a wintry moon, the column of redcoats, like the thrust of a crimson sword-blade, spanned the ditch, shot up the glacis, and broke through the parapet with a single movement. The accidental explosion of a French shell burst the gate open, and the remainder of the attacking party instantly swept through it. There was fierce musketry fire and a tumult of shouting for a moment or two, but in twenty minutes from Colborne's lanching his attack every Frenchman in the redoubt was killed, wounded, or a prisoner.

The fashion in which the gate was blown open was very curious. A French sergeant was in the act of throwing a live shell upon the storming party in the ditch, when he was struck by an English bullet. The lighted shell fell from his hands within the parapet, was kicked away by the nearest French in mere self-preservation; it rolled toward the gate, exploded, burst it open, and instantly the British broke in.

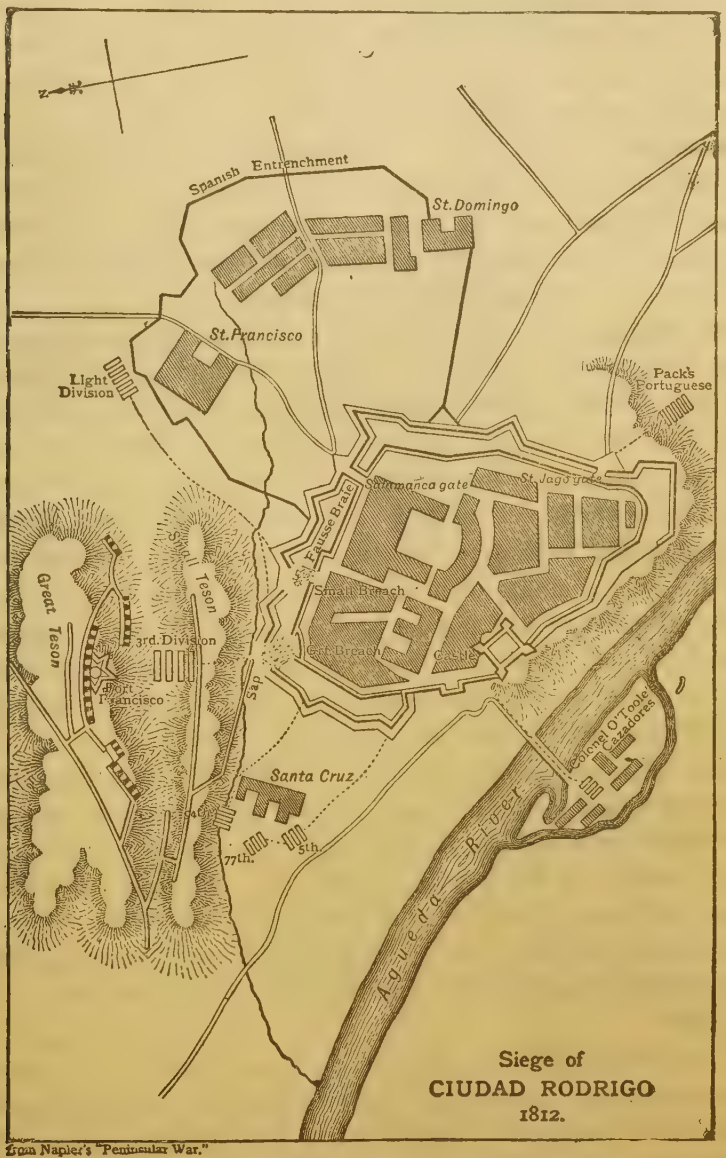
For ten days a desperate artillery duel raged between the besiegers and the besieged. The parallels were resolutely pushed on in spite of rocky soil, broken tools, bitter weather, and the incessant pelting of the French guns. The temper of the British troops is illustrated by an incident which George Napier—the youngest of the three Napiers—relates. The three brothers were gallant and remarkable soldiers. Charles Napier in India and elsewhere made history; William, in his wonderful tale of the Peninsular war, wrote history; and George, if he had not the literary genius of the one nor the strategic skill of the other, was

a most gallant soldier. "I was a field-officer of the trenches," he says, "when a 13-inch shell from the town fell in the midst of us. I called to the men to lie down flat, and they instantly obeyed orders, except one of them, an Irishman and an old marine, but a most worthless drunken dog, who trotted up to the shell, the fuse of which was still burning, and striking it with his spade, knocked the fuse out; then taking the immense shell in his hands, brought it to me, saying, 'There she is for you now, yer 'anner. I've knocked the life out of the crater.' "

The besieged brought fifty heavy guns to reply to the thirty light pieces by which they were assailed, and day and night the bellow of eighty pieces boomed sullenly over the doomed city and echoed faintly back from the nearer hills, while the walls crashed to the stroke of the bullet. The English fire made up by fierceness and accuracy for what it lacked in weight; but the sap made no progress, the guns showed signs of being worn out, and although two apparent breaches had been made, the counterscarp was not destroyed. Yet Wellington determined to attack, and, in his characteristic fashion, to attack by night. The siege had lasted ten days, and Marmont, with an army stronger than his own, was lying within four marches. That he had not appeared already on the scene was wonderful.

In a general order issued on the evening of the 19th Wellington wrote, "Ciudad Rodrigo *must* be stormed this evening." The great breach was a sloping gap in the wall at its northern angle, about a hundred feet wide. The French had crowned it with two guns loaded with grape; the slope was strewn with bombs, hand-grenades, and bags of powder; a great mine pierced it beneath; a deep ditch had been cut between the breach and the adjoining ramparts, and these were crowded with riflemen. The third division, under General Mackinnon, was to attack the breach, its forlorn hope being led by Ensign Mackie, its storming party by General Mackinnon himself. The lesser breach was a tiny gap, scarcely twenty feet wide, to the left of the great breach; this was to be attacked by the light division, under Craufurd, its forlorn hope of twenty-five men being led by Gurwood, and its storming party by George Napier. General Pack, with a Portuguese bri-

gade, was to make a sham attack on the eastern face, while a fourth attack was to be made on the southern front by a company



From Napier's "Peninsular War."

of the 83d and some Portuguese troops. In the storming party of the 83d were the Earl of March, afterward Duke of Richmond;

Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterward Lord Raglan; and the Prince of Orange—all volunteers without Wellington's knowledge!

At seven o'clock a curious silence fell suddenly on the battered city and the engirdling trenches. Not a light gleamed from the frowning parapets, not a murmur arose from the blackened trenches. Suddenly a shout broke out on the right of the English attack; it ran, a wave of stormy sound, along the line of the trenches. The men who were to attack the great breach leaped into the open. In a moment the space between the hostile lines was covered with the stormers, and the gloomy, half-seen face of the great fortress broke into a tempest of fire.

Nothing could be finer than the vehement courage of the assault, unless it were the cool and steady fortitude of the defense. Swift as was the upward rush of the stormers, the race of the 5th, 77th, and 94th regiments was almost swifter. Scorning to wait for the ladders, they leaped into the great ditch, outpaced even the fornlorn hope, and pushed vehemently up the great breach, while their red ranks were torn by shell and shot. The fire, too, ran through the tangle of broken stones over which they climbed; the hand-grenades and powder-bags by which it was strewn exploded. The men were walking on fire! Yet the attack could not be denied. The Frenchmen—shooting, stabbing, yelling—were driven behind their intrenchments. There the fire of the houses commanding the breach came to their help, and they made a gallant stand. "None would go back on either side, and yet the British could not get forward, and men and officers falling in heaps choked up the passage, which from minute to minute was raked with grape from two guns flanking the top of the breach at the distance of a few yards. Thus striving, and trampling alike upon the dead and the wounded, these brave men maintained the combat."

It was the attack on the smaller breach which really carried Ciudad Rodrigo; and George Napier, who led it, has left a graphic narrative of the exciting experiences of that dreadful night. The light division was to attack, and Craufurd, with whom Napier was a favorite, gave him command of the storming party. He was to ask for one hundred volunteers from each of the three Brit-

ish regiments—the 43d, 52d, and the rifle corps—in the division. Napier halted these regiments just as they had forded the bitterly cold river on their way to the trenches. "Soldiers," he said, "I want one hundred men from each regiment to form the storming party which is to lead the light division to-night. Those who will go with me come forward!" Instantly there was a rush forward of the whole division, and Napier had to take his three hundred men out of a tumult of nearly one thousand five hundred candidates. He formed them into three companies, under Captains Ferguson, Jones, and Mitchell. Gurwood, of the 52d, led the forlorn hope, consisting of twenty-five men and two sergeants. Wellington himself came to the trench and showed Napier and Colborne, through the gloom of the early night, the exact position of the breach. A staff-officer, looking on, said, "Your men are not loaded. Why don't you make them load?" Napier replied, "If we don't do the business with the bayonet we shall not do it at all. I shall not load." "Let him alone," said Wellington; "let him go his own way." Picton had adopted the same grim policy with the third division. As each regiment passed him, filing into the trenches, his injunction was, "No powder! We'll do the thing with the *could* iron."

A party of Portuguese carrying bags filled with grass were to run with the storming party and throw the bags into the ditch, as the leap was too deep for the men. But the Portuguese hesitated, the tumult of the attack on the great breach suddenly broke on the night, and the forlorn hope went running up, leaped into the ditch a depth of eleven feet, and clambered up the steep slope beyond, while Napier with his stormers came with a run behind them. In the dark for a moment the breach was lost, but found again, and up the steep quarry of broken stone the attack swept. About two-thirds of the way up Napier's arm was smashed by a grape-shot, and he fell. His men, checked for a moment, lifted their muskets to the gap above them, whence the French were firing vehemently, and forgetting their pieces were unloaded, snapped them. "Push on with the bayonet, men!" shouted Napier, as he lay bleeding. The officers leaped to the front, the men with a stern shout followed; they were crushed to a front of

not more than three or four. They had to climb without firing a shot in reply up to the muzzles of the French muskets.

But nothing could stop the men of the light division. A 24-pounder was placed across the narrow gap in the ramparts; the stormers leaped over it, and the 43d and 52d, coming up in sections abreast, followed. The 43d wheeled to the right toward the great breach, the 52d to the left, sweeping the ramparts as they went.

Meanwhile the other two attacks had broken into the town; but at the great breach the dreadful fight still raged, until the 43d, coming swiftly along the ramparts, and brushing all opposition aside, took the defense in the rear. The British there had, as a matter of fact, at that exact moment pierced the French defense. The two guns that scourged the breach had wrought deadly havoc among the stormers, and a sergeant and two privates of the 88th—Irishmen all, and whose names deserve to be preserved—Brazel, Kelly, and Swan—laid down their firelocks that they might climb more lightly, and, armed only with their bayonets, forced themselves through the embrasure among the French gunners. They were furiously attacked, and Swan's arm was hewed off by a saber stroke; but they stopped the service of the gun, slew five or six of the French gunners, and held the post until the men of the 5th, climbing behind them, broke into the battery.

So Ciudad Rodrigo was won, and its governor surrendered his sword to the youthful lieutenant leading the forlorn hope of the light division, who, with smoke-blackened face, torn uniform, and staggering from a dreadful wound, still kept at the head of his men.

In the eleven days of the siege Wellington lost one thousand three hundred men and officers, out of whom six hundred and fifty men and sixty officers were struck down on the slopes of the breaches. Two notable soldiers died in the attack—Craufurd, the famous leader of the light division, as he brought his men up to the lesser breach; and Mackinnon, who commanded a brigade of the third division, at the great breach. Mackinnon was a gallant Highlander, a soldier of great promise, beloved by his men. His "children," as he called them, followed him up the great breach

till the bursting of a French mine destroyed all the leading files, including their general. Craufurd was buried in the lesser breach itself, and Mackinnon in the great breach—fitting graves for soldiers so gallant.

Alison says that with the rush of the English stormers up the breaches of Ciudad Rodrigo "began the fall of the French empire." That siege, so fierce and brilliant, was, as a matter of fact, the first of that swift-following succession of strokes which drove the French in ruin out of Spain, and it coincided in point of time with the turn of the tide against Napoleon in Russia.

But, as already noted, the climax of the war occurred at Vittoria. Wellington, overtaking the French at that place, inflicted on them a defeat which drove in utter rout one hundred and twenty thousand veteran troops from Spain. There is no more brilliant chapter in military history; and, at its close, to quote Napier's clarion-like sentences, "the English general, emerging from the chaos of the Peninsular struggle, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognized conqueror. From those lofty pinnacles the clangor of his trumpets pealed clear and loud, and the splendor of his genius appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations."

The victory not only freed Spain from its invaders; it restored the spirit of the allies. The close of the armistice was followed by a union of Austria with the forces of Prussia and the Czar; and in October a final overthrow of Napoleon at Leipzig forced the French army to fall back in rout across the Rhine. The war now hurried to its close. Though held at bay for a while by the sieges of San Sebastian and Pampeluna, as well as by an obstinate defense of the Pyrenees, Wellington succeeded in the very month of the triumph at Leipzig in winning a victory on the Bidassoa which enabled him to enter France. He was soon followed by the allies. On the last day of 1813 their forces crossed the Rhine; and a third of France passed, without opposition, into their hands. For two months more Napoleon maintained a wonderful struggle with a handful of raw conscripts against their overwhelming numbers; while in the south, Soult, forced from his intrenched camp near Bayonne and defeated at Orthes, fell back before Wellington

on Toulouse. Here their two armies met in April in a stubborn and indecisive engagement. But though neither leader knew it, the war was even then at an end. The struggle of Napoleon himself had ended at the close of March with the surrender of Paris; and the submission of the capital was at once followed by the abdication of the emperor and the return of the Bourbons.

CHAPTER XXVII

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR OF 1812

THE "SHANNON" AND THE "CHESAPEAKE"—BROKE AND LAWRENCE—"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"—WASHINGTON—BALTIMORE—NEW ORLEANS—PEACE OF GHENT

ON June 18, 1812, the United States, with magnificent audacity, declared war against Great Britain. England at that moment had six hundred and twenty-one efficient cruisers at sea, one hundred and two being line-of-battle ships. Our navy consisted of eight frigates and twelve corvettes. It is true that England was at war at the same moment with half the civilized world; but what reasonable chance had the tiny naval power of the United States against the mighty fleets of England, commanded by men trained in the school of Nelson, and rich with the traditions of the Nile and Trafalgar? As a matter of fact, in the war which followed our commerce was swept out of existence. But we were of the same fighting stock as the English; to the Viking blood, indeed, we added Yankee ingenuity and resource, making a very formidable combination; and up to the June morning when the "Shannon" was waiting outside Boston Harbor for the "Chesapeake," the naval honors of the war belonged to us. We had no fleet, and the campaign was one of single ship against single ship; but in these combats we had scored more successes in twelve months than French seamen had gained in twelve years. The

"Guerriere," the "Java," and the "Macedonian" had each been captured in single combat, and every British post-captain between Portsmouth and Halifax was swearing with mere fury.

Native ingenuity was shrewd enough to invent a new type of frigate which, in strength of frame, weight of metal, and general fighting power, was to a British frigate of the same class almost what an ironclad would be to a wooden ship. The "Constitution," for example, was in size to the average British frigate as 15.3 to 10.9; in weight of metal as 76 to 51; and in crew as 46 to 25. Broke, however, had a well-founded belief in the "Shannon" and his men, and he proposed, in his sober fashion, to restore the tarnished honor of his flag by capturing single-handed the best American frigate afloat.

The "Chesapeake" was a fine ship, perfectly equipped, under a daring and popular commander. Lawrence was a man of brilliant ingenuity and courage, and had won fame four months before by capturing, in the "Hornet," after a hard fight, the British brig-of-war "Peacock." For this feat he had been promoted to the "Chesapeake"; and in his brief speech from the quarter-deck, just before the fight with the "Shannon" began, he called up the memory of the fight which made him a popular hero by exhorting his crew to " 'Peacock' her, my lads! 'Peacock' her!" The "Chesapeake" was larger than the "Shannon," its crew was nearly a hundred men stronger, its weight of fire five hundred and ninety-eight pounds as against the "Shannon's" five hundred and thirty-eight pounds. Her guns fired double-headed shot, and bars of wrought iron connected by links and loosely tied by a few rope yarns, which, when discharged from the gun, spread out and formed a flying iron chain six feet long. Its canister shot contained jagged pieces of iron, broken bolts, and nails. As the British had a reputation for boarding, a large barrel of unslacked lime was provided to fling in the faces of the boarders. An early shot from the "Shannon," by the way, struck this cask of lime and scattered its contents in the faces of our tars. Part of the equipment of the "Chesapeake" consisted of several hundred pairs of handcuffs, intended for the wrists of English prisoners. Boston citizens prepared a banquet in honor of the victors for the same

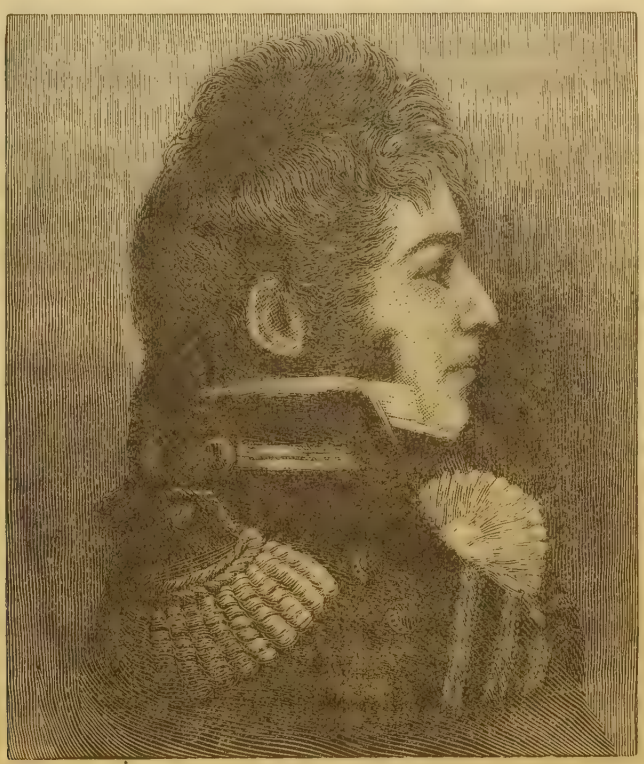
evening, and a small fleet of pleasure-boats followed the "Chesapeake" as she came gallantly out to the fight.

Never was a braver, shorter, or more murderous fight. Lawrence, the most gallant of men, bore steadily down, without firing a shot, to the starboard quarter of the "Shannon." When within fifty yards he luffed; his men sprang into the shrouds and gave three cheers. Broke fought with characteristic silence and composure. He forbade his men to cheer, enforced the sternest silence along his deck, and ordered the captain of each gun to fire as his piece bore on the enemy. "Fire into her quarters," he said, "main-deck into main-deck, quarter-deck into quarter-deck. Kill the men, and the ship is yours."

The sails of the "Chesapeake" swept between the slanting rays of the evening sun and the "Shannon," the drifting shadow darkened the English main-deck ports, the rush of the American's cutwater could be heard through the grim silence of the "Shannon's" decks. Suddenly there broke out the first gun from the "Shannon"; then her whole side leaped into flame. Never was a more fatal broadside discharged. A tempest of shot, splinters, torn hammocks, cut rigging, and wreck of every kind was hurled like a cloud across the deck of the "Chesapeake," and of one hundred and fifty men at stations there, more than a hundred were killed or wounded. A more fatal loss instantly followed, as Captain Lawrence, the fiery soul of his ship, was shot through the abdomen by an English marine, and fell mortally wounded.

The answering thunder of the "Chesapeake's" guns, of course, rolled out, and then, following quick, the overwhelming blast of the "Shannon's" broadside once more. Each ship, indeed, fired two full broadsides, and, as the guns fell quickly out of range, part of another broadside. The firing of the "Chesapeake" was furious and deadly enough to have disabled an ordinary ship. It is computed that forty effective shots would be enough to disable a frigate; the "Shannon" during the six minutes of the firing was struck by no less than one hundred and fifty-eight shots, a fact which proves the steadiness and power of native fire. But the fire of the "Shannon" was overwhelming. In those same six fatal minutes she smote the "Chesapeake" with no less than three hundred and

sixty-two shots, an average of sixty shots of all sizes every minute, as against the "Chesapeake's" twenty-eight shots. The "Chesapeake" was fir-built, and the British shot riddled her. One "Shannon" broadside partly raked the "Chesapeake" and literally smashed the stern cabins and battery to mere splinters, as completely as though a procession of aerolites had torn through it.



CAPTAIN LAWRENCE

The swift, deadly, concentrated fire of the British in two quick-following broadsides practically decided the combat. The partially disabled vessels drifted together, and the "Chesapeake" fell on board the "Shannon," her quarter striking the starboard main-chains. Broke, as the ships ground together, looked over the blood-splashed decks of the American and saw the men deserting the quarter-deck guns, under the terror of another broadside at so short a distance. "Follow me who can," he shouted, and with

characteristic coolness "stepped"—in his own phrase—across the "Chesapeake's" bulwark. He was followed by some thirty-two seamen and eighteen marines—fifty British boarders leaping upon a ship with a crew of four hundred men, a force which, even after the dreadful broadsides of the "Shannon," still numbered two hundred and seventy unwounded men in its ranks.

It is absurd to deny to our seamen courage of the very finest quality, but the amazing and unexpected severity of the "Shannon's" fire had destroyed for the moment their morale, and the British were in a mood of victory. The boatswain of the "Shannon" lashed the two ships together, and in the act had his left arm literally hacked off by repeated strokes of a cutlass and was killed. One British midshipman, followed by five topmen, crept along the "Shannon's" foreyard and stormed the "Chesapeake's" foretop, killing the men stationed there, and then swarmed down by a back-stay to join the fighting on the deck.

Meanwhile the fight on the deck had been short and sharp; Lawrence, lying wounded in his steerage, saw the wild reflux of his own men down the after ladders. On asking what it meant, he was told, "The ship is boarded, and those are the 'Chesapeake's' men driven from the upper decks by the English." This so exasperated the dying man that he called out repeatedly, "Then blow her up; blow her up."

The fight lasted exactly thirteen minutes—the broadsides occupied six minutes, the boarding seven—and in thirteen minutes after the first shot the British flag was flying over the American ship. The "Shannon" and "Chesapeake" were bearing up, side by side, for Halifax. The carnage on the two ships was dreadful. In thirteen minutes two hundred and fifty-two men were either killed or wounded, an average of nearly twenty men for every minute the fight lasted. In the combat between these two frigates, in fact, nearly as many men were struck down as in the whole battle of Navarino! The "Shannon" itself lost as many men as any seventy-four-gun ship ever lost in battle.

Judge Haliburton, famous as "Sam Slick," when a youth of seventeen, boarded the "Chesapeake" as the two battered ships sailed into Halifax. "The deck," he wrote, "had not been cleaned,

and the coils and folds of rope were steeped in gore as if in a slaughter-house. Pieces of skin with pendent hair were adhering to the sides of the ship; and in one place I noticed portions of fingers protruding, as if thrust through the outer walls of the frigate."

Watts, the first lieutenant of the "Shannon," was killed by the fire of his own ship in a very remarkable manner. He boarded with his captain, with his own hands pulled down the "Chesapeake's" flag, and hastily bent on the halyards the English ensign, as he thought, *above* the Stars and Stripes, and then rehoisted it. In the hurry he had bent the English flag *under* the Stars and Stripes instead of above it, and the gunners of the "Shannon," seeing the American stripes going up first, opened fire instantly on the group at the foot of the mizzenmast, blew the top of their own unfortunate lieutenant's head off with a grape-shot, and killed three or four of their own men.

Captain Broke was desperately wounded in a curious fashion. A group of Americans, who had laid down their arms, saw the British captain standing for a moment alone on the break of the forecastle. It seemed a golden chance. They snatched up weapons lying on the deck, and leaped upon him. Warned by the shout of the sentry, Broke turned round to find three of the enemy with uplifted weapons rushing on him. He parried the middle fellow's pike and wounded him in the face, but was instantly struck down with a blow from the butt-end of a musket, which laid bare his skull. He also received a slash from the cutlass of the third man, which clove a portion of skull completely away and left the brain bare. He fell, and was grappled on the deck by the man he had first wounded, a powerful fellow, who got uppermost and raised a bayonet to thrust through Broke. At this moment a British marine came running up, and concluding that the man underneath *must* be an American, also raised his bayonet to give the *coup de grace*. "Pooh, pooh, you fool," said Broke in the most matter-of-fact fashion, "don't you know your captain?" whereupon the marine changed the direction of his thrust and slew the American.

The news reached London on July 7, and was carried straight to the House of Commons, where Lord Cochrane was just concluding a fierce denunciation of the Admiralty on the ground of

the disasters suffered from the Americans, and Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty, was able to tell the story of the fight off Boston to the wildly cheering House, as a complete defense of his department. Broke was at once created a Baronet and a Knight of the Bath. In America, on the other hand, the story of the fight was received with mingled wrath and incredulity. "I remember," says Rush, afterward U. S. Minister at the Court of St. James, "at the first rumor of it, the universal incredulity. I remember how the post-offices were thronged for successive days with anxious thousands; how collections of citizens rode out for miles on the highway to get the earliest news the mail brought. At last, when the certainty was known, I remember the public gloom, the universal badges of mourning. 'Don't give up the ship,' the dying words of Lawrence, were on every tongue."

The War of 1812, which was waged in consequence of various commercial and maritime disputes, was concluded by the Peace of Ghent, December 24, 1814. Previously, on August 15th of that year, a force of four thousand men under General Ross sailed into Chesapeake Bay. The commander of the American fleet, instead of opposing their landing, burned his ships and joined the land force. The British thereupon decided to march on Washington. The force opposed to them consisted of one thousand regulars and five thousand militia. Instead of contenting themselves with harassing the British, for which they were better fitted, they drew up ready for a pitched battle at Bladensburg, a point covering Washington in the direction of the British advance. The British attacked and routed the Americans with small loss on either side. The precipitate flight of the militia on the first charge so weakened the defending force that the commander decided to make no further effort to hold Washington, and accordingly he evacuated the city. The British marched in and destroyed the government property, including the Capitol, the President's house, and the national records; a barbarous violation of the usages of war among civilized nations. Their next proceeding was to march on Baltimore. They were supported by a squadron of fifty sail under Admiral Cochrane, which sailed up the Patapsco River. The town was garrisoned with one thousand five hundred men

nearly all militia. Its chief defense was an outwork called Fort Henry, on the Patapsco.

The land force met with little resistance in its advance, although it lost its commander, Ross, in a skirmish. The fleet bombarded Fort Henry, but was unable either to silence the guns of the fort or to force its way past. As the land force did not appear strong enough to make the attack unsupported the attempt was abandoned. In the meantime the British had sustained a severe loss on the coast. Sir Peter Parker, a naval officer of much note, who was in command of a frigate in the Chesapeake Bay, had landed with a small force and had been killed by an outlying post of Americans.

On the northern frontier the war had been carried on actively by both sides, but without decisive results. In May the British took Oswego, on Lake Ontario. In June the Americans renewed their attempt to invade Canada. They crossed near Niagara with three thousand five hundred men, captured Fort Erie, and defeated the British at Fort Chippeway. On July 25 they encountered the whole British force at Lundy's Lane, near Niagara. A fierce engagement followed, with heavy and nearly equal losses on each side.

The Americans kept Fort Erie for some little time, but finally they destroyed it and returned to their own territory. In September, Sir George Prevost, the governor of Canada, made an attempt, somewhat like Burgoyne's, to invade the United States by way of Lake Champlain. He was supported by a fleet of seventeen sail; but a small American fleet, under Commodore McDonough, engaged the British fleet and utterly defeated it at Plattsburgh, near the northern end of the lake. This killed Prevost's attempted invasion.

By far the most important events of the war were those in the South. In the course of the summer of 1814, it became known that the British were meditating an attack on the Southern States, probably at the mouth of the Mississippi. The defense was intrusted to Jackson, fresh from his victory over the Creeks. He found that the British had established themselves at Pensacola, in the Spanish territory of Florida. Jackson himself took up his position

at Mobile, on the coast of Alabama. The chief defense of Mobile was Fort Bowyer, on a point commanding Mobile Bay. On the 15th of September the fort was attacked by the British both by sea and land, but was gallantly and successfully defended by Major Lawrence. Jackson sent a ship to its relief, but the captain, hearing a terrific explosion, came back and told Jackson that the fort had fallen. The explosion in reality was caused by the blowing up of a British ship which had been set on fire by the guns of the fort. After this success, Jackson marched upon Pensacola and seized it, considering that the Spaniards, by harboring the British, had forfeited their rights as neutrals. The British now proceeded to attack New Orleans.

Some doubts seem to have been felt on each side how far the French-born Louisianians would be true to the American Union, of which they had lately become citizens. There seems to have been no ground for these suspicions, and the Louisianians were throughout loyal to their new government. There was also fear of a rising among the slaves. Moreover, the American supply of arms was miserably insufficient; but the strong will and courage of Jackson overcame or lightened every difficulty. On November 24 the British fleet of fifty sail anchored off the mouth of the Mississippi. Two plans of attack were open to the British: to ascend the river and attack New Orleans by water, or to land the troops and march on the city. To do the former it would have been necessary to destroy the forts which guarded the river, or at least to silence their guns. This was considered too difficult, and the British commanders decided to attack by land. Accordingly, on the 21st of December, the British troops disembarked. They were opposed by a fleet of small vessels, but the British gunboats beat these off, and the troops made good their landing. They were under the command of General Pakenham, a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. He had shown himself a brave soldier in the Peninsula, but had done nothing to prove his fitness for command when much skill and judgment were needed. Till his arrival the British troops, numbering about three thousand, were commanded by General Keane. At first the Americans were ignorant of the exact position of the enemy, but on the 23d they learned that the British

army was within nine miles of the city. The news was brought by a young planter, whose house had been seized by the British troops. All the rest of the household had been captured, and but for his escape the city might have been surprised. Jackson then marched out, and an engagement followed. After a whole night's fighting, during which the British were much harassed by the fire of two vessels in the river, the Americans retired. Keane, it has been thought, ought then to have marched straight on the city.

After this, Jackson stationed himself outside the city and threw up earthworks in its defense. Every man and horse that could be pressed into the service was employed. On the 25th Pakenham arrived, and three days later an unsuccessful attack was made on the American works. Here, as before, the two American ships in the river harassed the British troops, till one was sunk and the other driven off by the enemy's guns. On the 8th of January the British made their general attack. They numbered seven thousand three hundred, the Americans twelve thousand. Pakenham sent a detachment across the river to seize the forts on that side, which would otherwise have annoyed his main body by a cross fire. This attempt was completely successful, but the main body was defeated with terrific loss, and Pakenham himself fell. Jackson did not attempt to follow up his victory, and, after a few skirmishes between the outposts, the British embarked and sailed off.

Though the war was in reality over and peace signed when this battle was fought, yet the victory was of great importance to the Americans. It saved New Orleans, a rich and populous city, from the horrors of a sack; and, contrasted with the American defeat at Washington, it begot an enthusiastic admiration for Jackson which laid the foundation of his great political influence.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WATERLOO

RETURN OF THE CORSICAN OGRE — RIVAL HOSTS — THE GREAT FIGHT—THE CAVALRY, THE SQUARES, AND THE GUNNERS—OLD GUARD TO THE RESCUE — THE GREAT DEFEAT

A. D. 1815

AFTER the abdication of Napoleon and his removal to Elba which ensued, Europe began to breathe. Then suddenly the news of his escape was learned. The exertions which at this crisis were made by the allied powers have rightly been termed gigantic, yet never was Napoleon's genius more signally displayed than in the speed and skill by which he reassembled all the military resources of France. He re-entered Paris on the 20th of March, 1815, and by the end of May, besides sending a force into La Vendee to put down the armed risings of the royalists in that province, and besides providing troops under Massena and Suchet for the defense of the southern frontiers of France, he had an army assembled in the northeast, for active operations under his own command, which amounted to between one hundred and twenty thousand and one hundred and thirty thousand men, with a superb park of artillery, and in the highest possible state of equipment, discipline, and efficiency.

The approach of the many Russians, Austrians, Bavarians, and other foes of the French emperor to the Rhine was necessarily slow; but the two most active of the allied powers had occupied Belgium with their troops while Napoleon was organizing his forces. Marshal Blucher was there with one hundred and sixteen thousand Prussians, and the Duke of Wellington was there also with about one hundred and six thousand troops, either British or in British

pay. Napoleon determined to attack these enemies in Belgium. The disparity of numbers was indeed great, but delay was sure to increase the number of his enemies much faster than re-enforcements could join his own ranks. He considered also that "the enemy's troops were cantoned under the command of two generals, and composed of nations differing both in interest and in feelings." His own army was under his own sole command. It was composed exclusively of French soldiers, mostly of veterans, well acquainted with their officers and with each other, and full of enthusiastic confidence in their commander. If he could separate the Prussians from the British, so as to attack each in detail, he felt sanguine of success, not only against these, the most resolute of his many adversaries, but also against the other masses that were slowly laboring up against his southeastern frontiers.

The triple chain of strong fortresses which the French possessed on the Belgian frontier formed a curtain behind which Napoleon was able to concentrate his army, and to conceal till the very last moment the precise line of attack which he intended to take. On the other hand, Blucher and Wellington were obliged to canton their troops along a line of open country of considerable length, so as to watch for the outbreak of Napoleon from whichever point of his chain of strongholds he should please to make it. Blucher, with his army, occupied the banks of the Sambre and the Meuse, from Liege on his left to Charleroi on his right; and the Duke of Wellington covered Brussels, his cantonments being partly in front of that city and between it and the French frontier, and partly on its west; their extreme right being at Courtray and Tournay, while their left approached Charleroi and communicated with the Prussian right. It was upon Charleroi that Napoleon resolved to level his attack, in hopes of severing the two allied armies from each other, and then pursuing his favorite tactic of assailing each separately with a superior force on the battlefield, though the aggregate of their numbers considerably exceeded his own.

On the 15th of June the French army was suddenly in motion, and crossed the frontier in three columns, which were pointed upon Charleroi and its vicinity. The French line of advance upon Brussels, which city Napoleon resolved to occupy, thus lay

right through the center of the line of cantonments of the allies. The Prussian general rapidly concentrated his forces, calling them in from the left, and the English general concentrated his, calling them in from the right toward the menaced center of the combined position. On the morning of the 16th, Blucher was in position at Ligny, to the northeast of Charleroi, with eighty thousand men. Wellington's troops were concentrating at Quatre Bras, which lies due north of Charleroi, and is about nine miles from Ligny. On the 16th, Napoleon in person attacked Blucher, and, after a long and obstinate battle, defeated him, and compelled the Prussian army to retire northward toward Wavre. On the same day, Marshal Ney, with a large part of the French army, attacked the English troops at Quatre Bras, and a very severe engagement took place, in which Ney failed in defeating the British, but succeeded in preventing their sending any help to Blucher, who was being beaten by the emperor at Ligny. On the news of Blucher's defeat at Ligny reaching Wellington, he foresaw that the emperor's army would now be directed upon him, and he accordingly retreated in order to restore his communications with his ally, which would have been dislocated by the Prussians falling back from Ligny to Wavre if the English had remained in advance at Quatre Bras. During the 17th, therefore, Wellington retreated, being pursued, but little molested by the main French army, over about half the space between Quatre Bras and Brussels. This brought him again parallel, on a line running from west to east, with Blucher, who was at Wavre. Having ascertained that the Prussian army, though beaten on the 16th, was not broken, and having received a promise from its general to march to his assistance, Wellington determined to halt, and to give battle to the French emperor in the position, which, from a village in the neighborhood, has received the ever memorable name of Waterloo.

Looked at from the British ridge, the plain over which the great fight raged is a picture of pastoral simplicity and peace. The crops that Sunday morning were high upon it, the dark green of wheat and clover checkered with the lighter green of rye and oats. No fences intersect the plain; a few farmhouses, each with a leafy girdle of trees, and the brown roofs of one or two distant

villages, alone break the level floor of green. The present writer has twice visited Waterloo, and the image of verdurous and leafy peace conveyed by the landscape is still most vivid. Only Hougoumont, where the orchard walls are still pierced by the loopholes through which the guards fired that long June Sunday, helps one to realize the fierce strife which once raged and echoed over this rich valley with its grassy carpet of vivid green. Waterloo is a battlefield of singularly small dimensions. The British front did not extend for more than two miles; the gap between Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, through which Ney poured his living tide of cavalry, fifteen thousand strong, is only nine hundred yards wide, a distance equal, say, to a couple of city blocks. The ridge on which Napoleon drew up his army is less than two thousand yards distant from that on which the British stood. It sloped steadily upward, and, as a consequence, Napoleon's whole force was disclosed at a glance, and every combination of troops made in preparation for an attack on the British line was clearly visible, a fact which greatly assisted Wellington in his arrangements for meeting it.

The opposing armies differed rather in quality than in numbers. Wellington had, roughly, fifty thousand infantry, twelve thousand cavalry, a little less than six thousand artillerymen; a total of sixty-seven thousand men and one hundred and fifty-six guns. Napoleon had forty-nine thousand infantry, nearly sixteen thousand cavalry, over seven thousand artillerymen; a total of, say, seventy-two thousand men, with two hundred and forty-six guns. In infantry the two armies were about equal, in cavalry the French were superior, and in guns their superiority was enormous. But the French were war-hardened veterans, the men of Austerlitz and of Wagram, of one blood and speech and military type, a homogeneous mass, on flame with warlike enthusiasm. Of Wellington's troops, only thirty thousand were British and German; many even of these had never seen a shot fired in battle, and were raw drafts from the militia, still wearing the militia uniform. Only twelve thousand were old Peninsula troops. Less than seven thousand of Wellington's cavalry were British, and took any part in the actual battle. Wellington himself somewhat

ungratefully described his force as an "infamous army"; "the worst army ever brought together!" Nearly eighteen thousand were Dutch-Belgians, whose courage was doubtful, and whose loyalty was still more vehemently suspected. Wellington had placed some battalions of these as part of the force holding Hougoumont; but when, an hour before the battle actually began, Napoleon rode through his troops, and their tumultuous shouts echoed in a tempest of sound across to the British lines, the effect on the Dutch-Belgians in Hougoumont was so instant and visible that Wellington at once withdrew them. "The mere name of Napoleon," he said, "had beaten them before they fired a shot!" The French themselves did justice to the native fighting quality of the British. "The English infantry," as Foy told the emperor on the morning of Waterloo, "are the very devil to fight;" and Napoleon, five years after, at St. Helena, said, "One might as well try to charge through a wall." Soult, again, told Napoleon, "Sire, I know these English. They will die on the ground on which they stand before they lose it." That this was true, even of the raw lads from the militia, Waterloo proved. But it is idle to deny that of the two armies the French, tried by abstract military tests, was far the stronger.

The very aspect of the two armies reflected their different characteristics. A grim silence brooded over the British position. Nothing was visible except the scattered clusters of guns and the outposts. The French army, on the other side, was a magnificent spectacle, gay with flags, and as many-colored as a rainbow. Eleven columns deployed simultaneously, and formed three huge lines of serried infantry. They were flanked by mail-clad cuirassiers, with glittering helmets and breast-plates; lines of scarlet-clad lancers; and hussars, with bearskin caps and jackets glittering with gold lace. The black and menacing masses of the Old Guard and of the Young Guard, with their huge bearskin caps, formed the reserve. As Napoleon, with a glittering staff, swept through his army, the bands of one hundred and fourteen battalions and one hundred and twelve squadrons poured upon the peaceful air of that June Sunday the martial cadences of the Marseillaise; and the "Vive l'Empereur!" which broke from the crowded host

was heard distinctly by the grimly listening ranks of the British. "As far as the eye could reach," says one who describes the fight from the French ranks, "nothing was to be seen but cuirasses, helmets, busbies, sabers and lances, and glittering lines of bayonets."

As for the British, there was no tumult of enthusiasm visible among them. Flat on the ground, in double files, on the reverse side of the hill, the men lay, and jested in rough fashion with each other, while the officers in little groups stood on the ridge and watched the French movements. Let it be remembered that many of the troops had fought desperately on the 16th, and retreated on the 17th from Quatre Bras to Waterloo under furious rain, and that the whole army was soddened and chilled with sleeping unsheltered on the soaked ground. Many of the men, as they rose hungry and shivering from their sleeping-place in the mud, were so stiff and cramped that they could not stand upright.

Napoleon lingered till nearly noon before he lanched his attack on the British lines. At ten minutes to twelve the first heavy gun rang sullenly from the French ridge, and from the French left Reille's corps, six thousand strong, flung itself on Hougoumont. The French are magnificent skirmishers, and as the great mass moved down the slope, a dense spray of tirailleurs ran swiftly before it, reached the hedge, and broke into the wood, which, in a moment, was full of white smoke and the red flashes of musketry. In a solid mass the main body followed; but the moment it came within range, the British guns keeping guard over Hougoumont smote it with a heavy fire. The French batteries answered fiercely, while in the garden and orchard below the Guards and the French fought almost literally muzzle to muzzle.

Hougoumont was a strong post. The fire from the windows in the main building commanded the orchard, that from the orchard commanded the wood, that from the wood swept the ridge. The French had crossed the ridge, cleared the wood, and were driving the Guards, fighting vehemently, out of the orchard into the hollow road between the house and the British ridge. But they could do no more. The light companies of the Foot Guards, under Lieutenant-colonel Macdonnell, held the buildings and or-

chard, Lord Saltoun being in command of the latter. Muffling, the Prussian commissioner on Wellington's staff, doubted whether Hougoumont could be held against the enemy; but Wellington had great confidence in Macdonnell, a Highlander of gigantic strength and coolest daring, and nobly did this brave Scotsman fulfill his trust. All day long the attack thundered round Hougoumont. The French masses moved again and again to the assault upon it; it was scourged with musketry and set on fire with shells. But steadfastly under the roar of the guns and the fierce crackle of small-arms, and even while the roofs were in flames above their heads, the gallant guardsmen held their post. Once the main gateway was burst open, and the French broke in. They were instantly bayoneted, and Macdonnell, with a cluster of officers and a sergeant named Graham, by sheer force shut the gate again in the face of the desperate French. In the fire, which partially consumed the building, some of the British wounded were burned to death, and Mercer, who visited the spot the morning after the fight, declared that in the orchard and around the walls of the farmhouse the dead lay as thick as on the breach of Badajos.

More than two thousand killed and wounded fell in the long seven hours' fight which raged round this Belgian farmhouse. More than twelve thousand infantry were flung into the attack; the defense, including the Dutch and Belgians in the wood, never exceeded two thousand men. But when, in the tumult of the victorious advance of the British at nightfall, Wellington found himself for a moment beside Muffling, with a flash of exultation rare in a man so self-controlled, he shouted, "Well, you see Macdonnell held Hougoumont after all!" Toward evening, at the close of the fight, Lord Saltoun, with the wreck of the light companies of the guards, joined the main body of their division on the ridge. As they came up to the lines, a scanty group with torn uniforms and smoke-blackened faces, the sole survivors of the gallant hundreds who had fought continuously for seven hours, General Maitland rode out to meet them and cried, "Your defense has saved the army! Every man of you deserves promotion."

Meantime a furious artillery duel raged between the opposing ridges. Wellington had ordered his gunners not to fire at the

French batteries, but only at the French columns, while the French, in the main, concentrated their fire on the British guns. French practice under these condition was naturally very beautiful, for no hostile bullets disturbed their aim, and the British gunners fell fast; yet their fire on the French masses was most deadly. At two o'clock Napoleon lanched his great infantry attack, led by D'Erlon, against La Haye Sainte and the British left. It was an attack of terrific strength. Four divisions, numbering sixteen thousand men, moved forward in echelon, with intervals between them of four hundred paces; seventy-two guns swept as with a besom of fire the path along which these huge masses advanced with shouts to the attack, while thirty light guns moved in the intervals between them; and a cavalry division, consisting of lancers and cuirassiers, rode on their flank ready to charge the broken masses of the British infantry. The British line at this point consisted of Picton's division, formed of the shattered remains of Kempt's and Pack's brigades, who had suffered heavily at Quatre Bras. They formed a mere thread of scarlet, a slender two-deep line of about three thousand men. As the great mass of the enemy came slowly on, the British line was "dressed," the men ceased to talk, except in monosyllables, the skirmishers lying flat on the trampled corn prepared to fire. The grape of the French guns smote Picton's red lines with fury, and the men fell fast, yet they closed up at the word of command with the most perfect coolness. The French skirmishers, too, running forward with great speed and daring, drove in the British skirmishers, who came running back to the main line smoke-begrimed and breathless.

As the French masses began to ascend the British slope, the French guns had to cease their fire for fear of striking their own forces. The British infantry, too, being drawn slightly back from the crest, were out of sight, and the leading French files saw nothing before them but a cluster of British batteries and a thin line of quickly retreating skirmishers. A Dutch-Belgian brigade had, somehow, been placed on the exterior slope of the hill, and when D'Erlon's huge battalions came on, almost shaking the earth with their steady tread, the Dutch-Belgians simply took to their heels

and ran. They swept, a crowd of fugitives, through the intervals of the British lines, and were received with groans and hootings, the men with difficulty being restrained from firing upon them.

A sand-pit lay in the track of the French columns on the left. This was held by some companies of the 95th rifles, and these opened a fire so sudden and close and deadly that the huge mass of the French swung almost involuntarily to the right, off its true track; then with fierce roll of drums and shouts of "En avant!" the Frenchmen reached the crest. Suddenly there rose before them Picton's steady lines, along which there ran, in one red flame from end to end, a dreadful volley. Again the fierce musketry crackled, and yet again. The Frenchmen tried to deploy, and Picton, seizing the moment, ordered his lines to charge. "Charge! charge!" he cried. "Hurrah!"

The head of the French column was falling to pieces, but the main body was yet steady, and the cuirassiers covering its flank were coming swiftly on. But at this moment there broke upon them the terrific counterstroke, not of Wellington, but of Lord Uxbridge, into whose hands Wellington, with a degree of confidence quite unusual for him, had given the absolute control of his cavalry, fettering him by no specific orders.

Napoleon's infantry had failed to capture either Hougoumont or La Haye Sainte, which was stoutly held by Baring and his Hanoverians. The great infantry attack on the British left had failed, and though the stubborn fight round the two farmhouses never paused, the main battle along the ridge for a time resolved itself into an artillery duel. Battery answered battery across the narrow valley, nearly four hundred guns in action at once, the gunners toiling fiercely to load and fire with the utmost speed. Wellington ordered his men to lie down on the reverse of the ridge; but the French had the range perfectly, and shells fell thickly on the ranks of recumbent men, and solid shot tore through them. The thunder of the artillery quickened; the French tirailleurs, showing great daring, crept in swarms up the British slope and shot down the British gunners at their pieces. Both Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte were on fire at this stage of the battle. The smoke of the conflict, in an atmosphere heavy with moisture, hung

like a low pall of blackest crepe over the whole field; and every now and again, on either ridge, columns of white smoke shot suddenly up and fell back like gigantic and vaporous mushrooms—the effect of exploding ammunition wagons. "Hard pounding this, gentlemen," said Wellington, as he rode past his much-enduring battalions. "Let us see who will pound longest."

At four o'clock came the great cavalry attack of the French. Through the gap between, not merely the two farmhouses, but the two farmhouses plus their zone of fire—through a gap, that is, of probably not more than one thousand yards, the French, for two long hours, poured on the British line the whole strength of their magnificent cavalry, led by Ney in person. To meet the assault, Wellington drew up his first line in a long checker of squares, five in the first line, four covering their intervals, in the second. In advance of them were the British guns, with their sadly reduced complement of gunners. Immediately behind the squares were the British cavalry brigades; the Household Brigade, reduced by this time to a couple of squadrons; and behind them, in turn, the Dutch-Belgian infantry, who had fortitude enough not to run away, but lacked daring sufficient to fill a place on the fire-scourged edge of actual battle. When the British front was supposed to be sufficiently macadamized by the dreadful fire of the French batteries, Ney brought on his huge mass of cavalry, twenty-one squadrons of cuirassiers, and nineteen squadrons of the Light Cavalry of the Guard.

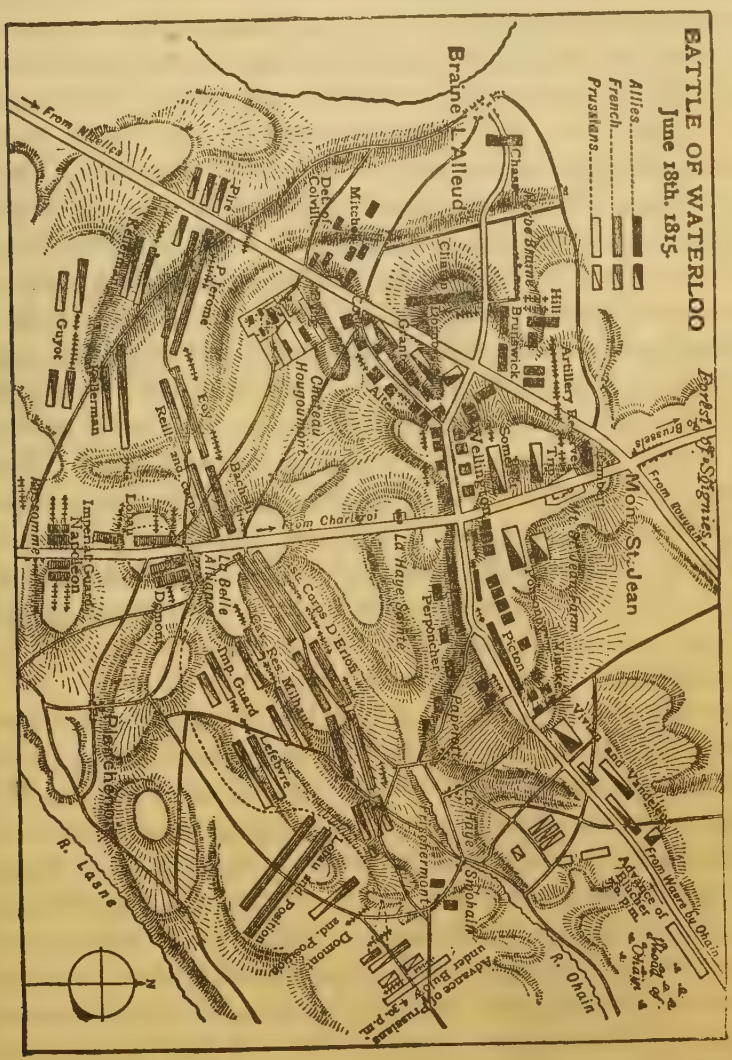
At a slow trot they came down the French slope, crossed the valley, and, closing their ranks and quickening their stride, swept up to the British line, and broke, a swirling torrent of men and horses, over the crest. Nothing could be more majestic, and apparently resistless, than their onset—the gleam of so many thousand helmets and breastplates, the acres of wind-blown horsehair crests and many-colored uniforms, the thunder of so many galloping hoofs. Wellington had ordered his gunners, when the French cavalry reached their guns, to abandon them and run for shelter beneath the bayonets of the nearest square, and the brave fellows stood by their pieces pouring grape and solid shot into the glittering, swift-coming human target before them till the leading horses

were almost within touch of the guns, when they ran and flung themselves under the steady British bayonets for safety.

The French horsemen, as they mounted the British slope, saw nothing before them but the ridge, empty of everything except a few abandoned guns. They were drunk with the rapture of victory, and squadron after squadron, as it reached the crest, broke into tempests of shouts and a mad gallop. All the batteries were in their possession; they looked to see an army in rout. Suddenly they beheld the double line of British squares—or, rather, "oblongs"—with their fringe of steady steel points; and from end to end of the line ran the zigzag of fire—a fire that never slackened, still less intermitted. The torrent and tumult of the horsemen never checked; but as they rode at the squares, the leading squadron—men and horses—smitten by the spray of lead, tumbled dead or dying to the ground. The following squadrons parted, swept past the flanks of the squares, scourged with deadly volleys, struggled through the intervals of the second line, emerged breathless and broken into the space beyond, to be instantly charged by the British cavalry, and driven back in wreck over the British slope. As the struggling mass left the crest clear, the French guns broke in a tempest of shot on the squares, while the scattered French reformed in the valley, and prepared for a second and yet more desperate assault.

Foiled in his first attack, Ney drew the whole of Kellermann's division—thirty-seven squadrons, eleven of cuirassiers, six of carabineers, and the Red Lancers of the Guard—into the whirlpool of his renewed assault, and this time the mass, though it came forward more slowly, was almost double in area. Gleaming with lance and sword and cuirass, it undulated as it crossed the broken slopes, till it seemed a sea, shining with ten thousand points of glancing steel, in motion. The British squares, on the reverse slope, as they obeyed the order, "Prepare to receive cavalry!" and fell grimly into formation, could hear the thunder of the coming storm—the shrill cries of the officers, the deeper shouts of the men, the clash of scabbard on stirrup, the fierce tramp of the iron-shod hoofs. Squadron after squadron came over the ridge, like successive human waves; then, like a sea broken loose, the flood of furi-

ous horsemen inundated the whole slope on which the squares were drawn up. But each square, a tiny, immovable island of red, with its fringe of smoke and steel and darting flame, stood doggedly


BATTLE OF WATERLOO
June 18th. 1815.
Allies
French
Prussians
Braine L'Alleud
From Nivelles
Chaussée de Brunehaut
Hill
Brunswick
Artillery Park
Forest of Soignies
From Brussels
Wellington
Somerset
Mont St. Jean
From Charleroi
From Wavre & Ohain
Hougoumont
Chateau
Orchard
Farm
Gate
Wood
Gardens
Imperial Guard
Napoleon
Dumont
La Haye Sainte
Perponcher
Picton
Kempt
Pack
Vivian
Vandeleur
Ompt Guard
Reille
Foy
Bachelu
Piré
Prince Bernhard
Mitchell
Detmer
Colvile
Guyot
Kempt
Pack
Vivian
Vandeleur
Duhesme
Guard
Lobau
Domon
Subsidiary Dutch Belgian Corps
Corps D'Erlon
Reserve
Cavalry
Lobau
Domon
Subsidiary Dutch Belgian Corps
Reserve
Cavalry
Duhesme
Guard

From four o'clock to six o'clock this amazing scene was repeated. No less than thirteen times, it was reckoned, the French horsemen rode over the ridge, and round the squares, and swept back wrecked and baffled. In the later charges they came on at a trot, or even a walk, and they rode through the British batteries and round the squares, in the words of the Duke of Wellington, "as if they owned them." So dense was the smoke that sometimes the British could not see their foes until, through the whirling blackness, a line of lances and crested helmets, or of tossing horseheads, suddenly broke. Sometimes a single horseman would ride up to the very points of the British bayonets and strike at them with his sword, or fire a pistol at an officer, in the hope of drawing the fire of the square prematurely, and thus giving his comrades a chance of breaking it. With such cool courage did the British squares endure the fiery rush of the French cavalry that at last the temper of the men grew almost scornful. They would growl out, "Here come these fools again," as a fresh sweep of horsemen came on. Sometimes the French squadrons came on at a trot; sometimes their "charge" slackened down to a walk. Warlike enthusiasm had exhausted itself. "The English squares and the French squadrons," says Lord Anglesey, "seemed almost, for a short time, hardly taking notice of each other."

In their later charges the French brought up some light batteries to the crest of the British ridge, and opened fire at point-blank distance on the solid squares. The front of the 1st Life Guards was broken by a fire of this sort, and Gronow relates how the cuirassiers made a dash at the opening. Captain Adair leaped into the gap, and killed with one blow of his sword a French officer who had actually entered the square! The British gunners always ran swiftly out when the French cavalry recoiled down the slope, remanned their guns, and opened a murderous fire on the broken French. Noting this, an officer of cuirassiers drew up his horse by a British battery, and while his men drew off, stood on guard with his single sword, and kept the gunners from remanning it till he was shot by a British infantryman. Directly the broken cavalry was clear of the ridge, the French guns opened furiously on the British lines, and men dropped thick and fast. The cavalry

charges, as a matter of fact, were welcomed as affording relief from the intolerable artillery fire.

For two hours fifteen thousand French horsemen rode round the British squares, and again and again the ridge and rear slope of the British position was covered with lancers, cuirassiers, light and heavy dragoons, and hussars, with the British guns in their actual possession; and yet none a square was broken!

One of the most realistic pictures of the fight at this stage is given by Captain Mercer, in command of a battery of horse artillery. Mercer was on the extreme British right during the first stage of the battle, and only got occasional glimpses of the ridge where the fight was raging—intermittent visions of French cavalry riding in furious charges, and abandoned British batteries with guns, muzzle in air, against the background of gray and whirling smoke. About three o'clock, in the height of the cavalry struggle, Fraser, who was in chief command of the horse artillery, galloped down the reverse slope to Mercer's battery, his face black with powder, his uniform torn, and brought the troop at full gallop to the central ridge, explaining as they rode the duke's orders, that, when the French cavalry charged home, Mercer and his men should take refuge under the bayonets of the nearest square.

As they neared the crest at a gallop, Mercer describes the humming as of innumerable gigantic gnats that filled the bullet-torn air. He found his position between two squares of Brunswickers, in whose ranks the French guns were making huge gaps, while the officers and sergeants were busy literally pushing the men together. "The men," says Mercer, "were like wooden figures, semi-paralyzed with the horrors of the fight about them"; and to have attempted to run to them for shelter would certainly have been the signal for the whole mass to dissolve. Through the smoke ahead, not a hundred yards distant, were the French squadrons coming on at a trot. The British guns were swung round, unlimbered, loaded with case-shot, and fire opened with breathless speed. Still the French came on; but as gun after gun came into action, their pace slowed down to a walk, till the front files could endure the terrific fire no longer. They turned round and tried to ride back. "I actually saw them," says Mercer, "using the pommels

of their swords to fight their way out of the melee." Some, made desperate by finding themselves penned up at the very muzzles of the British guns, dashed through their intervals, but without thinking of using their swords. Presently the mass broke and ebbed, a flood of shattered squadrons, down the slope. They rallied quickly, however, and their helmets could be seen over the curve of the slope as the officers dressed the lines.

The French tirailleurs, meanwhile, crept up within forty yards of the battery, and were busy shooting down Mercer's gunners. Mercer, to keep his men steady, rode slowly to and fro in front of the muzzles of his guns, the men standing with lighted port-fires. The tirailleurs, almost within pistol-shot, seized the opportunity to take pot-shots at him. He shook his glove, with the word "Scelerat," at one of them; the fellow grinned, and took a leisurely aim at Mercer, the muzzle of his gun following him as he turned to and fro in his promenade before his own pieces. The Frenchman fired, and the ball passed at the back of Mercer's neck into the forehead of the leading driver of one of his guns.

But the cavalry was coming on again in solid squadrons, a column so deep that when the leading files were within sixty yards of Mercer's guns the rear of the great mass was still out of sight. The pace was a deliberate trot. "They moved in profound silence," says Mercer, and the only sound that could be heard from them, amid the incessant roar of battle, was the low, thunder-like reverberation of the ground beneath the simultaneous tread of so many horses, through which ran a jangling ripple of sharp metallic sound, the ring of steel on steel. The British gunners, on their part, showed a stern coolness fully equal to the occasion. Every man stood steadily at his post, "the guns ready loaded with round-shot first, and a case over it; the tubes were in the vents, the port-fires glared and sputtered behind the wheels." The column was led on this time by an officer in a rich uniform, his breast covered with decorations, whose earnest gesticulations were strangely contrasted with the solemn demeanor of those to whom they were addressed. Mercer allowed the leading squadron to come within sixty yards, then lifted his glove as the signal to fire. Nearly the whole leading rank fell in an instant, while the round shot pierced

the column. The front, covered with struggling horses and men, was impassable. Some of the braver spirits did break their way through, only to fall, man and horse, at the very muzzles of the guns. "Our guns," says Mercer, "were served with astonishing activity, and men and horses tumbled before them like nine-pins." Where the horse alone was killed, the cuirassier could be seen stripping himself of his armor with desperate haste to escape. The mass of the French for a moment stood still, then broke to pieces and fled. Again they came on, with exactly the same result. So dreadful was the carnage that, on the next day, Mercer, looking back from the French ridge, could identify the position held by his battery by the huge mound of slaughtered men and horses lying in front of it. The French at last brought up a battery, which opened a flanking fire on Mercer's guns; he swung round two of his pieces to meet the attack, and the combat raged till, out of two hundred fine horses in Mercer's troop, one hundred and forty lay dead or dying, and two men out of every three were disabled.

Ney's thirteen cavalry charges on the British position were magnificent, but they were a failure. They did not break a single square, nor permanently disable a single gun. Both Wellington and Napoleon are accused of having flung away their cavalry; but Wellington—or, rather, Uxbridge—by expending only two thousand sabers, wrecked, as we have seen, a French infantry corps, destroyed a battery of forty guns, and took three thousand prisoners. Ney practically used up fifteen thousand magnificent horsemen without a single appreciable result. Napoleon, at St. Helena, put the blame of his wasted cavalry on Ney's hot-headed impetuosity. The cavalry attack, he said, was made without his orders; Kellermann's division joined in the attack without even Ney's orders. But that Napoleon should watch for two hours his whole cavalry force wrecking itself in thirteen successive and baffled assaults on the British squares, without his orders, is an utterly incredible supposition.

If two hours of cavalry assault, punctuated as with flame by the fire of two hundred guns, did not destroy the stubborn British line, it cannot be denied that it shook it terribly. The British ridge

was strewn with the dead and dying. Regiments had shrunk to companies, companies to mere files. "Our square," says Gronow, "presented a shocking sight. We were nearly suffocated by the smoke and smell from burned cartridges. It was impossible to move a step without treading on a wounded or slain comrade." "Where is your brigade?" Vivian asked of Lord Edward Somerset, who commanded the Life Guards. "Here," said Lord Edward, pointing to two scanty squadrons, and a long line of wounded or mutilated horses. Before nightfall the two gallant brigades that made the great cavalry charge of the morning had contracted to a single squadron of fifty files. Wellington sent an aid-de-camp to ask General Hackett, "What square of his that was which was so far in advance?" It was a mass of killed and wounded men belonging to the 30th and 73d regiments that lay slain, yet in ranks, on the spot the square had occupied at one period of the fight, and from which it had been withdrawn. Seen through the whirling smoke, this quadrangle of corpses looked like a square of living men. The destruction wrought by the French guns on the British squares was, in brief, terrific. By a single discharge of grape upon a German square, one of its sides was completely blown away, and the "square" transfigured into a triangle, with its base a line of slaughtered men. The effect produced by cannon-shot at short range on solid masses of men was sometimes very extraordinary. Thus Croker tells how an officer received a severe wound in the shoulder, apparently from a jagged ball. When the missile was extracted, however, it turned out to be a huge human double-tooth. Its owner's head had been shattered by a cannon-ball, and the very teeth transformed into a radiating spray of swift and deadly missiles. There were other cases of soldiers being wounded by coins driven suddenly by the impact of shot from their original owners' pockets. The sustained fire of the French tirailleurs, too, wrought fatal mischief.

La Haye Sainte by this time had been captured. The brave men who held it for so many hours carried rifles that needed a special cartridge, and supplies of it failed. When the French captured the farmhouse, they were able to push some guns and a strong infantry attack close up to the British left. This was held

by the 27th, who had marched from Ghent at speed, reached Waterloo, exhausted, at nine A.M., on the very day of the battle, slept amid the roar of the great fight till three o'clock, and were then brought forward to strengthen the line above La Haye Sainte. The 27th was drawn up in square, and the French skirmishers opened a fire so close and fatal that, literally, in the space of a few minutes every second man was shot down!

Napoleon had expended in vain upon the stubborn British lines his infantry, his cavalry, and his artillery. There remained only the guard! The long summer evening was drawing to a close, when, at half-past seven, he marshaled these famous soldiers for the final attack. It is a curious fact that the intelligence of the coming attack was brought to Wellington by a French cuirassier officer, who deserted his colors just before it took place. The eight battalions of the immortal guard formed a body of magnificent soldiers, the tall stature of the men being heightened by their imposing bearskin caps. The prestige of a hundred victories played round their bayonets. Their assault had never yet been resisted. Ney and Friant led them on. Napoleon himself, as the men marched past him to the assault, spoke some fiery words of exhortation to each company—the last words he ever spoke to his guard.

It is a matter of keen dispute whether the guard attacked in two columns or in one. The truth seems to be that the eight battalions were arranged in echelon, and really formed one mass, though in two parallel columns of companies, with batteries of horse artillery on either flank advancing with them. Nothing could well be more majestic, nothing more menacing, than the advance of this gallant force, and it seemed as if nothing on the British ridge, with its disabled guns and shot-torn battalions, could check such an assault. Wellington, however, quickly strengthened his center by calling in Hill's division from the extreme right, while Vivian's light cavalry, surrendering the extreme left to the advancing Prussians, moved, in anticipation of orders, to the same point. Adam's brigade, too, was brought up to the threatened point, with all available artillery. The exact point in the line which would be struck by the head of the guard was barred by a battery of nine-pounders. The attack of the guard was aided by a general in-

fantry advance—usually in the form of a dense mass of skirmishers —against the whole British front, and so fierce was this that some Hanoverian and Nassau battalions were shaken by it into almost fatal rout. A thread of British cavalry, made up of the scanty remains of the Scots Grays and some of Vandeleur's light cavalry, alone kept the line from being pierced.

All interest, however, centered in the attack of the guard. Steadily, on a slightly diagonal line, it moved up the British slope. The guns smote it fiercely; but, never shrinking or pausing, the great double column moved forward. It crossed the ridge. Nothing met the eyes of the astonished French except a wall of smoke, and the battery of horse artillery, at which the gunners were toiling madly, pouring case-shot into the approaching column. One or two horsemen, one of whom was Wellington himself, were dimly seen through the smoke behind the guns.

The French advanced to about fifty yards from where the British guards were lying down, when the voice of one of the band of British officers was heard calling, as if to the ground before him, "Up, guards, and at them!" It was the duke who gave the order; and at the words, as if by magic, up started before them a line of the British guards four deep, and in the most compact and perfect order. They poured an instantaneous volley upon the head of the French column, by which no less than three hundred of those chosen veterans are said to have fallen. The French officers rushed forward, and, conspicuous in front of their men, attempted to deploy them into a more extended line, so as to enable them to reply with effect to the British fire. But Maitland's brigade kept showering in volley after volley with deadly rapidity. The decimated column grew disordered in its vain efforts to expand itself into a more efficient formation. The right word was given at the right moment to the British for the bayonet-charge, and the brigade sprung forward with a loud cheer against their dismayed antagonists. In an instant the compact mass of the French spread out into a rabble, and they fled back down the hill pursued by Maitland's men, who, however, returned to their position in time to take part in the repulse of the second column of the imperial guard.

This column also advanced with great spirit and firmness under the cannonade which was opened on it, and, passing by the eastern wall of Hougoumont, diverged slightly to the right as it moved up the slope toward the British position, so as to approach the same spot where the first column had surmounted the height and been defeated. This enabled the British regiments of Adam's brigade to form a line parallel to the left flank of the French column, so that while the front of this column of French guards had to encounter the cannonade of the British batteries, and the musketry of Maitland's guards, its left flank was assailed with a destructive fire by a four-deep body of British infantry, extending all along it. In such a position, all the bravery and skill of the French veterans were vain. The second column, like its predecessor, broke and fled, taking at first a lateral direction along the front of the British line toward the rear of La Haye Sainte, and so becoming blended with the divisions of French infantry, which, under Donzelot, had been pressing the allies so severely in that quarter. The sight of the Old Guard broken and in flight checked the ardor which Donzelot's troops had hitherto displayed. They, too, began to waver. Adam's victorious brigade was pressing after the flying guard, and now cleared away the assailants of the allied center. But the battle was not yet won. Napoleon had still some battalions in reserve near La Belle Alliance. He was rapidly rallying the remains of the first column of his guards, and he had collected into one body the remnants of the various corps of cavalry, which had suffered so severely in the earlier part of the day. The duke instantly formed the bold resolution of now himself becoming the assailant, and leading his successful though enfeebled army forward, while the disheartening effect of the repulse of the imperial guard on the French army was still strong, and before Napoleon and Ney could rally the beaten veterans themselves for another and a fiercer charge. As the close approach of the Prussians now completely protected the duke's left, he had drawn some reserves of horse from that quarter, and he had a brigade of hussars under Vivian fresh and ready at hand. Without a moment's hesitation he lanched these against the cavalry near La Belle Alliance. The charge was as successful as it was

daring; and as there was now no hostile cavalry to check the British infantry in a forward movement, the duke gave the long-wished-for command for a general advance of the army along the whole line upon the foe. It was now past eight o'clock, and for nine deadly hours had the British and German regiments stood unflinching under the fire of artillery, the charge of cavalry, and every variety of assault that the compact columns or the scattered tirailleurs of the enemy's infantry could inflict. As they joyously sprung forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds which had obscured the sky during the greater part of the day, and glittered on the bayonets of the allies, while they in turn poured down into the valley and toward the heights that were held by the foe. Almost the whole of the French host was now in irretrievable confusion. The Prussian army was coming more and more rapidly forward on their right, and the Young Guard, which had held Planchenoit so bravely, was at last compelled to give way. Some regiments of the Old Guard in vain endeavored to form in squares. They were swept away to the rear; and then Napoleon himself fled from the last of his many fields, to become in a few weeks a captive and an exile. The battle was lost by France past all recovery. The victorious armies of England and Prussia, meeting on the scene of their triumph, continued to press rward and overwhelm every attempt that was made to stem the tide of ruin. The British army, exhausted by its toils and suffering during that dreadful day, did not urge the pursuit beyond the heights which the enemy had occupied. But the Prussians drove the fugitives before them throughout the night. And of the magnificent host which had that morning cheered their emperor in confident expectation of victory, very few were ever assembled again in arms. Their loss, both in the field and in the pursuit, was immense; and the greater number of those who escaped dispersed as soon as they crossed the frontier.

The army under the Duke of Wellington lost nearly fifteen thousand men in killed and wounded on this terrible day of battle. The loss of the Prussian army was nearly seven thousand more. At such a fearful price was the deliverance of Europe bought.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS

CHRISTIAN CAPTIVES AND ALGERIAN CORSAIRS — THE PIRATE CITY — VICTORY OF THE BRITISH AND THE DESPOILMENT OF THE DEY

A. D. 1816

THE States of Barbary, which, to the disgrace of all European powers, had been permitted for generations to carry on their piratical depredations against the commerce of the Mediterranean, received in the year subsequent to Waterloo a severe chastisement from Great Britain—not more severe than merited, as they had long provoked her, and, in their ignorance, deemed her forbearance arose from fear or weakness.

Influenced by Pope Paul III., Charles V. made war upon them, but, as Robertson records, totally failed; and, by a storm which in one night sunk eighty-six ships and fifteen galleys, with all on board, lost the greater part of his fleet and army. The Spaniards, in 1601, and the English in the subsequent year, also failed. The works on the bay were enormously strong, the Dey Hayraddin having employed not less than thirty thousand Christian slaves in their construction. The French fleet, under Duquesne, bombarded and fired the city in 1632 and 1633. In 1775, the Spaniards attempted a crusade against this great nation of maritime banditti, and totally failed.

During England's long war with France, their insolence and exactions, their piracies and outrages, rose in accordance with the difficulties in which she was placed; and in 1816 the massacre at Bona filled up the measure of the crimes of ages.

Every European ship that their armed rovers could capture they deemed lawful spoil, and carried her crew into slavery.

In 1816, Captain Croker, of H.M. sloop "Wizard," in a letter addressed to a member of Parliament, gave a painful detail of the miseries to which the Christian captives were subjected by the Algerines. In one instance, during the preceding year, three hundred and fifty-seven European slaves, who had been taken at sea by two Algerine corsairs carrying British colors, were landed at Bona, the most eastern part of the province; and, after a journey of many days, three hundred who survived the miseries to which they were subjected were brought to the feet of the Dey. Some were so emaciated and worn with fatigue that they expired before him; and six days afterward seventy more had succumbed to death. The rest were stripped, chained, and sent with others, under bigoted and merciless task-masters, to work in the stone-quarries by day, and by night were secured in the *bani* or prison of Algiers, the rooms of which had bare walls and earthen floors; in these they slept, not on beds, but in wicker "cot-frames, hung up one above another." The stench of these places was so intolerable that the captain and his whole company could scarcely endure it, and one gentleman nearly fainted. Among the slaves there were many British subjects, and a Sicilian woman, who, with all her children, had been a slave for thirteen years. Their daily food was two black half-pound loaves, with a little oil; and their keeper could lash, maim, or murder them at pleasure. "We left these scenes of horror," writes Captain Croker, "and in going into the country, I met the slaves returning from their labor. The clang of the chains of those who are heavily ironed called my attention to their extreme fatigue and dejection, they being attended by infidels with large whips." The women were procured by descents on the Italian coast, and their fate was most horrible in every sense.

On the 13th of June, 1816, the whole of the Italian coral-fishers at Bona, to the number of three hundred, were barbarously assassinated by the Mussulman soldiery. The British consul was assassinated; the British flag was torn from his office, rent to pieces, and trod underfoot. All this was done with the connivance of the Dey. From that moment all negotiations with him ended, and it was resolved to attack him in his capital.

For this purpose an expedition was fitted out, under the com-

mand of Lord (afterward Viscount) Exmouth, a distinguished naval officer, who had been made a baronet in 1796, for his heroism in capturing the "Cleopatra," French frigate, and was now Admiral of the Blue.

On board the fleet, which consisted of nineteen sail, were a large body of marines, royal sappers and miners, royal marine artillery, and the royal rocket corps. These troops now wore for the first time the present shako, with the brass plate and tuft, which was introduced in 1816, and adopted by the whole of the infantry, grenadiers and Highlanders excepted.

A Dutch squadron of six vessels, under Vice-admiral the Baron van Capellan, joined the English fleet. The latter officer had his flag no board the "Melampus," thirty-six guns, the captain of which was an officer of Scotch descent named De Muir. That of Lord Exmouth was on board the "Queen Charlotte," one hundred and ten guns, Captain James Brisbane. The total armament carried was eight hundred and seventy-four guns; and there were in addition four bomb-ketches, the "Imperial," "Fury," "Hecla," and "Beelzebub," each carrying ten guns.

After a vexatious detention of four days by foul winds at Gibraltar—time, however, spent in exercising the crews at the guns —the fleet stood over toward the coast of Africa, the crews full of ardor and anxiety to find themselves before the city; as they had heard, on the day before sailing, that a large army had been assembled at Algiers, and that very considerable additional batteries and works had been thrown up on both flanks of the city, and also about the entrance of the mole.

"This intelligence," says Lord Exmouth, in his dispatch to Sir John Wilson Croker, "was on the following night greatly confirmed by the 'Prometheus,' which I had dispatched to Algiers some time before, to endeavor to get away our consul. Captain Dashwood had with difficulty succeeded in bringing away, disguised in midshipmen's uniforms, his wife and daughter, leaving a boat to bring off their infant child, coming down in a basket with the surgeon, who thought he had composed it, but unhappily it cried in the gateway; and in consequence, the surgeon, three midshipmen, and others, in all eighteen persons, were seized and con-

fined as slaves in the usual dungeons. The child was sent off the next morning by the Dey, and, as a solitary instance of his humanity, it ought to be recorded by me."

Captain Dashwood reported to Lord Exmouth that about forty thousand troops had been brought in from the interior, and all the janissaries from the distant garrisons; and that all were indefatigably employed on the batteries, in the gunboats, and elsewhere, strengthening the defenses. The ships of the Dey were all in port, where there were from forty to fifty gun and mortar-boats, in a great state of readiness. The Dey informed Captain Dashwood that he knew perfectly well that the armament at Gibraltar was destined for Algiers. He had closely confined our consul, and refused either to give him up or promise his personal safety; neither would he hear a word respecting the officers and men so lawlessly seized in the boats of the "Prometheus."

At daybreak on the 26th of August, the fleet was off the pirate city, which lies on the side of a hill that rises gradually from the sea, forming a species of amphitheater, and terminating in a point near its summit. In consequence of its position, there is scarcely a house in it which does not command a full view of the sea. The roofs are flat and terraced, so that people may walk along them for a considerable distance. All the houses are whitewashed, so that, at a distance, the city looks like a ship's topsail rising from the blue water against a green and rocky coast.

On the land side it was surrounded by a wall three miles in circumference, defended by towers and four castles; but the main defense is on the side of the harbor. It is composed of two moles, one of which stretches northeast from the town about five hundred paces in length, and terminates on a rock called the Lantern, whereon a castle is built. At every point were numerous strong batteries, mounting in all, to the seaward, two hundred and ninety-eight pieces of cannon.

At this time its population was estimated at one hundred and thirty thousand souls, "consisting of Turks, Moors, Jews, renegadoes, and Christian slaves."

The morning of the 26th of August was beautifully serene, with a silvery haze that foretold the coming heat.

On the fleet coming in sight of the city and bay of Algiers, the wind died away, and the vessels were becalmed within five miles of the shore; but near enough to see all the crowded and long lines of batteries, with the red flag flying everywhere, and the masts of the shipping above the walls of the mole. Lord Exmouth embraced this opportunity of dispatching a boat, under cover of the "Severn," forty-four guns, Captain the Hon. T. W. Aylmer, with a flag of truce, and the demands that were made in the name of the prince regent of Great Britain, directing the officer to wait

GROUP OF MAHRATTAS, 1818

three hours for the Dey's answer; after which, if no reply came, he was to return to the flagship. Near the mole, the officer who bore this perilous message to those barbarians was met by the captain of the port, who, on being told that the answer was expected within one hour, haughtily replied that "it was impossible." "Then," said the officer, "I shall wait two or three hours."

"Two hours are quite sufficient," replied the Algerine.

The demands of the admiral, after upbraiding the Dey for the recent atrocity at Bona, were these:

"1. The abolition forever of Christian slavery.

"2. The delivery to my flag of all slaves in the dominions of the Dey, to whatever nation they may belong, at noon to-morrow.

"3. To deliver also to my flag all money received by him for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of this year, at noon also to-morrow."

He further required reparation to the British consul for all the losses he had sustained, a public apology to him from the Dey, and the delivery of the officers and men recently seized; otherwise he threatened the entire destruction of the place by shot, shell, and fire.

Soon after these demands were delivered to the Dey a sea-breeze sprang up; the fleet reached the bay, and the boats and flotilla were prepared for service. The latter consisted of five gunboats, ten mortar and eight rocket-boats, with thirty-two gun-boats, barges, and yawls, under Captain F. T. Mitchell and Lieutenants Davies and Revons. The admiral now observed the officer returning, with a signal flying to the effect that, after waiting three hours, no answer had been received.

The ships' crews were now piped to dinner—a last meal it proved to many, particularly on board the "Impregnable" and the Dutch frigate "Diana"—and at the officers' messes bumpers were pledged to a successful attack, and there was a general expression of hope that the affair might end in negotiation; but suddenly the admiral signaled "Are you ready?" The reply, "Ready," flew from ship to ship. Then followed the signal to "Bear up," the admiral leading the way in the stately "Queen Charlotte," before a fine steady breeze from the sea. All bore on to their appointed stations; and, "in the prescribed order," wrote Lord Exmouth, "we anchored at the entrance of the mole, at about fifty yards' distance. Till this moment not a gun had been fired, and I began to suspect a full compliance with the terms which had been so many hours in their hands. At this period of profound silence a shot was fired at us from the mole, and two at the ships to the northward then following. This was promptly returned by the 'Queen Charlotte,' which was then lashing to the mainmast of a brig, fast to the shore at the mouth of the mole, and for which we had steered as the guide to our position."

The "Leander," fifty guns, ran in on the admiral's larboard beam, keeping within two cables' lengths of him; the long guns were loaded with round and grape, the carronades with the latter only; the canvas was reduced to the topsails and topgallant-sails; the mainsails were furled, while the boats were dropped astern in tow.

Under a crowd of sail, our gunboats strove to lay themselves alongside the batteries, where the Algerines were seen busy loading and training their cannon; while vast crowds of spectators covered all the beach, gazing idly at the hostile squadron, and apparently unconscious of what was about to ensue. As the harbor opened to the view of our fleet, the great rowboats fully manned were seen, with their crews lying on their oars fully prepared for an attack, and ready to board, should an opportunity offer. Each boat had a gay flag flying in its stern. A frigate was moored across the harbor mouth, and a brig was at anchor outside of her.

When the "Queen Charlotte" came to anchor, her flag was flying at the main and the ensign at her peak; her starboard broadside flanked the whole range of the batteries from the mole-head to the lighthouse. The entire squadron now had their top-sail-yards aloft to be secure from fire, and the sails brought snugly to the yards by head-lines previously fitted. The topgallant-sails and small sails only were furled, so that no man would be exposed unnecessarily aloft to the aim of musketry.

As the "Leander" came to anchor off the Fish-market Battery, Lord Exmouth was seen on the poop of the flagship, kindly waving his hat to the mobs of gaping idlers on the beach to get out of range; then a loud cheer rang out on the sunny air, and the whole of the tremendous broadside of the "Queen Charlotte" was thrown with a tearing crash into the batteries abreast of her. Shrieks and yells responded; while blood, bones, and stone splinters flew in all directions.

"The cheers of the 'Queen Charlotte' were loudly echoed by those of the 'Leander,' " wrote an officer of the latter ship, "and the contents of her starboard broadside as quickly followed, carrying destruction into the groups of rowboats; the smoke opened,

the fragments of boats were seen floating, the crews swimming and scrambling—as many as escaped the shot—to the shore, and another broadside annihilated them."

The Algerines, from their many batteries, were not slow in making a fierce response. The terrible din of the cannonade became general, as the ships all took their various stations, and when the Dutch admiral with his squadron engaged the armed works to the eastward of the mole. The fresh breeze which had brought the united fleet into the bay was now put down by the heavy firing, so that the smoke hung about the shore and shipping so densely that the gunners had frequently to wait until it had cleared a little; for the aims they took were steady and deliberate, while the enemy blazed away without ceasing. So great was the havoc that sixty-five men were carried into the cockpit of the "Leander" alone, after the first and second broadsides; and in the evening Rear-admiral Milne sent a message to the admiral, urging the severe losses on board the "Impregnable," where fifty men lay dead, and one hundred and sixty wounded, requesting that a frigate might be sent to divert some of the fire he was under. The "Glasgow," forty-four guns, Captain the Hon. A. Maitland, was ordered to his assistance; but after weighing, as there was no wind, she had again to anchor.

An intimation was now sent to the "Leander" to cease firing, as an attempt to destroy the Algerine frigates was about to be made. "These were awful moments during the conflict," says Lord Exmouth—"moments which I cannot attempt to describe—occasioned by firing the ships so near us; and I had long resisted the eager entreaties of several around me to make the attempt upon the outer frigate—distant about one hundred yards—which at length I gave in to; and Major Gosset (afterward General Sir William Gosset), by my side, who had been eager to land his corps of miners, pressed me most anxiously for permission to accompany Lieutenant Richards in this ship's barge. The frigate was instantly boarded, and in ten minutes was in a perfect blaze; a gallant young midshipman in rocket-boat No. 8, although forbidden, was led by his ardent spirit to follow in support of the barge, in which he was desperately wounded, his brother officer

killed, and nine of his crew. The barge by rowing more rapidly had suffered less, and lost but two."

By this time so vehement was the fire from the shore that the masts of the squadron were beginning to suffer; splinters fell fast from them, mingled with shreds of canvas, traces, bowlines, and running-gear. Occasionally the red flag on a battery disappeared, and a cheer from the ships greeted the event, "each captain of a

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gun believing himself to be the faithful marksman." The rockets had now taken the hoped-for effect among the Algerine squadron, which soon became sheeted with roaring flames, amid which the masts and yards vanished in quick succession.

Through the openings in the smoke the dreadful havoc made in the enemy's works became manifest. The whole of the mole head had been reduced to a mass of the merest ruin by the guns of the

"Queen Charlotte"; the guns were silenced there, and the mangled dead lay thickly about them. A battery in the upper part of the town remained untouched; and so loftily was it situated that the shot from its depressed guns actually went through the decks of the "Leander."

So ably did the flotilla of mortar, gun, and rocket-boats, under their respective officers, acquit themselves, that by the time the sun began to set the whole of the arsenals, storehouses and Algerine gunboats were, like their squadron, enveloped in flames, which reddened sea and sky alike. Sheeted with fire, the outermost frigate drifted perilously near the "Queen Charlotte"; but a little breeze carried her past, and she went ashore. But from shore and shipping loose fire and burning brands were flying over all the squadron, and every moment was one of double danger now.

The ship guns had become so heated by the long and incessant cannonade that the English were compelled to resort to half cartridges, as well as to wait their cooling before reloading. By eight o'clock the enemy's fire had greatly diminished, and they were seen running in terrified crowds from their ruined defenses to the great gate of the city. All their movements could be distinctly seen by the lurid light of their blazing fleet and arsenals, which exhibited a spectacle of awful grandeur impossible to describe.

By ten o'clock the Algerine batteries were completely silenced; and, as a land breeze set in, all hands went to work warping and towing off; "and, by the help of the light air, the whole were under sail, and came to anchor out of reach of shells after twelve hours of incessant labor."

By this time the fleet had achieved the destruction of four large frigates, each of forty-four guns; five corvettes, mounting from thirty to thirty-four guns; thirty gun and mortar-boats, and a vast fleet of vessels of every kind and size; all the pontoons and lighters; all the storehouses, arsenals, and timber; all the gun-carriages, mortar-beds, casks, and naval supplies of every description, teaching "these barbarians" a lesson to be remembered forever.

The total loss in both squadrons was eight hundred and eighty-three officers, seamen, and marines, killed and wounded. Of these six hundred and ninety were British.

Most grateful to the wretched Christian slaves who were fettered and penned up in the loathsome *bani* must the din of that day's bombardment have been!

A storm of thunder and lightning succeeded the carnage of the day. The last ship that fired a shot at the shore was the "Leander," on board of which one gun was found loaded, at twenty-five minutes past eleven o'clock.

Morning saw a general order issued, to "offer up a public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the signal victory obtained by the arms of Britain over these ferocious enemies of mankind."

Almost every house in Algiers bore traces of the cannonade. Five shells, one of thirteen inches, and four of ten inches, fell into the palace of the Dey. The moment Lord Exmouth's fleet hauled out, the janissaries demanded that the city should be given up to them to pillage, on the plea that the Moors had been cold in its defense, and that the Jews were spies. It was not at once that the humbled Dey could dissuade these furies from their purpose. Rushing in among them, with his breast uncovered, he bid any of them who was a greater friend to their cause than he was to shoot or stab him on the spot. This romantic act of bravery and voluntary sacrifice silenced them.

On the 1st of September, Lord Exmouth—who for his services was created a viscount—had the glorious satisfaction of receiving on board his fleet all the Christian slaves, amounting to one thousand two hundred and eleven, among whom, however, there was not one Briton alive now; and seldom had a more splendid spectacle been seen than the boats of the squadron bringing off all these poor creatures, whose now fetterless hands were raised frequently to Heaven, imploring blessings upon Britain in every European language save her own. He also obtained three hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars for Naples, and twenty-five thousand for Sardinia.

Nor did the acts of mercy in this last crusade end here.

On the 27th of November, Rear-admiral Penrose, who remained as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, summoned the government of Tripoli and Tunis, desiring the Bashaw and Bey to make the same concessions to the prince regent of Britain that

had been made by the Dey of Algiers; and the rear-admiral had the satisfaction of sending eighty-three liberated Romans to Civita Vecchia.

After that not a Christian slave remained in the States of Barbary.

CHAPTER XXX

THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO AND THE DEFEAT OF MEHEMET ALI

GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE—THE ALLIES AND THE PORTE—THE PASHA AND THE SULTAN—CAPTURE OF ACRE

A. D. 1827—1840

THE history of the war of independence waged by Greece against Turkey forms a glorious page in the annals of that little kingdom, and one of great interest, not only on account of sympathy against despotism, but also because of the untimely fate that befell England's greatest poet, Lord Byron, who died at Missolonghi, in 1824, while actively engaged in the mission of freeing the land he loved, with a disinterested and noble enthusiasm that does him infinite honor. The sanguinary and remorseless character of the proceedings of the ablest of the sultan's generals, Ibrahim Pasha, son of Mehemet Ali, who, by his excesses in the Morea, rivaled the evil fame attaching to the names of Tilly and Alva, at length drew down upon the Turkish government the indignation of all Christendom. In July, 1827, England, France, and Russia resolved to compel the Porte to acknowledge the actual independence of Greece, on condition of receiving an annual tribute; and to enforce such an unpalatable demand each power furnished a squadron, which was dispatched to Navarino, on the western side of the Morea, where was lying a fleet which had brought re-enforcements to Ibrahim Pasha.

Sir Edward Codrington, one of Nelson's captains, commanding the British fleet, arrived at Navarino in September, in company with the French squadron, under M. de Rigny, and on the 25th of the same month a conference was held with Ibrahim Pasha, at which the latter agreed to suspend hostilities against the Greeks until he could communicate with the sultan. Codrington now detached a portion of his fleet to refit at Malta, and repaired in his flagship to Zante, whence he frequently communicated with Captain Fellowes, whom he had left with the "Dartmouth" frigate to watch the Turkish fleet. Twice Ibrahim Pasha endeavored to elude the terms of the treaty, by sending ships to act against the Greeks in the Gulf of Patras; but the British admiral intercepted both squadrons, and, on the 15th of October, the combined fleets, re-enforced by a Russian squadron under Admiral Heiden, assembled off Navarino, with the object, if necessary, of compelling Ibrahim Pasha to cease his brutal proceedings against the inhabitants of the Morea, whom he was slaughtering with increased and remorseless cruelty.

On the 19th of October Sir Edward Codrington issued his instructions to the captains of the combined fleets, and at 1.30 P.M. on the following day he hoisted the signal to prepare for action, while the fleet stood into the harbor of Navarino, the British and French squadrons forming the weather or starboard column, and the Russians the lee line.

The following were the ships of the respective squadrons. British squadron: "Asia," Vice-admiral Sir Edward Codrington, 80 guns; "Genoa" and "Albion," 74 each; "Dartmouth," 46; "Glasgow," 50; "Cambria," 48; "Talbot," 28; corvette "Rose," three brigs, and one cutter.

French squadron: "Syrène," flag of Rear-admiral de Rigny, 60 guns; "Tridente," 80; "Scipion," 78; "Breslau," 80; "Armide," 48; and two corvettes.

Russian squadron: "Azoff," flag of Rear-admiral Heiden, 80 guns; "Gargonte," "Ezekiel," and "Alexandre Newsky," 76 each; "Constantine," 48; "Proveskey," "Elena," and "Castor," 46 each.

The harbor of Navarino is about six miles in circumference; but the island of Sphacteria stretches across its mouth, affording

only an entrance about six hundred yards in width. On the right-hand side of this passage stood a fortress mounting one hundred and twenty-five guns, and on the extremity of the island, almost opposite to it, was placed another fort; while a third battery at the northern end of the island also commanded the harbor.

The Turkish and Egyptian ships were moored, with great skill, in the form of a crescent; the largest of them presenting their broadsides toward the center, and the smaller being drawn up inside, filling up the intervals: at the entrance of the harbor lay six fire-ships.

The fleet consisted of one ship of 84 guns, two seventy-fours, two ships of 64 guns, two of 60, two of 50, fifteen frigates carrying 48 guns, twenty-six large corvettes, eleven brigs, and the fire-ships.

At 2 P.M., the "Asia," leading the line, passed the heavy battery on the mainland unmolested, and steering up the harbor, anchored close alongside a ship of the line, bearing the flag of the Capitan Bey, and on the larboard, or inner quarter, of a double-banked frigate, having on board Moharem Bey, the commander-in-chief of the Egyptian squadron. The "Genoa" brought up abreast of a double-banked frigate, and the "Albion" took up her position astern of the "Genoa." The Russian admiral was instructed to engage four Egyptian ships to windward of the fleet, besides others to leeward, the French and Russian ships of the line following those of the English line, and the whole being closed by the Russian frigates. The "Armide," and the frigates "Cambria," "Glasgow," and "Talbot," took up stations abreast the three British ships of the line, and the "Dartmouth," with the smaller vessels, directed their attention to the fire-ships. The action was commenced by the latter, which fired upon a boat of the "Dartmouth," and killed Lieutenant Fitzroy as he was proceeding on a mission from Captain Fellowes to the Turkish officer in command. This was returned by the "Dartmouth," and soon a general engagement followed.

At first the "Asia" only directed her guns upon the Turkish admiral's ship, but soon afterward the Egyptian commodore opened fire, when Sir Edward Codrington replied with so crushing a cannonade that she was, to quote the admiral's dispatch, "effectually

destroyed by the 'Asia's' fire, sharing the same fate as his brother admiral on the starboard side, and falling to leeward a complete wreck." The Turkish ships of the inner line were now enabled to rake the "Asia," which suffered severely in consequence; he mizzenmast was shot away, several guns disabled, and her crew began to fall fast, the admiral himself being struck by a musket-ball, which knocked his watch out of his pocket.

The "Genoa" also sustained heavy losses, owing to the concentrated fire to which she was exposed. Her gallant captain, Bathurst, was wounded early in the action by a splinter, which struck off his hat and lacerated his face; soon a second shot carried off his coat-tails, and at length a grape-shot, entering his side, passed through his body. This last wound was, of course, mortal, but he lingered eleven hours in great suffering. His body was taken to England at his particular request, and he was buried at Plymouth, with military honors, on the 27th of December.

The "Albion" was also exposed to the fire of a cluster of ships, and after repulsing an attempt to board by a 64-gun ship, a party of her seamen boarded in turn, and captured the latter; the prize was, however, soon discovered to be on fire, and, after she was relinquished, blew up with a tremendous explosion. The "Albion" engaged others of the enemy's ships until dusk, when she stood out to clear herself from the blazing mass.

The remaining ships of the allied fleet did good service; the smaller vessels, particularly the "Hind" cutter, Lieutenant Robb, carrying eight guns and thirty men, engaging the enemy's frigates and batteries with the greatest intrepidity. Two fire-ships were burned, one was sunk, and a fourth blew up; the "Dartmouth" and "Rose" being chiefly instrumental in effecting this result. Sir Edward Codrington cordially acknowledged the valuable assistance afforded him by the Russian and French squadrons, without which, indeed, his small fleet must have been overpowered. The result of this spiritedly conducted battle, as regarded the hostile fleet, was concisely put by the British admiral in the following passage of his official letter: "Out of a fleet composed of eighty-one men-of-war, only one frigate and fifteen smaller vessels are in a state ever to be again put to sea."

The losses sustained by the allies were severe. The "Asia" had five officers and fourteen men killed, and six officers (one of them, a midshipman, the son of the admiral) and fifty-one men wounded. The "Genoa" lost Commodore Bathurst, three officers (two of them midshipmen), and twenty-two men killed, and four officers and twenty-nine wounded.

The "Albion" had two officers and eight men killed, and seven officers and forty-two wounded; the "Dartmouth," two officers and four men killed, and two officers and six wounded; the "Talbot," one midshipman and five men killed, and four officers and thirteen wounded. The "Rose" lost three men killed, and her commander, Lieutenant Maine Lyons (mortally), two midshipmen, and twelve men wounded. The remainder of the British ships altogether lost two officers and three men killed, and one officer and seventeen wounded.

The total of casualties was as follows: British, 75 killed, 197 wounded; French, 43 killed, 144 wounded; Russian, 59 killed, 139 wounded. Total of 177 killed and 480 wounded. Grand total of killed and wounded, 657.

Sir Edward Codrington was nominated a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and received the Crosses of St. George from the emperor of Russia and St. Louis from the king of France. The British captains and commanders were named Companions of the Bath, and received crosses from the sovereigns; Captain Fellowes of the "Dartmouth," who was instrumental in saving from destruction the French flagship "Syrene," receiving in addition the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. The commanders were made post-captains, and the first lieutenants and senior mates were also promoted. The battle of Navarino put an end to the war of independence. Before the close of the year, Ibrahim Pasha withdrew his troops from the Morea, and Count Capo d'Istria was elected by the Greeks as their first president.

In 1832 the quarrel of some years' standing between Mehemet Ali, pasha of Egypt, and the sultan, was brought to a climax by the former sending an army into Syria, which defeated the Turkish troops in three pitched battles, and, after overrunning Asia

Minor, threatened Constantinople itself. From the danger of a hostile occupation of his capital the sultan was saved by Russia; but, taking up arms again in 1839, he was once more defeated. His successor, Abdul Medjid, offered Mehemet Ali the hereditary vice-royalty of Egypt, subject only to an annual tribute, and the government of Syria; but this the arrogant old pasha refused; and as he now demanded Syria on the same terms as his own province, the four powers, England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, concluded a treaty in July, 1840, by which they bound themselves to compel the Egyptian viceroy to accept the terms of his suzerain. France alone of the great powers kept aloof, and was credited at the time with scheming with the object of forwarding the pasha's designs on the autonomy of the Turkish empire.

Orders were immediately sent to Sir Robert Stopford, commanding in the Mediterranean, "to support the Syrians in their endeavors to expel the troops and officers of Mehemet Ali." At this time Commodore Napier, who had been at Beyrout with a squadron, watching with disgust the atrocities committed by Ibrahim Pasha's troops, was on his way to Vourla Bay, when he received a dispatch from the admiral, directing him to return to Beyrout, to take such steps as he should deem necessary to carry out the above instructions, and sending him a re-enforcement of two ships of the line.

The following were the British ships forming the Mediterrancan fleet: "Princess Charlotte," Admiral Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, 104 guns; "Powerful," "Asia," "Ganges," and "Thunderer," 84; "Rodney," 92; "Bellerophon" and "Vanguard," 80; "Cambridge," 78; "Revenge," 76; "Implacable," 74; "Edinburgh," "Hastings," and "Benbow," 72. There were also two 36-gun frigates, three 26-gun frigates, three corvettes, the steam frigates "Gorgon" and "Cyclops," and seven smaller vessels.

Commodore Napier gave notice to the governor of Beyrout that the district of Mount Lebanon and the Turkish troops were under his protection, that in twenty days Syria was to be restored to the sultan's officers, and that he would not permit troops or military stores from Egypt to be landed in Syrian ports. Sir Robert Stopford, in the meantime, had an interview with Mehemet Ali at

Alexandria, and as this potentate gave a formal refusal to the demands of the allied powers, the admiral left the "Asia," "Implacable," and a corvette to prevent the pasha's fleet from quitting Alexandria, and set sail for Beyrout, where he arrived on the 9th of September.

The position of affairs at this time was very critical, and a war was anticipated between England and France, Louis Philippe's Prime Minister, M. Thiers, having held very hostile language in a conversation with the English embassador. The admiral, being joined by a Turkish squadron of five ships under Captain Baldwin Walker, of the British navy (holding the rank of vice-admiral in the Turkish marine, with the title of Bey), and three Austrian frigates, hostilities were immediately resolved upon, the command of the troops on shore being intrusted to Commodore Napier, in consequence of the bad state of health of Colonel Sir Charles Smith of the Engineers.

After landing the marines and five thousand four hundred Turkish troops, the 26-gun frigate "Carysfort," Captain Byam Martin, the corvette "Dido," Captain Davies, C.B., and the "Cyclops," Captain Henderson, proceeded to the northward to attack Djebail and Batroum, two towns on the coast. The latter was evacuated by the Albanian troops, and the former was captured after a bombardment of several hours, though not without loss, as, before a breach had been made, a party of two hundred marines were landed to escalade the walls, but met with a repulse, with the loss of five killed and eighteen wounded, including two officers.

While the main body of the fleet bombarded Beyrout, the "Benbow," accompanied by the "Carysfort" and "Zebra," made an unsuccessful attack upon Tortosa; and Captain Collier, with the "Castor" and "Pique," and a Turkish frigate, proceeded to the southward to Caiffa, which, refusing to surrender, was bombarded and subsequently abandoned by the enemy, when it was taken possession of by Captain Collier, who hoisted the Turkish flag on its ramparts. Equally successful was this small squadron in an attack upon Tsur (the ancient Tyre), which, though defended by one thousand five hundred soldiers, was silenced and captured by the seamen of the two frigates. At Commodore Napier's sug-

gestion, an attack was projected on Sidon; and on the 27th of September he sailed for that port with the "Thunderer," Austrian frigate "Guerriera," commanded by H.R.H. the Archduke Charles Frederick, the 18-gun brig "Wasp," the "Cyclops," and "Gorgon," carrying five hundred marines and a battalion of Turkish troops, and a Turkish corvette. At Sidon he was joined by the steamship "Stromboli," from England, having on board two hundred and eighty-four marines, and the "Hydra" from Tyre, and proceeded with characteristic energy to attack the town. For an hour the squadron rained shot and shell on the works, and about 1 P.M., a breach having been made on the sea-wall of the chief fort, the troops landed with but slight loss, and the castle was taken possession of. It now remained to capture the town. Captain Mansel of the "Wasp" landed with the marines from the "Stromboli" and "Guerriera," and some seamen, while the commodore took command of a third party. The whole force now advanced upon the town, and after a sharp but brief struggle, Sidon was captured, no less than two thousand seven hundred Egyptian troops laying down their arms to nine hundred marines and five hundred Turkish soldiers. Commodore Napier earned great credit by his masterly arrangements, and to this and the valor of the small allied force the success was mainly due. The total loss was only four killed, including a lieutenant of marines, and thirty-three wounded.

The operations at Beyrout resulted in the evacuation of the town on the 9th of October, and the surrender of two thousand Egyptian troops, with twenty-six field-pieces and considerable stores. This success was mainly due to a defeat inflicted by Napier two days before upon the forces of Ibrahim Pasha, occupying the mountains in the neighborhood. Mention should here be made of the great gallantry of Commanders Worth and Hastings, who, with the boats' crews of the "Edinburgh" and "Hastings," landed and cut a train laid along the arched stone bridge leading to the castle of Beyrout, and afterward threw into the sea nearly the whole of two hundred barrels of powder stored in that fortress.

Other places on the coast of Syria were soon afterward evacuated, and at length only Acre remained to the viceroy of Egypt.

On the 31st of October, the following ships, having on board three thousand Turkish troops, got under way from Beyrout to undertake the capture of this stronghold. The "Princess Charlotte," "Powerful," "Bellerophon," "Revenge," "Thunderer," "Edinburgh," "Benbow," "Castor," "Carysfort," "Gorgon," "Vesuvius," "Stromboli," and "Phœnix"; the Austrian frigates "Medea," flag of Rear-admiral Bandiera, and "Guerriera," commanded by the Archduke Charles Frederick; a Turkish seventy-four, bearing the flag of Admiral Walker, and a corvette. The fleet arrived at Acre on the 2d of November, and found lying in the bay the "Pique," "Talbot," "Wasp," and "Hazard." Arrangements having been made for the bombardment, the admiral proceeded with Sir Charles Smith on board the "Phœnix," the better to conduct the proceedings of the two squadrons into which the fleet was divided, and to Commodore Napier was intrusted the task of attacking the western or strongest side of the town. We will not enter into details of the intended disposition of the fleet, which was defeated by a change of wind, but will give the positions actually taken up by the commodore's squadron on the day of battle.

The ships were ranged from south to north in a line parallel to the works, and in the following order: "Powerful" (bearing Napier's broad pennant), "Princess Charlotte," "Thunderer," "Bellerophon," and "Pique," the three latter ships being too far to the northward to effect much with their guns.

The commodore opened fire at 2.17, and a little later Sir Robert Stopford, seeing an available position ahead of the "Powerful," ordered the "Revenge," which was still under way as a reserve, to take it up, which she did, and soon brought her heavy battery of guns into play.

The other division of ships under Captain Collier was led by the "Castor" and "Talbot," and taking up a position against the southern face, also opened fire. The cannonade from the fleet was tremendous, and nothing could stand against it. The Egyptian gunners were confounded by the terrific broadsides of the ships of the line, and about four o'clock all further resistance was paralyzed by one of those fearful catastrophes of which we have

seen so many instances in these pages. The principal magazine, supposed to contain some thousands of barrels of powder, exploded, it was believed by a shell from one of the steamships, which for the first time in naval warfare had an opportunity of showing the great utility of this new means of propulsion. The explosion was received with cheers by the fleet, and after a short cessation the cannonading was resumed with renewed vigor, until not more than twenty of the guns ashore were in a condition to reply, when about dusk the admiral made the signal to cease firing. Before daybreak deserters came off to the fleet, announcing that the garrison, disheartened by the events of the preceding day, were deserting; and in the morning all the troops were landed under command of Sir Charles Smith, and took up their quarters in the town. The effect of the fire upon the defenses of the town in some places was astounding; two embrasures had been knocked into one, parapets had been torn up and guns hurled out of their carriages, and in some instances split from breech to muzzle. The devastation caused by the explosion was even more appalling. Sir Charles Smith, in his dispatch, wrote, "Two entire regiments, formed in position in the ramparts, were annihilated, and every living creature within the area of six thousand yards ceased to exist, the loss of life being variously computed from one thousand two hundred to two thousand persons."

The casualties in the fleet were singularly small, only amounting to twelve killed and thirty-two wounded in the British portion, the Austrian and Turkish ships losing six killed and nineteen wounded. This almost perfect immunity from the liabilities of warfare was due to the fact that the Egyptian gunners, believing that the buoys laid down by the masters of the "Talbot" and "Pique" to mark the shoals were intended to denote the positions the ships of the fleet were to take up, leveled their guns for these marks, and then wedged them into the embrasures. It was stated that the water a few yards outside the ships was lashed into foam by the storm of projectiles showered innocuously into the sea.

The capture of Acre virtually put an end to the war; for though Ibrahim Pasha, evacuating the northern strongholds of Aleppo and Scanderoon, concentrated his army near Baalbec, yet the fall of a

fortress mounting one hundred and forty-seven guns, which it had taken him ten months to reduce with forty thousand men, and which had foiled the mighty Napoleon himself, was regarded as irremediable. Sir Robert Stopford withdrew the fleet to Marmorice, and reported to his government that nothing more remained to be done. Napier, who had been sent to Alexandria, took upon himself to conclude a convention with the viceroy, agreeing to recognize his hereditary claim to the sovereignty of Egypt on payment of an annual tribute of two millions sterling, and even placing his quasi-independence under the guarantee of the four powers. The British Foreign Minister, Lord Palmerston, overlooking the presumption of the gallant commodore, accepted this convention, but disowned the guarantee; and thus matters have stood ever since between the Porte and its powerful vassal, though it scarcely requires a prophetic vision to predict that the arrangement, like other later expedients to bolster up the Ottoman empire, appears to be of a temporary character. The Turkish ships which had deserted to Mehemet Alix six months before were delivered up to Admiral Walker on the 11th of January, 1841, and thus closed this episode in European history. Rewards were showered upon the victorious fleet. Sir Robert Stopford, Commodore Napier, and the officers and men were thanked by both Houses of Parliament; and the admiral received the freedom of the city, also a splendid sword from the sultan, and orders from the sovereigns of the allied powers. Commodore Napier and Admiral Walker, of the Turkish fleet, received the ribbon of the Bath, and all the captains not previously so distinguished were nominated to be companions of the order. Ten commanders were posted, and twenty-three lieutenants and fifty mates were promoted.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE FALL OF THE CITY OF MEXICO

EVENTS WHICH LED TO THE MEXICAN WAR—THE INVASION—BATTLE OF CHURUBUSCO—STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC—THE FALL OF MONTEZUMA'S CAPITAL

A. D. 1847

AFTER the War of 1812 this country remained at peace with the world for three decades. At the close of that period a more serious quarrel arose. It concerned Texas, which was formerly a Mexican province. In 1827, and again in 1829, attempts were made by our government to purchase it; Mexico, however, refusing. Soon afterward a number of emigrants from the Southern States moved into Texas. In 1835 the inhabitants of Texas, headed by Houston, a Virginian, rose against the Mexican government. They defeated the forces sent against them, captured Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, and forced from him an acknowledgment of their independence. They then formed Texas into a republic, with a constitution modeled on that of the United States, and made Houston President. In less than a year the people of Texas asked to be joined to the United States. Indeed it was generally believed that from the outset this had been the object of the Southern adventurers who went thither. The South was extremely anxious for their admission. The soil and climate of Texas fitted it for slave labor, and thus it was sure, if it were admitted and slavery allowed there, to swell the strength of the slave States. All the ablest statesmen in the North were strongly opposed to its admission. They pointed out that it would involve the nation in a war with Mexico, that it would strengthen the South unduly, and lead to disputes which might rend the Union asunder.

Webster put forward these views strongly. Van Buren, a Democrat, and Clay, a Southerner, went with him. Calhoun, alone among statesmen of note, was in favor of annexation, avowedly as a means of strengthening the slave States. Adams and a number of members of Congress drew up a protest, pointing out that all the proceedings about Texas had for "their objects the perpetuation of slavery and the continual ascendency of the slave power," and going on to say that annexation would "not only result in a dissolution of the Union, but fully justify it." But the Democrats were bent on annexation. They refused to support Van Buren for the Presidency, and brought forward Polk, who opposed Clay, and was elected. The Whigs then, seeing that annexation was certain, tried to lessen the evil by providing that in half the newly-acquired territory slavery should be prohibited. They failed, however, to carry this. It was finally arranged that Texas should be at once admitted, and four additional States gradually formed out of the newly-acquired land. As regarded slavery, the old line of the Missouri Compromise was to be observed, but as that was two hundred miles beyond the northernmost part of Texas the concession was of no value. Under these conditions, in 1845, Texas became one of the United States.

As might have been expected, Mexico did not sit down tamely under the loss of Texas. The United States government, fearing some attempt to recover their new territory, garrisoned it with a small force. Their commander, General Taylor, was warned by the Mexican government that, if he advanced beyond a certain boundary, the Rio Nueces, it would be taken as a declaration of war. He disregarded this warning, and the war began. After some unimportant operations in the west, in which the Americans were easily victorious, Taylor took possession of the town of Matamoras. By June, 1846, his force was brought by fresh re-enforcements up to six thousand. With this he marched on Monterey, a strong place, where the Mexicans had concentrated their forces to the number of ten thousand. After three days' hard fighting, Monterey fell. Taylor's force, however, was too much weakened for him to venture on an advance.

In February, 1847, Santa Anna, the President of Mexico,

marched against Taylor with twenty thousand men. Taylor, with five thousand men, advanced to meet him. The Mexicans made the first attack at Buena Vista. Partly through Taylor's accidental absence, the Americans were for a while thrown into confusion, but upon his return they rallied. The battle was indecisive, but next morning the Mexicans withdrew. In the meantime another army had invaded Mexico in the west, and had conquered California with scarcely any difficulty, except what arose from the nature of the country. In the spring of this year an invading force of twelve thousand men sailed under General Scott, the American commander-in-chief. On March 9th they reached Vera Cruz. This place was very strongly fortified, but in every other respect wretchedly unprovided with means of resistance. The Americans were allowed to land unresisted; they threw up earthworks and opened fire on the place from sea and land. After four days' bombardment, to which the besieged made no attempt to reply, the place surrendered. Scott then marched inland and defeated Santa Anna, who had taken a strong position at Cerro Gordo. The Americans then advanced unchecked to Churubusco, a hamlet situated a few miles from the capital. Here serious operations began.

The positions of the respective armies, at this time, may be thus defined. The hamlet of Churubusco, which is intersected by the causeway which leads from San Antonio to the City of Mexico, is composed of a small cluster of adobe houses, and the massive stone convent and church, known as San Pablo, and it is situated on the south bank of the Rio de Churubusco, over which the great road is carried on a fine stone bridge. This bridge is defended by a field-work, known as a tete-de-pont; and it had been constructed with great care, with bastions, curtains, and a wet ditch—four guns, two in front and two on the left flank, having been placed in battery for its defense. The convent of San Pablo was a strong stone edifice, and had been strengthened with two walls, one within the other, and of great strength. The outer wall was a regular field-work, pierced with embrasures, and defended with five guns, although it was still incomplete. In these two works, behind the Rio de Churubusco—sheltered by its high banks, on the causeway still

nearer to the capital, or within supporting distance of some portion of the works—were not only the reserve of the army, under General Santa Anna; the garrisons of San Antonio, El Penon, and Mexicalcingo, the fragments from Contreras; and the floating forces of the national guard; but the reserves from the City of Mexico—not less than from twenty-seven to thirty thousand in the aggregate. In the convent were Generals Rincon and Anaya, with the national guard, the independencia, and the bravos. In the bridge-head were the battalions of San Patricio and of Tlapa, to which was subsequently added the 1st light battalion. On the left of the bridge were posted the 3d, 4th, and 11th battalions; while under cover of the northern bank or levee of the Rio de Churubusco was the main body of the army of Mexico.

In front of the tete-de-pont were Generals Worth and Pillow, with the 1st division and General Cadwallader's brigade; in front, or on the right flank of the convent, were General Twiggs, with his division, General Pierce, with his brigade, and General Shields, with his brigade; and at San Augustin—far in the rear—was General Quitman, keeping guard over the trains.

When General Worth had come within gunshot of the tete-de-pont, Colonel Garland, with his brigade, was thrown out to the right of, and in line of columns obliquely to, the causeway, the light battalion, under Colonel Smith, covering his right; the 2d brigade, except the 6th infantry, was also ordered to move to the right, and by a flank parallel with the causeway; and the 6th infantry, in front, moved steadily along the causeway, for the purpose of storming the tete-de-pont in front. Colonels Garland and Clarke with their brigades moved through fields of standing corn, suffering very severely in their march; and Lieutenant-colonel Duncan's noble battery, in consequence of the difficulties of the march, was withdrawn and held in reserve.

It was not long before the Mexican flanking parties, on the left of the bridge—the 3d, 4th, and 11th battalions—fell back to and strengthened the bridge-head; and General Worth's command was quickly engaged with them. The fire of the enemy was very warm, and the 6th infantry was momentarily checked in its advance upon the tete-de-pont; but the other regiments of Colonel

Clarke s brigade—the 5th and 8th infantry—"more favorably situated to effect results, but under a terrible fire, dashed past the deep and wet ditch that entirely surrounded the work, carried it by the bayonet, and, as quick as thought, turned the captured cannon upon that portion of the enemy stationed in the town, and which was combating our troops approaching from the direction of Contreras, occasionally reversing their fire upon our left flank." When it is remembered that this bridge-head was the key of the position; that the loss of it dispirited the masses of the Mexicans, and filled their officers with "horror"; and that it was captured by the Americans, at the point of the bayonet, with only two regiments, the character of the exploit will be fully understood.

While Generals Worth and Pillow were thus employed, at the tete-de-pont, General Twiggs was engaged with the convent, and Generals Shields and Pierce with the reserves on the opposite bank of the river. The former had suffered very severely, when the loss of the bridge-head enabled Captain Smith and Lieutenant Snelling, of the 8th infantry, to turn one of its guns on the convent, with great success; and General Worth to bring up Lieutenant-colonel Duncan's battery, with his usual effect, forcing the enemy to hasten his desire for quarters by surrendering his post.

General Shields having suffered very severely, the rifles (General Twiggs' reserve) and Captain Sibley's troops of the 2d dragoons had been sent by General Scott to re-enforce him. Having four thousand Mexican infantry and three thousand cavalry as its opponents, this small party—embracing the fragments of the 9th, 12th, and 15th regiments of infantry, the New York and South Carolina regiments of volunteers, and the mountain-howitzer battery, under Lieutenant Reno—had been most severely handled; and the battle was long, hot, and varied. When the tete-de-pont had been taken, however, and the enemy's main body had given way, victory crowned its labors, and its shattered platoons joined with the gallant Worth in his pursuit of the fugitives toward the gates of Mexico.

Thus ended the operations of this eventful day. Five several actions had been fought and won, and the American troops, surfeited with victory, sought repose. Thirty-two thousand men had

been met and defeated; three thousand prisoners had been taken —eight of the number being generals and two hundred and five other officers; about four thousand had been killed or wounded— besides whole armies dissolved and dispersed; thirty-seven pieces of artillery had also been taken, with large numbers of small arms, a fully supply of ammunition of every kind, etc., etc.

Of the American army, sixteen officers and one hundred and twenty-three men had been killed, and sixty officers and eight hundred and sixteen men wounded. Of the Mexicans, it is said that upward of four thousand men were killed or wounded, three thousand more were prisoners, and six thousand one hundred and fifty were "missing."

On the day after the battle (August 21) the army moved to Tacubaya, whence advances were made by General Scott for a suspension of hostilities.

Desiring only to secure the repose which his armies required, and the opportunity for repairing the mischief, among the people, which the disasters of the preceding day had produced, General Santa Anna assented to the armistice, and nominally observed it during a very short period. A series of infractions, on the part of the enemy, however, soon led General Scott to declare this armistice at an end, and at noon, on the 7th of September, hostilities were renewed.

About the same time information was received that the enemy was busily employed in the manufacture of cannon at a foundry which was said to have been within the King's Mill (Molino del Rey), and the bells of the churches within the city, it was also said, had been taken to supply the material for that purpose. This foundry—if such an establishment existed—was covered by the batteries at Chapultepec, and was not more than three-quarters of a mile from the bishop's palace, at Tacubaya, where General Scott had taken up his quarters. Proceeding to the top of the building, the general was no longer in doubt on the subject of the communication—as from the spot where he then stood, even to the naked eye, the evidence of there being some kind of a furnace in the "Mill" was distinctly visible in the bright red flame which rose above its roof. This was regarded by General Scott as a full

confirmation of what he had heard. After looking some little time toward the "Mill," he stepped down upon a sort of banqueta, on which he had been standing, and, as he folded up his glass, he remarked, "I must destroy that place."

In accordance with this determination, General Worth was ordered to hold himself in readiness with the division under his command; and as the enemy was covering the position with a heavy force, at General Worth's request a strong re-enforcement —embracing three squadrons of dragoons and one company of mounted riflemen, under Major Sumner; a battery of three field-pieces, under Captain Drum; two twenty-four-pound battering-guns, under Captain Huger; and the regiment of Voltigeurs, and the 11th and 14th regiments of infantry, under General Cadwallader—was added to the attacking force.

The King's Mill is a long range of stone buildings, which forms the western front of the inclosure within which are the groves, rocks and castle of Chapultepec; and, as before stated, they are covered by the batteries of the latter. This range is some fifteen hundred feet in length; and it is subdivided into various subdivisions, among which are a flour-mill and the old powder-mill, from which it derives its name. Nearly five hundred yards distant from the northern extremity of the mills is another strong stone building—which, at the period in question, had been very carefully strengthened—originally designed for a storehouse, or magazine for the gunpowder manufactured at Molino del Rey, and known as the Casa Mata. Westward from the Casa Mata, about three hundred yards distant, is a ravine of considerable depth and width, beyond which is the hacienda of Morales. This range of ground —from the King's Mill, on the left, to the high ground west from the ravine, on the right—was the position occupied by the Mexican forces.

In the mills, on the extreme left of their line, were the National Guards of Liberty, Union, Queretaro, and Mina, under General Leon, and the brigade of troops commanded by General Rangel; between the mills and the Casa Mata were the 2d light battalion, that of the Fijo de Mejico, and the 1st and 2d regiments of the line, with six pieces of artillery, under General Ramirez; in the Casa

Mata were the 4th light battalion and 11th regiment of the line, under General Perez; in the grove of Chapultepec, in the rear of the mills, as a reserve, were the 1st and 3d light battalions; and west of the ravine, toward Morales, were four thousand cavalry. General Santa Anna was confident of victory; and his troops were equally sanguine of success. During the night of the 7th some slight alterations were made in this arrangement, it is said, but the strength remained about the same.

Against this force, at three o'clock in the morning of the 8th, General Worth moved with the troops under his command. Colonel Garland's brigade (the 1st), with two field-pieces, moved against the extreme left of the mills; on his left were Captain Huger, with two heavy guns, and Major Wright, with a storming party of five hundred picked men, moving against the center of the mills; the 2d brigade, under Colonel McIntosh, and Duncan's battery, in the rear of the storming party, also moved against the enemy's center—the space between the mills and the Casa Mata; General Cadwallader's brigade was left in reserve, in the rear of the line; and the cavalry, under Major Sumner, was posted on the extreme left, to act as circumstances might require.

The action commenced with the heavy guns, under Captain Huger, which opened a fire on the mills; and it was thus continued until this point of the enemy's line became sensibly shaken, when Major Wright dashed forward, with the storming party, at a charge. The Mexican artillery—which had taken a position on the flank of the column—and the infantry on the flat roof of the mills, also in flank, as well as in front, threw in a terrible fire on the little party, killing or wounding eleven out of fourteen officers who were with it, and scattering destruction among the gallant party of which it was composed. With an almost unparalleled degree of bravery, however, it kept its face to the enemy, driving him from his guns; and the light battalion (C. F. Smith's) and the right wing of General Cadwallader's division moving forward to the support of the storming party, the triumph of the latter was established, and that portion of the enemy's line was occupied by the assailants.

While the center of the American line was thus adding fresh

laurels to the trophies of the army in Mexico, Colonel Garland and the 1st brigade on the right were gallantly seconding it. In conjunction with Captain Drum's battery, they also drove the enemy from his position, and occupied it, notwithstanding the guns of Chapultepec were immediately over them.

On the left, Colonel McIntosh led his brigade gallantly up to the Casa Mata, under a most murderous fire from that work; and, at one time, it was compelled to fall back on Duncan's battery for support; when that noble officer and his unsurpassed command opened their fire, scattering the heavy columns of Mexicans which were moving down to support those who were engaged, and, finally, compelling the occupants of Casa Mata to retire from the work, where the entire line of the enemy's position was at the will of the victors.

After blowing up the Casa Mata, and destroying the molds and other property in the mills, the assailants returned to Tacubaya, carrying with them three of the enemy's guns, large quantities of small arms and ammunition, and eight hundred prisoners.

In this sanguinary conflict—the bloodiest of the war—the enemy numbered upward of fourteen thousand men, under General Santa Anna in person; the Americans, all told, numbered only three thousand one hundred. The loss of the former was Generals Valdarez and Leon, and upward of three thousand men; that of the latter was Lieutenant-colonel Scott, Major Graham, Captains Merrill and Ayres, Lieutenants Johnston, Armstrong, Strong, Burwell, and Farry, killed, forty-nine officers wounded, and seven hundred and twenty-nine men killed and wounded.

It will thus be seen that, "with three thousand one hundred men, General Worth advanced against a position selected by the enemy, commanded by the fortress of Chapultepec, defended by twelve thousand troops, protected behind stone walls and ditches, the ground swept by artillery, on a dead level with the American line, and threatened with a charge of four thousand cavalry. It was the most decisive victory ever gained in Mexico, or on the continent of America; but it is a picture too bloodstained for any portion of the American army or people yet to look upon, except in grief and sorrow."

Immediately after the close of the engagement such articles as served for the purposes of a foundry were broken up, and the gunpowder which was in the Casa Mata was either carried away or destroyed; when, having collected his killed and wounded, and the trophies of his victory, General Worth returned to Tacubaya, in accordance with the commands of the general-in-chief.

During the afternoon of the 8th, and on the 9th and 10th of September, Captain Lee and his associates of the engineers made daring reconnoissances, which were directed mainly against the gates of Piedad, San Angel, San Antonio, and the Paseo de la Viga; and on the 11th General Scott "determined to avoid the network of obstacles" which the southern front of the city presented, and to turn his attention against the southwestern and western fronts, where less difficulties intervened. For this purpose measures were taken to deceive the enemy; and while Generals Pillow and Quitman were ordered to move, by daylight, toward the southern gates of the city, they were ordered, at the same time, to return to Tacubaya by night—leaving General Twiggs, with Colonel Riley's brigade and two batteries, "in front of those gates to maneuver, to threaten, or to make false attacks, in order to occupy and deceive the enemy"; while General Smith's brigade was at supporting distance in the rear, covering, at the same time, the general depot at Mixcoac.

During the 11th, 12th, and part of the 13th, the masking operations of the army were continued; while, during the night of the 11th, four heavy batteries were in course of construction; and, on the following morning, they opened their fire on the castle of Chapultepec. With the demonstrations, under General Twiggs, before the gates of the city, on the one hand, and the cannonade of the castle on the other, many of the Mexicans were entirely deceived respecting the purposes of the assailants. It was not so, however, with the able general-in-chief of the Mexican army; and while he exercised proper care of that portion of his lines in front of General Twiggs, he carefully concentrated his strength in front of General Scott.

The fire continued steadily until evening; while the most active preparations were made for assaulting the works, by the collection

of ladders, fascines, and other material necessary for that purpose. The divisions of Generals Pillow and Quitman having been in position since the preceding evening, General Worth was ordered to hold his division in readiness near El Molino del Rey, to support General Pillow; and General Smith, with the brigade under his command—the heroes of Contreras—was moved from Piedad to support General Quitman; the former, at the same time, supplying a storming party of two hundred and fifty men, under Captain McKenzie, to lead General Pillow's column; while the latter supplied a similar party, under Captain Casey, to the column under General Quitman.

The castle and rock of Chapultepec—the objects of the intended attack—are at the head of one of the causeways which extend across the marsh by which the City of Mexico is surrounded, and within range of the American artillery at Tacubaya. The rock rises abruptly from the level "valley of Mexico" to the height of a hundred and fifty feet; and while its western and southwestern fronts—toward the Molino del Rey and Tacubaya—although "savagely rugged and precipitous," were yet practicable for infantry, the northern, eastern, and southeastern fronts were so precipitous as to be inaccessible. On the summit of this precipice is the "castle," surrounded by defensive works—the northern front being defended by a parapet wall of heavy masonry, with a semicircular bastion, on which were mounted several pieces of artillery; the eastern front had no defensive work, the perpendicular rock in its front rendering such a defense unnecessary; on the southern front a parapet, with bastions, was presented to the assailants; and on the narrow western front, besides the parapet, it was also defended with a ditch. Within this line of defenses was the "castle"—a strong stone building, used as a military college, the West Point of Mexico—which had been strengthened with great care; and supplied with sand-bags on its azotea, for the purpose of enabling its garrison to defend itself with musketry, as a last resort.

Eleven pieces of artillery and a strong garrison, under Generals Bravo, Monterde, Norrega, Dosamantes, and Perez, defended these works; besides which, the declivity of the rock, on its southern and western fronts, was abundantly protected with breastworks, redans,

mines, etc., where also were large bodies of troops under Generals Barragan and Rangel.

At about eight o'clock in the morning of the 13th notice was given to both Generals Quitman and Pillow that the signal for the attack was about to be given, and both columns "pressed forward with an alacrity which gave assurance of prompt success"—General Pillow moving against the western front of the rock, and General Quitman on its southern and southeastern front.

The former having thrown forward eight companies of Voltigeurs, under Colonel Andrews and Lieutenant-colonel Johnstone, and Lieutenant Reno, with the mountain howitzer-battery, for the purpose of brushing the enemy's light troops from the grove which is at the foot of the rock of Chapultepec, he followed closely after them with Captain McKenzie's storming party, and the 9th and 15th regiments of infantry, as a support, and by the 5th, 6th, and 8th regiments of infantry, which General Worth had detached as a cover to the column of assault. At the same time the 11th and 14th regiments of infantry, under Colonel Trousdale, and one section of Captain Magruder's battery, under Lieutenant Jackson, were posted on the road leading to the left of Chapultepec—near the northwestern angle of El Molino del Rey—for the purpose of observing General Alvarez, who had moved from Morales toward Chapultepec with a heavy body of cavalry, and General Barragan, who was posted on the road which leads to the north from Chapultepec, to hold them in check; and to give battle in case a movement should be made to throw in succors to the garrison.

The grove was quickly cleared; and the storming party under Captain McKenzie, the Voltigeurs, and the infantry—forlorn hope, light infantry, and supporting party—apparently intermingled, pushed forward up the rugged slope, "over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry." Their progress was necessarily slow; and the officers cheered on their men, as they approached one of the advanced redoubts, while the Mexicans who occupied it were brushed away by the ascending column in its steady progress toward the crest of the hill. As the assailants approached the summit the artillery on the parapet of the castle and the infantry on the roof of the buildings hurled

destruction into their ranks. The storming party, however, is said to have been left behind in the general rush; and these, inspirited by the example of their supporting parties, had thrown down the scaling-ladders on the slope and hastened after those who had passed them in the race for glory. The delay which was occasioned by this circumstance afforded the enemy an opportunity to commit serious havoc in the exposed ranks of the assailants; while it also afforded an opportunity for portions of the reserve, which General Worth had ordered to the support of the assaulting column, together with a detachment of fifty men from the New York Volunteers, under Captain Samuel S. Gallagher, and a company of marines—both belonging to General Quitman's command—to join the column and participate in the honors and dangers of the assault.

At length the ladders were brought up, and some of all parties dashed forward to scale the walls of the fortress. Lieutenant Selden is said to have been the first to mount the parapet, but with a few soldiers who immediately followed him he was stricken down. Captain Howard, of the Voltigeurs, and Lieutenant Mayne Reid, of the New York Volunteers, each with the colors of his regiment, were among the first who succeeded in establishing their foothold; and it is claimed by each that his colors first bowed the tricolor of Mexico into retirement, as one was raised and the other lowered from the flagstaff of Chapultepec.

While part of the Voltigeurs were thus struggling with their fellows for the honors, as well as the rewards of victory, on the western front, Lieutenant-colonel Johnstone led another portion around the southern front of the castle, expelled the Mexicans who opposed him, and cleared the lower works, in that direction, of the enemy who occupied them.

In the meantime the second column of assault, under General Quitman, was actively employed. After adding a select party to the original storming party, and ordering General Smith, with his covering brigade, to move on the right flank of the column of assault, the order to advance was given. With great enthusiasm this order was obeyed in the face of a terribly destructive cross-fire from the castle and from a battery on the Tacubaya road; and the

column sought shelter under cover of some old buildings and of the low meadow which extended on the flank of its line of march.

At this time General Shields, with the New York and South Carolina regiments, was directed to move obliquely to the left, toward the castle; and it was while thus employed that Lieutenant-colonel Charles Baxter and Captain Van O'Linda, of the New York Volunteers, fell at the head of their respective commands.

As the assailants approached the works the covering brigade drove back the light troops of the enemy; while Lieutenant Hunt, with a section of Captain Duncan's battery, having obtained a commanding position in the rear of the storming parties, "threw shells and shrapnel-shot into the works with good effect"; and a short struggle ensued in this part of the field. Part of this division, as already seen, by moving further to the left, was enabled to unite with General Pillow's command and to be among the first of those who entered the castle—the early display of the colors of the New York regiment on the castle and the surrender of General Bravo, the commander of the castle, to Lieutenant Charles Brower, of the same regiment, showing conclusively the activity, no less than the bravery, of that portion of General Quitman's command. At the same time the batteries on the Tacubaya road were stormed and carried, after desperate opposition, by other portions of the division.

While the divisions of Generals Quitman and Pillow were thus engaged, the single brigade commanded by Colonel Garland, the light battalion under Lieutenant-colonel Smith, Captain Duncan's light battery, and three squadrons of dragoons under Major Sumner, the whole under General Worth, were directed "to turn Chapultepec and proceed cautiously by the road at its northern base, in order, if not met by very superior numbers, to threaten or to attack in rear" a large body of troops which had been sent out from the city, and which had formed with their right on the Tacubaya road, threatening General Quitman's flank. In accordance with this order they were put in motion around the northeastern base of the hill of Chapultepec, and moved, in operation, upon the San Cosme causeway and aqueduct—one of the routes to the city from the rock of Chapultepec.

In the execution of this order General Worth soon came to and assisted in the capture of the battery before which General Quitman's column had battled with such heavy loss; and he also fell on the right of the enemy's line, where the re-enforcements from the city were opposing the progress of General Quitman, scattering that body also, and greatly facilitating the operations of the day.

After the capture of the castle, both General Worth and General Quitman pressed forward toward the city—the former, over the causeway of Veronica, by way of Campo Santo and the San Cosme gate; the latter by way of the causeway of Belen and the Belen Gate.

The former had not proceeded more than three-quarters of a mile when he discovered an arched passage through the aqueduct, on which he was moving toward Campo Santo, with a cross-road, practicable for artillery, for a considerable distance, over the meadows which flanked his line of march; and he immediately detached a section of Lieutenant-colonel Duncan's battery and the light battalion commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Smith, to his right, for the purpose of assisting General Quitman, who had been "battling and advancing" on the causeway in that direction; and whose progress was, at that moment, opposed by the battalion of Morelia, which was posted in a battery which intersected his route, and by another battery, in the meadows, which commanded his left flank. The gallant officers who commanded the detachment advanced to a point within four hundred yards of the enemy's positions, and from that place opened an effective fire on the enemy's flank, driving him from his position, under an equally effective fire from Duncan's battery, which cut down great numlers of the terror-stricken fugitives in their hurried flight toward the city.

Having thus cleared the front of General Quitman's column, and, to this extent, facilitated his advance toward the gate of the city, General Worth withdrew his detachment; and having been joined by his 2d brigade (Colonel Clark's)—which had been detached to support General Pillow's column of attack on the western front of Chapultepec—he continued his march toward Campo Santo. Two strong batteries, each enfilading the line of march,

were successively attacked and carried; and he reached Campo Santo soon afterward, without material opposition.

At this place the causeway and aqueduct, along which General Worth had moved, connected with the great road from Western Mexico; here General Scott and his suite joined the column; and here, also, soon afterward, by order of the general-in-chief, General Cadwallader, with his brigade, came up to support the veterans which General Worth was thus triumphantly leading toward the city.

Leaving General Cadwallader at Campo Santo to maintain that very important position, and to keep open a communication with the other portions of the army, General Worth pressed forward toward the city; and fully and entirely sympathizing with their general in his anxiety to win the glorious prize which was before him—the honor of taking the national palace in the City of Mexico—the battle-scathed veterans, whom he had led over so many fields of carnage, hastened to accomplish his wishes and to share with him the honors which were in reserve for the victors.

The causeway between Campo Santo and the City of Mexico—the route which lay before General Worth—passes through the once celebrated suburb of Tlaletolco; and the houses and churches along the margin of the roadway were filled with troops, for the purpose of harassing the troops with small-arms and of resisting their progress, inch by inch. In addition to this means of defense, a battery had been erected across the causeway, at about one hundred and fifty yards distant from Campo Santo; while at the gate of San Cosme—two hundred and fifty yards in the rear of the latter, and sustaining it—a heavy gun and howitzer had been put in battery, and literally swept the line of march with grape, canister, and shells.

In consequence of the unusual character of the opposition, General Worth immediately adapted his plan of operations to suit the circumstances. Two mountain-howitzers, from General Cadwallader's brigade, were ordered to the front, and mounted on the tops of two high buildings—one on the roof of the church of San Cosme, on the right of the causeway, and the other on the roof of a commanding building on the opposite side of the way—and from their

elevated positions each poured down upon the heads of those who occupied the roofs of the houses by the roadside, and upon those who were on the road itself, an unexpected but terrible and effective fire. At the same time the 1st brigade (Colonel Garland's) was supplied with crowbars and pickaxes, and thrown into the buildings on the right of the roadway, with orders to force through the side walls of the houses; and, by burrowing, as had been done so successfully at Monterey, to approach the enemy's batteries under cover of his own defenses. Colonel Clark, with the 2d brigade, was thrown out to the left, with similar orders.

Slowly, but surely, the assailants thus insidiously approached the gate—the enemy, meanwhile, abandoning the battery on his front and concentrating his forces behind the defenses of San Cosme. At five o'clock in the afternoon the sappers had reached those points on either flank of the gate from which, it was seen, the gate itself would be commanded, and (while Lieutenant Hunt, with a field-piece, gallantly pushed forward and occupied the deserted battery, losing five men out of nine who accompanied him in the movement) the men "sprang, as if by magic, to the tops of the houses, into which they had patiently and quietly made their way with the bar and pick, and, to the utter surprise and consternation of the enemy, opened on him, within easy range, a destructive fire of musketry." At the same time Lieutenant Hunt, in front, opened a fire from his battery; and it was apparent to all that the moment had come when the question was to be solved whether the invaders or the Mexicans should occupy the capital of the Mexican republic.

General Santa Anna, in person, appeared on the ground to direct and encourage his troops in their hopeless duty of defending the gate; while the latter—demoralized by the series of disasters to which they had been subjected, by the sudden appearance of the Americans on the roofs of the buildings on either flank, and by the fall of many of their comrades, from the American small-arms, while serving their guns within the gate—were thrown into hopeless confusion before a second fire could be made.

The moment had now arrived for a final and combined attack upon the last stronghold of the enemy which stood between Gen-

eral Worth and the city; and, at about sunset, as the enemy retreated from the gate, the shouts of the veterans on the roadway and on the housetops announced to the general-in-chief, and to their comrades in the rear, that the *garita* of San Cosme had been carried and that the City of Mexico was already within reach of the victors.

Among the prisoners who were taken at this post were Captain Castanara—aid-de-camp of General Santa Anna—and several other prominent officers; and "a well-prepared supper," which awaited the presence of that general himself, fell into the hands of, and was enjoyed by, "one of the most gallant and leading subalterns" of the American army.

Immediately afterward the entire division, with Colonel Riley's brigade—which had been sent forward by General Scott to support General Worth, should it be necessary—was marched into the city; and Captain Huger was ordered to advance a twenty-four-pounder and a ten-inch mortar, place them in battery at the gate, obtain the direction, and open a few shot and shells upon the grand plaza and palace—about sixteen hundred yards distant. At nine o'clock this fire was opened, and five shells and three shot were thrown, with such admirable effect that, as will be seen hereafter, the Mexican troops were withdrawn from the city; the mayor—Don Leandro Estrada—and the Regidors Fonseca and Zaldivar, in the name of the Ayuntamiento, sought the quarters of General Worth, to ask security, and were sent to the rear, where General Scott was quartered; and the enemy's capital—the City of Mexico—was added to the trophies which then increased the previously well-earned fame of the 1st division and of General Worth, its gallant commander.

While General Worth was thus nobly sustaining the honor of the army on the causeway of Veronica and the San Cosme, General Quitman and his command were as gallantly sustaining it on the Belen causeway and at the *garita* Belen.

The movement by General Worth, of Duncan's battery and the light battalion, to open the route of General Quitman at "the Bridge of the Insurgents," where the enemy had thrown up two batteries, has been already referred to; and at the same time that

General Cadwallader had been sent on a similar errand after General Worth, as already related, General Pierce had been ordered to the support of General Quitman, on the causeway of Belen.

Knowing the difficulties which the latter route presented, General Scott had intended that General Quitman should only maneuver and threaten the Belen gate, in order to favor the main attack by General Worth; and he had repeatedly communicated those views, in the course of the day, to General Quitman; but the impetuosity of both officers and men, and the flattering prospect of success which was presented to them, lured them forward and induced them to take a more important part in the great drama of that eventful day.

After passing "the Bridge of the Insurgents"—where the batteries were—General Quitman reorganized his column for an assault on the gate, from whence, and from the Piedad road on the right, a steady and galling fire was maintained. He advanced the regiment of rifles and the South Carolina Volunteers in advance—three rifles and three volunteers under each arch of the aqueduct—and supported them with the remainder of his command. In this order the column resolutely advanced from arch to arch of the aqueduct, under a tremendous fire of artillery and small-arms from the batteries at the gate, the Paseo, and a large body of the enemy on the Piedad road, to the right of his line of march, extending from the left of the gate. At the same time Captain Drum and Lieutenant Benjamin had kept up a constant and destructive fire from a sixteen-pound field-piece and an eight-inch howitzer; and a few rounds of canister from these soon afterward scattered the troops which had occupied the Piedad road.

Notwithstanding the severity of the opposition, the whole column moved forward steadily and firmly; and at twenty minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon the gate was carried by assault. In a few minutes afterward nearly the whole command was within the gate, and the City of Mexico, for the first time, had been entered by the hostile forces of the United States.

Although General Quitman and his command were really the first to enter the limits of the City of Mexico, the citadel of the

city was between them and the city proper, and checked their progress. From that defense, from the batteries on the Paseo, and from the houses on their right and front, "an iron shower swept the road on both sides of the aqueduct, and rendered it impossible to bring forward ammunition for their artillery"; and several times the enemy sallied from the citadel and from the buildings in front of it, and endeavored, unsuccessfully, to drive the assailants from their position. Notwithstanding this serious and insurmountable opposition, which held General Quitman in a mortifying and useless position within the gate, but without the city, the enemy was unable to expel him; and when night closed the efforts of the Mexicans, he was still within the gate and before the citadel. During the night, "by the indefatigable energy of his acting assistant adjutant-general, Lieutenant Mansfield Lovell, his volunteer aid, Captain Davis, and Lieutenant Brown, of the 3d artillery," sand-bags and ammunition were brought forward; and, "by the persevering exertions of Captains Morton Fairchild and Jay P. Taylor, of the New York Volunteers—who directed the working parties"—two batteries were constructed for his heavy guns, on which, before the morning of the 14th, Captain Steptoe had mounted a twenty-four-pounder, an eighteen-pounder, and an eight-inch howitzer. The spirited preparation for battering the citadel, which these works indicated, was gallantly seconded by the entire body of General Quitman's command; and General Pierce is especially mentioned in the dispatches for "his prompt attention" to the important duties of that eventful night.

While the night was thus spent, with two columns of the American army within the gates of the city, the general-in-chief of the Mexican army, with his officers, and many members of the civil government of the city, were sitting in council in "the pavilion of the citadel"; and they determined to withdraw the troops from the city, and to throw the municipality at the feet of the victor. With this intent, as before stated, the civil officers, headed by the mayor, sought the quarters of General Worth, and tendered their submission; and, at the same time, General Lombardini—to whom General Santa Anna had surrendered the command of the fragments of the army—led the troops from the city, by way of the

gate of Peralvillo, toward the villa of Guadalupe, to which place General Santa Anna had retired earlier in the night.

At the break of day, on the 14th, General Quitman was surprised with the sight of a white flag which came from the citadel with intelligence of the surrender of the city and the withdrawal of the Mexican forces; and immediately afterward the column moved forward—the South Carolina Volunteers occupying the works at the gate, and the 2d Pennsylvania regiment those at the citadel, while the remainder of the command entered the city.

After this the Mexicans made no further resistance. From a military point of view, the chief importance of the war was the education which it gave to the American officers, especially in the art of marching troops through an enemy's country cut off from their own basis. The most distinguished officers in the great Northern and Southern war had learned their business in Mexico, and such marches, daringly planned and successfully carried out, were among its most conspicuous features.

On February 2, 1848, peace was signed at Guadalupe Hidalgo. Mexico resigned her claim to Texas, and also handed over New Mexico and California to the United States for a payment of fifteen million dollars. By far the most important part of the acquisition was California. This gave the United States the Pacific as well as the Atlantic seaboard. In fact, it may be looked on as, in some sort, the completion of that great westward movement which had been going on during the whole of this century. The possession of California made it certain that the American people would in time form one continuous community across the whole continent of America.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL

THE CRIMEAN WAR—BATTLE OF THE ALMA—BATTLE OF BALACLAVA—CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—BATTLE OF INKERMAN—SEBASTOPOL

A. D. 1854—1856

AFTER Waterloo the British army struck no blow in Europe until the Crimean War of 1854, a period of nearly forty years. In this time of peace, the sword of England was suffered to rust in its scabbard, and when the weapon was drawn again its inability to bear the strain of protracted hostilities soon became apparent. To descend from metaphor to reality, though the personnel of the army was as good as ever, its organization was defective, the medical, transport and supply departments were inefficient, and in some instances almost non-existent, and there were practically no reserves.

Probably no political "question" that has divided Europe into warring camps has caused greater bloodshed than what is known as the "Eastern Question." It is a perennial difficulty, one that will not be solved until the inheritance of the "sick man," for which the eager disputants are ever on the watch, is divided either by peaceful arrangement, or by the dread arbitrament of war. The process of the disintegration of the Turkish empire has gone on the whole of this century. Omitting the setting up of Egypt into a quasi-independent country, Turkey was hard hit after the war of 1828 with Russia, which resulted in a "rectification of frontier," a diplomatic phrase, capable of a wide interpretation. Then one by one the Turkish provinces were lopped from the parent state. Moldavia and Wallachia became independent as Roumania,

Servia was erected into a kingdom, Bulgaria attained autonomy, after the struggle which ended in the treaty of Berlin; Bosnia and Herzegovina were absorbed by Austria, Cyprus by England; France assumed the protectorate of Tunis, and Greece appropriated a slice of the coveted territory adjacent to her frontiers. So the merry game of "beggar-my-neighbor" goes on, and if only it could be brought to a conclusion without bloodshed, an impossible hypothesis, the world would be well rid of one of the worst governments that has disgraced its annals.

The Crimean War arose out of one of these periodical outbreaks of ambition on the part of Russia. The Emperor Nicholas, casting a covetous eye on Constantinople, thought the time had arrived when he might put forth his hand and grasp the forbidden fruit, and in a communication to the British embassador on the 21st of February, 1853, offered to England as her share of the plunder Egypt and Crete. Doubtless war might have been avoided with a little patience, and some of the practical wisdom of which, Oxenstiern says, statesmen possess only a small modicum; but an attack of war fever supervened, and the czar entertained an unfounded belief in the ascendency of the peace party in England, headed by Mr. Cobden. War was declared by England on the 28th of March, 1854, and an army was landed at Gallipoli and Scutari; and, early in May, Lord Raglan (Wellington's military secretary at Waterloo, where he lost an arm) and Marshal St. Arnaud arrived and assumed command of the allied armies, which had constructed fieldworks at Bulair, about seven miles in extent, reaching from the Gulf of Saros to the Sea of Marmora. The allied generals visited Shumla, and inspected the Turkish army of forty thousand men, under Omar Pasha, and at the Pasha's wish, on hearing that seventy thousand Russians, under Paskievitch, had laid siege to Silistria, they embarked the allied armies, and, passing through the Bosphorus, landed at Varna. Before the end of June the Russian army was compelled to raise the siege of Silistria, and, on the 17th of July, Omar Pasha, advancing on the track of the retreating Russians, entered Bucharest, in Wallachia, now the capital of Roumania.

As Turkey was considered safe from invasion, it was resolved

to carry the war into the enemy's country, and the allied army was once again moved from Varna, where it suffered greatly from cholera, to the Crimea, and on the 14th of September a landing was effected at Old Fort, about twelve miles from Eupatoria and thirty from Sebastopol. The first man to spring ashore was Colonel Lysons—afterward General Sir Daniel Lysons, one of the most gallant officers in the service—and by nightfall twenty-six thousand British soldiers, with fifty-four guns, twenty-three thousand six hundred Frenchmen, with seventy guns, and four thousand five hundred Turks, stood on the soil of "Holy" Russia. The first instance of mismanagement, which reigned rampant throughout the war, was manifest on this initial day of the campaign; for while the French and Turkish soldiers passed the night (a miserably wet one) under canvas, the British troops had no tents, those that were landed being sent back.

The army marched on the 19th of September to encounter the Russian army, under Prince Menschikoff. There was a little skirmishing during the advance, and on the following day was fought the battle of the Alma.

There was an unaccountable delay in marching upon the Russian army, which lay only six miles distant, and it was ten o'clock before the British line moved toward the Alma, on the left or south side of which the Russian army occupied a strong position. The ground here rises from the river in steep ridges up to plateaus of varying height and extent, and is pierced here and there by dry watercourses, forming small ravines. On the slope to the right of the bridge over the river the Russians had thrown up two field-works, armed with twelve heavy guns and howitzers, which enfiladed the slopes parallel to them. Their principal battery consisted of an earthwork for thirteen guns, and further in the rear was a breastwork for nine guns, which played on the right of the bridge. There were also two field batteries, one three hundred yards from the river.

The ships opened the action soon after noon by shelling the heights, compelling the Russians to withdraw their infantry and guns, and covering the advance of the French right, their extreme left, under Prince Napoleon, being in contact with the second divis-

ion. The 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade, in two wings, were first across the river, and the wing under Major Norcott first encountered the Russian fire, and was joined by Codrington's brigade, led by himself and Sir George Brown, with the second division on their right. Buller's brigade of the light division was lost in a hollow, and did not participate in the rush up the heights on the enemy's position.

Nothing finer is recorded than the advance of Codrington's brigade, consisting of the 7th, 23d, and 33d regiments, with the 19th regiment of Buller's brigade. The Russian guns played on their flanks, and musketry fired on their front, but they pushed on with undaunted courage, though every foot they advanced was marked by lines of dead and dying. The 7th Fusiliers, led by the veteran Colonel Yea, was prominent as it pushed up those fatal heights swept by the enemy's missiles, and the gallant Welsh Fusiliers was, if possible, more exposed, and lost one-half its men. The 19th also made straight for the field-work vomiting fire on it, and the 33d, attacked on the flank, was for a moment staggered by the fire of guns and musketry from the hill above. Soon these regiments were in the Russian earthworks, and bayoneted the defenders, and the colors of the 23d, all riddled with shot-holes, were planted on the parapet. But Buller's brigade did not come to their assistance, and the first division was alone in its advance, while the Russians pushed forward in such heavy masses that the works captured with such a prodigal flow of blood had to be abandoned. At length the retreating brigade came up with the first division, now advancing majestically, the Guards led by the Duke of Cambridge, and the Highlanders by the veteran of a hundred battles, Sir Colin Campbell. As Codrington's brigade fell behind the Guards to reform, there was some confusion, owing to the heavy artillery fire, and the duke ordered the line to halt and reform, when Sir Colin Campbell begged his royal highness not to hesitate, but to push on. The division, supported by artillery, marched forward with steadiness, and the Russian guns limbered up and retired.

Meanwhile, the second division, consisting of Pennefather's and Adams's brigades, under Sir De Lacy Evans, had forced the Russian center and right center. Covered by the fire of eighteen guns, the division advanced across the river on the same alignment with

Prince Napoleon's division to the burning village of Bourliouk. The fire, says the veteran leader of the division, was such as perhaps few of the most experienced soldiers have ever witnessed; but they crossed the stream and advanced up the slope exposed to the fire of two batteries and six battalions. In a short time the 95th lost, besides six officers killed, the colonel, major, and nine officers, and upward of one hundred and seventy men. The 55th had one hundred and twenty-eight casualties, and the 30th lost one hundred and fifty officers and men. The French attack had already told on the Russian left center, which had been turned. Their artillery retired, and the Guards and Highlanders, advancing with steadiness and precision, drove back their infantry with dreadful volleys, and were supported on the right by Pennefather's and Adams's brigades of the 2d division. The Russian army retreated as the British line advanced over the crest of the hill with bayonets at the charge, and the battle of the Alma was won. It was now nearly five o'clock, and as Lord Raglan and his divisional generals rode along the victorious line they were received with tumultuous cheering by the soldiers. But there was no pursuit, as the men had been eleven hours under arms, and Lord Raglan was desirous of preserving his cavalry, of which only the light division, one thousand one hundred sabers, was present on the field. In this battle the Russians had thirty-three thousand five hundred infantry, and three thousand five hundred cavalry, with ninety-four guns, and their position ought to have been impregnable. Their loss was officially stated at one thousand seven hundred and sixty-two killed, two thousand three hundred and fifteen wounded, including four generals, and four hundred and five contused, with two generals prisoners. The British losses, about three thousand in all, were chiefly borne by the Guards, Codrington's brigade and the second division. Fourteen battalions and the cavalry suffered little, and, indeed, seven thousand were not engaged. The French had one thousand four hundred killed and wounded.

The enemy halted at the Katcha till after midnight, and at four o'clock on the following afternoon arrived on the north side of Sebastopol. Marshal St. Arnaud wished to follow the enemy on the following day, but Lord Raglan declined, as he had three thou-

sand wounded English and Russians to remove on board ship, and there were in addition one thousand sick. Early on the 23d, the army marched from the blood-stained heights of the Alma, leaving some seven hundred and fifty wounded Russians behind under charge of an English surgeon. It was not until noon on the 24th that the allied army, re-enforced by seven thousand French troops and the Scots Greys and 57th regiment, moved from the Katcha toward the Belbek, and on the following day was executed the celebrated flank march to Balaclava by the ridge between the Belbek and the Tchernaya. On the same day Princes Menschikoff and Gortschakoff had retreated to Bakschiserai, leaving only nine weak battalions in Sebastopol, which, in the opinion of competent critics, could have been taken by a coup de main, while the pursuit of their main army, demoralized by defeat, would have insured its rout or surrender. But this was not done, and the army sat down before that stronghold, the defenses of which were daily strengthened under the presiding genius of General Todleben of the Russian engineers, and the place was not captured for a twelvemonth, when tens of thousands of lives had been sacrificed, and the prestige of England had suffered eclipse. The siege of Sebastopol was signalized before the close of the year by the battles of Balaclava and Inkerman, in which the prowess of both the English mounted and foot-soldiers received remarkable illustrations.

Within three days of arriving at Balaclava, where the army once more came into communication with the fleet, Marshal St. Arnaud was compelled through illness to resign the command to General Canrobert, and died at sea. Owing to the insanitary state of Balaclava, there perished during the first three weeks as many men as fell at the Alma. The allied armies now took up positions on the heights which envelop Sebastopol on the south side from the sea to the Tchernaya. The first bombardment began on October 17, the British batteries mounting seventy-one pieces of ordnance, and the French forty-six, and the Russians replying with one hundred and thirty guns. But though much ammunition was consumed, little damage was done. At this time, out of thirty-five thousand six hundred men borne on the strength of the army, only sixteen thousand five hundred were effective, and the enemy

was concentrating on the rear and flank of the besiegers with the object of raising the siege.

On the morning of the 25th of October news was received at headquarters that a strong corps of Russians had attacked the redoubts on the hills at Balaclava, held by Turkish troops. Sir Colin Campbell, who was in command, had drawn up the 93d Highlanders in front of the road to the town, the marines on the heights, and Lord Lucan's cavalry was in readiness to receive the Russian horsemen. The 1st and 4th divisions were put in motion, and also General Bosquet's division of French troops, and Lord Raglan proceeded to the scene of action. On the Russian advance the Turkish gunners fled from the redoubts, and were pursued by the Cossack cavalry, while the guns were turned on the 93d Highlanders, which Sir Colin retired. The Russian cavalry now charged the "thin red line tipped with steel," which vomited forth volleys, first at six hundred yards, and then at two hundred and fifty, when the horsemen wheeled about and fled. Said the veteran chief: "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep." Now came the turn for the cavalry.

The heavy brigade, under General Scarlett, was drawn up in two lines, the first consisting of the Scots Greys and Inniskillings, the second of the 1st Royal Dragoons and the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards. Their trumpets rang out as soon as the Russian cavalry, lancers, and dragoons had descended the hill, and the heavy brigade advanced at the charge. The shock of battle was great as the two distinguished regiments, the Greys and Inniskillings, charged together, as they had charged at Waterloo, but there was not a moment's doubt as to the result. A cheer burst from every lip—for Lord Raglan and his staff and a brilliant throng of French officers watched the exciting scene—as the first line disappeared in the midst of the forest of lances and upraised swords, and were quickly followed by the second line, completing the discomfiture of those gayly-clad horsemen. The Russian horsemen retired in confusion, and were followed by shot from the British batteries, and as the 1st and 4th divisions had now arrived on the ground, it had been well had the day's work ended here, so far as the cavalry was concerned.

Lord Lucan received an order for the light cavalry to take up a fresh position in front, and on asking Captain Nolan, "Where are we to advance to?" received a reply to the following effect from that officer, who pointed in the direction of the Russians: "There are the enemy, and there are the guns." It is a maxim in war that cavalry should never charge guns without infantry in support, but these were far in the rear, and there was a plain, half a league in length, before the enemy's guns could be reached. For six hundred horsemen to attack thirty guns, supported by six battalions of infantry, under such circumstances, was a wild measure, and Lord Lucan hesitated; but he considered the orders were imperative, and directed Lord Cardigan to carry them into execution. At ten minutes past eleven, the brigade, six hundred and twenty-six sabers, scarce more than one effective regiment, advanced in all the pride and pomp of war, their arms and accouterments glittering in the morning sun. They rode in two lines, the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers in front, and the 4th Light Dragoons and 8th and 11th Hussars in the second line, and quickened their pace as they closed on the enemy's guns, which opened fire at a range of one thousand two hundred yards. But undaunted by the iron storm which thinned their ranks, these gallant horsemen continued on their course, and soon were lost to view amid the smoke of the batteries. Through the guns they rode, sabering the artillerymen, and, pushing on, engaged the Russian infantry, while the flank fire of the batteries on the hill smote their depleted ranks, and a regiment of lancers attacked them in flank. Overpowered by numbers, but covered with imperishable glory, the shattered remnants of that gallant band—"the six hundred" immortalized in Lord Tennyson's verse—made their way back, covered by the heavy brigade, to their comrades, who had watched, spellbound and breathless, this unique scene, of which the French general well said that "it was magnificent, but it was not war." The French chasseurs, two hundred strong, charged in support and lost fifty men, and the British infantry moved toward the redoubts, when the Russian columns slowly retired. Of the light cavalry brigade, ten officers, including Captain Nolan, and one hundred and forty-seven men were killed; and eleven officers,

including Lord Cardigan, and one hundred and ten men were wounded. Their names and those of the survivors are recorded in the roll of England's heroes, and the memory of "the wild charge they made" will never fade from the page of history.

Though the Russians had failed in their object of taking Balaclava, they fired a salute to celebrate what they regarded as a success, and on the following day sallied out, some seven thousand strong, and attacked the left of Sir De Lacy Evans's division, who speedily repulsed them, supported by the Guards and several regiments of the fourth division, and in rear by General Bosquet's division. Three days after the battle of Balaclava, the British cavalry shifted their camp, and, abandoning the lower road, took up ground on the hills on the road to Balaclava, close to the rear of the French center. On the memorable 5th of November, the Russians, encouraged by the presence of two granddukes, made a desperate attempt to break the lines of the investment by an attack, which was only defeated by the valor of the British soldier. Sir De Lacy Evans had repeatedly represented the insecurity of his position, but without effect. Ravines and curves in the hill led up to the crest, on which the right flank was resting without intrenchments or guns, for the two field-pieces placed on a sandbag battery on the slope of the hill had been removed. The night of the 4th of November had been wet and miserable, and before daylight, a strong force of Russians was concentrated, unobserved; and creeping up the rugged heights over the valley of Inkerman, burst like a flood on the undefended flank of the second division. It was about five o'clock, amid drizzling rain, that General Codrington, on visiting the outlying pickets of his brigade, heard a sharp rattle of musketry down the hill, where the pickets of the second division, temporarily under command of General Pennefather, were stationed. Speedily the light and second divisions were turned out, and the pickets of the latter fell back before the masses of Russian infantry climbing the hill. Adams's left brigade, consisting of the 41st, 47th and 49th regiments, was pushed to the brow of the hill to check the advance of the Russians by the road from the valley, and Pennefather's brigade, consisting of the 30th, 55th and 95th regiments, was posted on their flank, while

Sir George Cathcart, commanding the fourth division, brought up such portions of the 20th, 21st, 46th, 57th, 63d, and 68th regiments as were not employed in the trenches, to the right of the ground occupied by the second division. Buller's brigade of the Light division supported the second division on the left, and the Guards' brigade on the right advanced to the summit of the hill overlooking the valley of the Tchernaya. On arriving at the edge of the plateau in the ravine, close to the road to Sebastopol, the Guards encountered two columns of Russians coming up the steep ground covered with brushwood, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued. Lord Raglan arrived on the ground soon after seven, and ordered up the 18-pounders, under Gambier, who was wounded, when Dickenson took his place, and the fire of these heavy pieces had a most marked effect in deciding the fate of the day. The drizzling rain was so thick, and the ground so broken by ravines and covered with brushwood, that the generals could not direct the attack; the individual courage and intelligence of officers and men were therefore called into requisition, and the battle resolved itself into a series of encounters between the enemy and isolated British regiments and companies.

As Sir George Cathcart was leading the 63d regiment against the Russians posted on a hill, he fell at the head of his men, with a bullet through the head and three bayonet wounds in the body. The 63d had expended their ammunition and were surrounded, but fought their way up the hill with the loss of five hundred men, among the slain being the colonel. General Goldie, of Cathcart's division, who was engaged with his brigade on the left of the Inkerman road, was mortally wounded, and many wounded officers and men were bayoneted by the barbarous Russian soldiers.

On the right, Buller's brigade fought with equal determination, and suffered no less. The 88th were surrounded, but were relieved by four companies of the 77th, who charged the Russians. Still further to the right the Guards were engaged with overpowering masses of the enemy. Twice they drove them out of the Sandbag battery, but having expended their ammunition, and a fresh column of the enemy coming upon their rear, they were compelled to retire, with the loss of nearly half their number. Meanwhile

the second division, in the center of the position, suffered severely under the terrible fire to which it was exposed, and, mustered in rear of the camp after the fight, numbered only three hundred men. As Lord Raglan watched the progress of the battle, General Strangeways of the artillery, by his side, had his leg carried away by a round shot and died in two hours. At this time, under cover of the uncertain light, the Russians succeeded in capturing two batteries, and drove away or bayoneted the gunners and spiked four guns. At length, when the British troops were exhausted and almost overborne by superior numbers, six thousand of their French allies arrived to their rescue. It was after nine o'clock when they appeared on the brow of the hill on the right, and were speedily engaged with the enemy, fresh columns of whom arrived to renew the conflict. By noon the Russians were driven down the hill toward the valley and the battle was over. The attacking force was estimated at twenty thousand men, with a reserve of fifteen thousand from which to continue the struggle. By some the strength of the Russian columns was placed at over fifty thousand, and it is certain that at no time were more than eight thousand British troops engaged.

Never in history, not even at Albuera, where they were the attacking, not the defending party, did British soldiers fight with more desperate bravery or display the bulldog tenacity which knows not when it is beaten. The loss on both sides was proportionately great. The Russian casualties were estimated as high as sixteen thousand, and it is certain that two thousand Russian dead were found on the hillsides which formed the field of battle. On the British side the casualties were two thousand five hundred, the killed including fifty officers, among whom were Generals Cathcart, Strangeways, and Goldie, and the wounded, Sir George Brown and General Bentinck. The light and second divisions—Sir De Lacy Evans, who was sick, joined the latter when the fight began—were opposed to the Russian center; the 4th division and marines resisted the extreme Russian right nearest Sebastopol, and the Guards were engaged with their left column. The brigade lost fourteen officers killed, but they took an ample revenge, for round the Sandbag battery were heaped one thousand two hundred

THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Forty

THE ENGLISH BATTLESHIP "INFLEXIBLE"

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Forty-two

CHINESE ARTILLERY IN ACTION

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Forty-five

THE BAHR-EL-GAZELLE

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Forty-four

THE ATTACK OF THE JAPANESE AFTER CROSSING THE YALU

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Forty-five

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE CHINESE IRONCLAD "CHEN YUEN" AND THE JAPANESE CRUISERS "ITSUKUSHIMA," "NANIWA" AND "HIYEI"

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Forty-five

dead and dying Russians. The 4th division, besides losing its three generals, had seven hundred casualties, being more than one-quarter of its strength. Such was the struggle which has been aptly called the "Soldiers' Battle."

The siege of Sebastopol was now pushed on by the allies, and continued throughout the winter of 1854. No words can depict the horrors of that investment, with storms of wind and snow, and with a scanty commissariat and little fueling for the troops exposed on the open plateau to the rigors of an arctic climate. Service in the trenches was very arduous. Sickness decimated the troops, and eight thousand men were sent on board ship within seven weeks, ending the 20th of January, 1855, and according to official report, "the covering party for the entire right attack, upward of a mile in extent, never exceeded three hundred and fifty men, and the guard for the other attack was equally small."

The second bombardment of Sebastopol lasted between the 9th and 17th of April without any decisive result, though the Malakhoff and Mamelon suffered considerably. The 77th regiment carried the rifle pits in advance of the right attack on the 19th of April, when Colonel Egerton and eleven officers and men were killed, and fifty-six men wounded. In May the Piedmontese division, of seventeen thousand men, under General La Marmora, arrived to participate in the siege, and General Canrobert resigned the command of the French army to General Pelissier.

On the 6th of June the third bombardment commenced, the British batteries mounting one hundred and fifty-four guns and mortars, and at 6 P.M. on the 7th was delivered the assault on the quarries by the British troops, while their allies attacked the Mamelon. The storming party, led by Colonel Campbell, of the 90th regiment, carried the quarries with a rush, and during the night repelled several attempts of the enemy to retake the position. The British casualties were ten officers and one hundred and seventeen rank and filed killed and thirty-six officers and four hundred and eighty-six men wounded. Of the six engineer officers engaged, two were slain, and Captain (afterward Lord) Wolseley, who had been doing duty with this branch of the army, was wounded in the thigh by a bullet from a canister shot. This, and

the capture by the French of the Mamelon, was the first advantage gained by the allies since the commencement of the siege seven months before.

The fourth general bombardment of Sebastopol was opened on the 17th of June, the British batteries mounting sixty-two pieces of ordnance on the right attack, and one hundred and four on the left, and on the 18th an assault was delivered on the Redan and Malakhoff. The result was a sanguinary repulse for both the British and French columns of attack. The British loss, including the naval brigade, was twenty-two officers, among whom were General Sir John Campbell and Colonels Shadforth and Yea (a specially fine officer), and two hundred and forty-seven men killed; and seventy-eight officers, including Generals Sir William Eyre and Harry Jones, and Colonels Tylden (mortally), Lysons, Johnson, Gwilt and Cobbe, Captain Peel, R.N., and one thousand and ninety-seven men, wounded. The French had thirty-nine officers killed and ninety-three wounded, and about three thousand two hundred men hors de combat, while the Russians admitted a loss of five thousand eight hundred. Ten days after this disastrous repulse, Lord Raglan died, having soon followed his colleague, St. Arnaud, and his enemy, Prince Menschikoff. Sir James Simpson, chief of the staff, succeeded, as senior officer, to the command of the army, though there was present in the camp the veteran, Sir Colin Campbell, in every way his superior.

On the 16th of August the Russians delivered a counter-attack on the line of the Tchernaya, but were driven back by the French and Sardinians, with the loss of over twelve thousand men. Fighting continued almost daily in the trenches, and on the 5th of September the allied batteries opened the last bombardment of Sebastopol, the British guns numbering two hundred and two, and those of the French no less than six hundred and twenty-seven. Three days later was delivered the grand combined assault by the French with thirty thousand men on the Malakhoff and Little Redan, while the British attacked the Redan with only the light and second divisions, under the command of Sir William Codrington.

The French captured the Malakhoff, but the British storming columns suffered a disastrous repulse. The light division succeeded in

effecting an entry into the Redan, and were followed by the storming columns of the second division, issuing out of the fifth parallel; but all the brigadiers, except Colonel Windham, were killed, and the Russians returning into the work in large numbers, the British fell into confusion, and, as no supports were sent by the general officer in command, they retreated from the Redan followed by the Russian fire. Though the 1st, 3d and 4th divisions had not been engaged, Sir James Simpson was disinclined to renew the conflict. But with the loss of the Malakhoff, the key of the position, the Russian hold of the Redan became untenable, and that night they evacuated it, together with the city they had so long and gallantly defended, which was now left a burning and blood-soaked ruin. They sunk their ships, blew up their forts, and retired to the north side without molestation, carrying off most of the stores and trophies.

So frightful had been the carnage sustained during the last bombardment by the concentrated fire of the allied batteries, that no part of the city, except the bomb-proofs in the batteries, were safe, and the Russians owned to a loss of three thousand men a week, and during a considerable period their loss was stated to be five hundred daily. Sir William Codrington, who had commanded the light division on the retirement of Sir George Brown, succeeded to the command of the army on the 12th of November, but beyond the capture of Kinburn, no military operations were undertaken, and on the 2d of April, 1856, proclamation of peace was made to the allied armies by salutes of one hundred and one guns. Sebastopol and the Crimea were evacuated, but it was not until the 12th of July that the last British troops, a detachment of the 50th regiment, delivered up Balaclava to a party of Russian Cossacks. During the expedition, the British army had lost, killed in action or died of wounds, three thousand five hundred; died of disease, twenty thousand two hundred and forty-four. Of these two hundred and seventy were officers. The French loss was estimated at sixty-three thousand five hundred, and that of the Russians was placed as high as half a million of men. These losses are exclusive of the wounded.

The operations in the Baltic were almost entirely conducted by

the fleet, the only soldiers engaged being some engineers at the siege of Bomarsund. The generation succeeding the one which made these enormous sacrifices to limit the pretensions of Russia have seen the provisions of the treaty of Paris, one by one, torn up, until little now remains of that instrument, and the great Northern power continues her slow but persistent advance toward the realization of the Slavonic idea of domination in the Balkan peninsula and Eastern Europe generally.

CHAPTER XXXIII

CAWNPORE AND LUCKNOW

THE INDIAN MUTINY—THE RISING AT BARRACKPORE—MUTINIES AT BENARES AND ALLAHABAD—MASSACRE OF CAWNPORE—SIEGE OF DELHI—SIEGE OF LUCKNOW—BATTLES FOR PEACE

A. D. 1857—1859

BRITISH military prestige, which had suffered considerably by the events of the Crimean War, was enhanced by the heroic defense of Lucknow, by the series of battles fought by Havelock to effect its relief, by the dogged determination of the stand on the historic ridge before Delhi, which was rewarded by its capture, by the brilliant campaign in Central India, and, more than anything, by the resolute bearing of the British race, who proved their right to the appellation of "Imperial," by their steadfastness when struggling against overpowering odds in numberless cantonments and forts and outstations throughout the peninsula.

Sir Richard Temple was of opinion that the Indian Mutiny was due to the home government reducing the British army in India to a dangerous point, while increasing the native forces. The sepoys, also, came to entertain an overweening confidence in their own prowess, and were spoiled and flattered by government and by their own officers; while a great blow was dealt to discipline

when Sir William Gomm, the commander-in-chief, deprived the commanding and other officers of the little authority they possessed, by reviewing at headquarters the sentences of regimental courts-martial. This policy gave rise to the mutiny by engendering a feeling among the sepoys that they were essential to England, and in a position to overcome the European army and oust their masters from India.

The first overt acts of mutiny were committed at Berhampore and Barrackpore, near Calcutta. At the latter place, on the 29th of March, 1857, a sepoy of the 34th Bengal N.I., named Mungul Pandy—the word "Pandies" was thereafter generally applied to mutineers—cut down the adjutant on the parade ground. The men of the regiment sympathized with the rebel, and refused to support the colonel and the brigadier of the station in arresting him. At length General Hearsey, commanding the division, a gallant old officer, arrived on the ground, and the guard, at his command, moved to arrest the mutineer, who thereupon shot himself; but he lived to expiate his offense by a felon's death, though his comrades remained unpunished. Not so the 19th N.I., which had revolted at Berhampore, and were marched into Barrackpore, where they were disbanded in the presence of H.M.'s 84th (brought from Rangoon), a wing of the 53d, and two batteries of artillery, as well as of the native troops stationed there, including the disloyal 34th regiment.

On the 2d of May the 7th Oude Irregular Cavalry, at Lucknow, showed insubordination on the cartridge question, but were disarmed by Sir Henry Lawrence. About the same time, eighty-five men of the 3d Bengal light cavalry, at Meerut, refused to handle the cartridges, and on the 9th of May were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. On the following day, a Sunday, while at evening service, the European residents were startled by the news that the "sowars," or troopers, of the 3d cavalry, had not only liberated their own comrades, but also some one thousand two hundred convicts, men of desperate character. A terrible significance was soon given to these sinister reports by the flames which enveloped the lines where officers' bungalows were situated, and by the wild shouts and galloping forms of the troopers, speedily joined

by the "budmashes," or bad characters, who assisted in the orgies of murder and rapine. At this time there were stationed at Meerut the 6th dragoon guards, a battalion of the 60th rifles, and some European artillery, an ample force, had a Hector Munro or a Rollo Gillespie been in command, to exterminate the cavalry and the 11th and 20th regiments of Bengal N.I.; but General Hewett, commanding the division, was an old and incompetent officer, and after the sepoys had shot Colonel Finnis and other officers, they proceeded to fire the bungalows and murder the Europeans, without regard to age or sex, with whom they fell in.

Instead of following the murderers and incendiaries, the European troops retired to cover their own barracks and officers' lines, and the mutineers, after having their fill of rapine and slaughter, made off unmolested to Delhi, where, on the following morning, the same scenes, but in an aggravated form, were repeated. The native troops at Delhi joined the rebels, and the Great Mutiny was inaugurated, when the European officers, military and civil, as well as helpless women and children, were butchered by the rabble of the city and the mutinous sepoys. Lieutenant Willoughby, of the Bengal Artillery, in charge of the magazine, held out with eight Europeans for three hours against the howling mob, thirsting for their blood, and the insurgent soldiers, faithless to their salt. Finding no help was to be expected from Meerut, where imbecility reigned supreme, Willoughby gave the signal for exploding the magazine, and in an instant one thousand rebels were blown into the air. Five of that gallant band of Englishmen lived to wear the Victoria Cross, but Conductor Scully, who fired the train, was killed, and Lieutenant Willoughby only survived to be murdered on his way to Meerut. Few of the officers and women who struggled to reach that haven of safety were enabled to do so, but died on the way of exhaustion, or perished under the weapons of the cruel villagers.

General Anson, the commander-in-chief, now assembled a force at Umballa, but unhappily died, on the 27th of May, of cholera. Sir Henry Barnard succeeded him; but though both these men were fairly capable officers, there were others at the time in the Punjaub, serving under Sir John Lawrence, such as Edwardes,

Chamberlain and Nicholson, far more competent to cope with the sudden crisis that had arisen; but the rules of the service prevented any violation of the claims of seniority and "red tape." General Barnard marched at once to join Brigadier Archdale Wilson, who meanwhile had marched from Meerut on Delhi. On the 30th of May Wilson's force fought the first action of the war at Ghazee-ood-deen-nuggar. About a mile in front of this village was the river Hindun, spanned by an iron bridge, on a high ridge beyond which the rebels from Delhi had taken post. A company of the 60th Rifles advanced to the bridge, and Mackenzie's and Tombs's Horse Artillery batteries crossed the river at a ford and silenced the fire of the enemy's guns. The Rifles then advanced and drove the infantry from their position, and the 6th Dragoon Guards (or Carabineers, as they are more familiarly termed) pursued them from the field of battle. On the following day the rebels mustered in greater numbers from Delhi, and renewed the battle, but the small British force advanced as before and drove the enemy before them.

Under orders, Wilson joined Barnard, who had received his siege-train from Phillour, at Aleepore, on the 7th of June, and on the following day was fought the action of Budlee-kee-Serai, about five miles northeast of Delhi. The rebels were strongly posted with guns in front, in a group of buildings protected on the right by a watercourse and on the left by a canal. The indefatigable and gallant Hodson, of the famous Hodson's Horse, who throughout the succeeding siege was the "eyes and ears of the British army," made a reconnoissance, and at daybreak on the 8th of June, Brigadier Hope Grant, of the 9th Lancers, moved across the canal with the cavalry and two troops of horse artillery, while the two small infantry brigades, which included the Rifles, 1st Bengal Fusiliers and 75th regiment, under Brigadiers Showers and Graves, with some field-pieces, marched straight for the "serai," or group of buildings. The heavy guns of the mutineers were worked with effect, when Barnard ordered the 75th, supported by the Fusiliers, to charge with the bayonet. The enemy made an obstinate resistance, but were compelled to abandon their guns, when they were attacked by the cavalry and artillery, and

fled precipitately. The British followed in pursuit in two columns, under Barnard and Wilson, and attacked in flank the rebel position outside the city on the ridge. A severe struggle ensued, but the position was carried, and before nightfall, after sixteen hours' fighting, the British army had established itself on that historic ridge, overlooking the cantonments whence Brigadier Graves, commanding the Delhi garrison, had been expelled four weeks before, and which was the scene of, perhaps, as remarkable a siege as any recorded in military history.

Mutiny and sedition were early rampant in Bengal and Behar, but Mr. William Tayler, of Patna, was equal to the occasion, though his acts were disowned and he himself dismissed by the lieutenant-governor of Bengal. But the commander at Dinapore, General Lloyd, displayed vacillation and incompetence. He shrank from disarming the three sepoy regiments under his command, and when they rose in mutiny, on the 25th of July, he failed to pursue them with energy, and on the following morning was too late to intercept them. The rebels, led by Koer Sing, the Rajpoot chief of Jugdeespore, laid siege to a fortified house at Arrah, twenty-five miles from Dinapore, belonging to Mr. Boyle, the railway engineer, who, with Mr. Wake, the magistrate, resolutely defended it with sixteen Europeans and fifty of Rattray's Sikhs. Influenced by Tayler's entreaties, Lloyd sent four hundred and fifteen men, including one hundred and fifty of the 10th Foot, under Captain Dunbar, to relieve the garrison; but soon after midnight, when they were close to Arrah, they fell into an ambuscade. Dunbar and many men were killed, and the survivors retreated, running the gantlet of the enemy's fire for fifteen miles to the Soane. Only a remnant reached the steamer and returned to Dinapore. But a man arose equal to the emergency. Major Vincent Eyre, of the Bengal Artillery, who had earned glory by his gallantry and fortitude in Afghanistan in 1841–42, undertook to relieve the Arrah garrison, who were nearly worn out with fatigue, and had consumed almost all their provisions and ammunition.

On the 30th of July, the day of the failure, Eyre set out from Buxar with one hundred and sixty men of the 5th Fusiliers, under

Captain l'Estrange, seventeen volunteers and forty artillerymen, with three guns, drawn by bullocks, determined to effect at all hazards the relief of his beleaguered countrymen at Arrah, distant forty-eight miles. All night the small column marched, not halting till daybreak, when he first heard of Dunbar's failure. Pushing on, he arrived close to Arrah on the evening of the 1st of August, and, on the following morning, encountered the enemy, four thousand strong, who were lining a wood, and enveloped his small force in front and flanks. After heavy firing, the rebels retreated, but they took up a second strong position, from which the fire of his guns failed to dislodge them. The situation now became desperate, as the enemy came up to the muzzles of the guns, in overwhelming numbers, and attacked both in front and rear. As a last desperate resource, Vincent Eyre ordered a bayonet charge. The gallant Fusiliers responded to the appeal, and, with a cheer, threw themselves upon the enemy and drove them in utter rout from the field. Arrah was relieved, and on receiving a re-enforcement of three hundred men on the 12th of August, Eyre inflicted a crushing defeat on Koer Sing at Jugdeespore. Thus in three weeks he succeeded in quelling the insurrection which threatened to spread from Behar throughout Bengal, and restored the river communication between Calcutta and the Northwest Provinces.

Meantime, on the 4th of June, a mutiny had broken out at Benares, which was suppressed by the stern energy of Colonel Neill, of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, who assumed command, superseding Brigadier Ponsonby on the parade ground. Supported by detachments of his own regiment and the 10th Foot, and by a battery of Bengal Artillery, under Captain William Olpherts, an officer of dare-devil courage, Neill disarmed and inflicted a fearful chastisement on the rebel sepoys stationed here. On the same and the following day, the native troops quartered at the neighboring stations of Jaunpore and Azimgurh mutinied.

Having secured the safety of Benares, and overawed the fanatical Hindoo population, Neill, on the 9th of June, pushed on for Allahabad, a most important station standing at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, and commanding the road between the Upper and Lower provinces. On the night of the 6th of June

the sepoy garrison mutinied and massacred the officers, including seven young cadets who had just arrived from England. The populace here followed the example of the soldiers, and the surviving Europeans took shelter in the fort, which a gallant officer, Captain Brasyer, of the Sikhs, held until the arrival of a detachment of the Fusiliers, and on the 11th, of the terrible Neill himself, whose fame had gone before him as the ruthless exterminator of sedition and the executioner of all rebels. Neill quickly took the offensive, and by the 18th had completely overcome all opposition in the district. His work completed here, this extraordinary man, who was only actuated by what he conceived was his duty in these sanguinary reprisals, prepared, as soon as he had re-enforcements, to march to the relief of Cawnpore, but on the 30th was superseded by General Havelock, who had arrived fresh from the Persian campaign.

It was on the fatal 4th of June that the four native regiments at Cawnpore rose in mutiny, which had long been anticipated by Sir Hugh Wheeler, the commandant. The defense, in the broiling sun of an open intrenchment, containing some barracks through which the round shot freely penetrated, by a heterogeneous force —including about four hundred European combatants, of whom seventy were invalids—hampered by about four hundred women and children, is one of the most piteous chapters in the history of the Great Mutiny. Day and night the bombardment of this open position continued, without respite or sleep for the harassed garrison, and within a week all the fifty-nine artillerymen were killed or wounded, but the men of the 32d Foot, led by Captain Moore, presented an undaunted front, and the women displayed the cheerful heroism of the Anglo-Saxon race. Their last hope was gone when a letter was received from Sir Henry Lawrence, himself struggling against overwhelming odds at Lucknow, only forty-two miles distant, stating that it was beyond his power to afford assistance. At length they were compelled to capitulate to save the lives of the surviving women and children, and on the 27th of June the garrison quitted the intrenchment under a safe-conduct to Allahabad, given by the so-called Nana Sahib, an adopted son of the ex-Peishwa of Poona, who resided at Bithoor, about ten

miles from Cawnpore. But on embarking in the boats provided for them on the Ganges, these helpless people were slaughtered from the banks, and the few that escaped were pursued, and ultimately only two soldiers and Lieutenants Mowbray-Thompson and Delafosse effected their escape, after a series of wonderful adventures, in which they killed many of the enemy and swam for six miles down the river until they were sheltered by a friendly Oude rajah. Those who were not killed were taken back to Cawnpore and confined in a building.

Here, on the 15th of July, they were ruthlessly massacred, under circumstances of revolting barbarity, by order of the infamous Nana Sahib, and the whole of the bodies, dead and dying alike, with some who had escaped the assassins' daggers, were cast into a well. The number who thus perished were five men and two hundred and six women and children, the victims being increased by the surviving fugitives of Futtehgurh, who, unconscious of the state of affairs at Cawnpore, had fled thither for refuge. Many years after, a noble monument was erected over the spot sacred to these poor people. But the avenging army of Havelock was close at hand, and had already defeated the force Nana Sahib had sent to check its advance.

Meanwhile important events had happened at Lucknow, where the tide of mutiny surged high against the walls of the Residency, held by Sir Henry Lawrence with the 32d Foot, many of whose families and comrades met such a terrible fate at Cawnpore. Foreseeing the mutiny, Lawrence had stored food in the Residency, and when the revolt of the native troops actually occurred, on the 30th of May, he was not unprepared for a siege. On the 3d of June, the Setapore sepoys rose in revolt, and all Oude was in flames. On the 30th of June, Lawrence, influenced by others, consented to send seven hundred men, of whom half were Europeans, to attack a rebel force at Chinhut, about ten miles from Lucknow. Instead of marching at daybreak, the troops set out while the sun's rays were strong, and suddenly found themselves under a heavy artillery fire from a concealed enemy. Lawrence replied with his guns, but at a critical moment, owing to the defection of his native cavalry and gunners, was compelled to retreat.

Colonel Case, commanding the 32d, was killed, and heavy loss was experienced, and soon the retreat degenerated into a rout, and the remnant of the column had to fight its way to the Residency. Lawrence undertook no further expedition, and from this date the British position was closely invested by an ever-increasing army of mutineers raging for the blood of the helpless women and children.

On the second day of the siege, Lawrence withdrew successfully after midnight the garrison of the Muchee Bhawun Fort, which was blown up. On the following day a great calamity befell the garrison of the Residency. Sir Henry Lawrence received a mortal wound from a shell while lying in his bed, and expired on the 4th of July, giving directions for the prosecution of the defense to the bitter end, and with his last breath expressing a wish that his only epitaph should be the words—"Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." It was a scene not less impressive than the deaths of Abercrombie and Moore and Nelson. Major Banks now assumed the direction of political affairs, and Colonel Inglis the command of the troops. The trust committed to their charge by the noble soldier now no more, these gallant officers executed with fidelity and success, and the record of the defense of Lucknow forms an inspiring page in this chapter of Indian history. The garrison, exclusive of women and children, originally numbered one thousand six hundred and ninety-two men, of whom a considerable proportion were civilians and natives, who were regarded with suspicion, while the position consisted of a collection of detached buildings, defended by mud walls and trenches. On the 20th of July, the enemy, after exploding a mine, attempted to carry the position by assault, but after four hours' desperate fighting were repulsed with heavy loss. On the following day Major Banks was killed, and news was received of the arrival of General Havelock at Cawnpore, after defeating the rebel forces in three pitched battles, and his intention soon to push on to their relief.

The siege was prosecuted with vigor by the rebels, who erected fresh batteries and exploded several mines, and on the 10th of August they tried their fortune at a second assault, but were repulsed, and a third attempt, eight days later, also failed. This

last effort was made on the 5th of September. A third of the European soldiers had by this time perished, and the natives who had stood nobly by the garrison began to despair, while the rations had been reduced, and the relief promised long ago seemed as far off as ever. Indeed, they had learned that Havelock had twice been compelled to fall back on Cawnpore. We will now turn to the desperate efforts made by the heroic Havelock, which were ultimately rewarded by the relief of the garrison of Lucknow.

Leaving Calcutta on the 25th of June, he reached Allahabad five days later, and assumed command of the troops. On the same day General Neill had dispatched a small column, under Major Renaud, of the Madras Fusiliers, to attack the enemy and encourage the loyal inhabitants. Having organized his column, Havelock, on the 7th of July, moved toward Cawnpore with one thousand British soldiers, exclusive of Renaud's force, drawn from the 64th, 78th and 84th regiments, and the Madras Fusiliers, with one hundred and thirty of Brasyer's Ferozepore regiment of Sikhs, eighteen volunteer cavalry, and six guns, under Captain Maude. It was in the midst of the monsoon, and the rain poured in torrents, while the country looked desolate, without signs of human life, the trees and posts along the road bearing the rotting corpses of rebels caught red-handed and executed by Renaud. On the 12th, Havelock overtook that officer, and inflicted at Futtehpore a signal defeat on the mutinous regiments which had compelled the surrender of Cawnpore. The British infantry, supported by Maude's guns, advanced steadily upon the enemy, drove them from their position, and through the town of Futtehpore, and captured their guns. Three days later Havelock again dislodged them from a strong intrenched position at Aong, though with the loss of the gallant Renaud. But the rebels, strongly re-enforced from Cawnpore, rallied at the Pandoo Nuddee river, six miles distant, and the exhausted soldiers were called upon to renew the fight. They responded with alacrity to the demand of the general, and after Maude's guns had silenced two 24-pounders, the Fusiliers charged over the bridge and forced them to retreat toward Cawnpore.

On the following morning, the 16th of July, the advance was

continued on Cawnpore, twenty-three miles distant, but the heat was so terrible that numbers of soldiers fell fainting in the ranks, and a halt was called under some trees, after sixteen miles were traversed. Nana Sahib had taken post at some fortified villages on both sides of the Grand Trunk road. Havelock, eschewing an attack in front, which was strengthened with artillery, advanced with his infantry and eight guns on the left flank. The Nana hastily brought up his guns, which poured destruction into the British ranks, when the 78th Highlanders charged with the bayonet, and drove the rebels out of the village. A second stand was made, but the 78th and 64th again put them to flight. The right wing was also driven from its position. Suddenly, inspirited by the Nana, they faced about and made a final stand, when the 64th charged and captured the last gun, and the rebels fled in dismay to Cawnpore. But though they had arrived too late to save the women and children, who had been slaughtered the day before, they took a memorable revenge on the mutinous sepoys, who had cause to "remember Cawnpore" every time they encountered British soldiers. Between the 7th and 16th of July, the column had marched one hundred and twenty-six miles and fought four actions, under a burning sun, but the general called on them for fresh exertions to relieve Lucknow. Leaving Neill, who had just joined him with re-enforcements, at Cawnpore, Havelock crossed the Ganges and moved on the 25th of July to Mungulwar, about five miles on the Lucknow road. On the same day he fought the action of Onao, and resuming his march, encountered the enemy again at Busseerutgunge. Thus twice in one day he defeated the rebels; but, nevertheless, cholera, fatigue, and losses in battle had so reduced his little army that he had only eight hundred and fifty effective soldiers left to prosecute the object of his advance. Reluctantly he was compelled to return to Mungulwar, a course which roused the ire of the fiery Neill. The mutiny at Dinapore had prevented the dispatch of the 5th Fusiliers and 90th Foot, for which Havelock had begged; but on the 5th of August he again advanced with his column re-enforced by a company of the 84th and three guns, all that Neill could spare him from Cawnpore.

A second battle was fought the same day at Busseerutgunge,

but the enemy fled, and his want of cavalry prevented him from cutting them up. Havelock had heard also of the mutiny of the Gwalior contingent, considered the best trained and drilled native force in India, and that they were within fifty miles of Cawnpore. Feeling that any failure to force his way through the streets of Lucknow would be disastrous alike to their force and the garrison, he fell back a second time on Mungulwar. Neill now appealed to him for aid, as four thousand rebels were collected at Bithoor, and Havelock, first advancing on Busseerutgunge and inflicting a final defeat on the enemy collected there, retreated across the Ganges, and on the 13th of August re-entered Cawnpore.

Though the effective troops at his disposal were now a mere handful, Havelock advanced on the 16th to attack the enemy at Bithoor, and after an eight hours' march in the blazing sun, the British infantry carried the redoubt and village, the Fusiliers actually crossing bayonets with the rebels. In this affair the British loss was forty-nine, and that of the enemy two hundred and fifty. On returning to Cawnpore, Havelock found himself superseded by Sir James Outram, but that noble soldier, the "Bayard of India," with the disinterestedness that distinguished him, placed his services at the disposal of his subordinate. The heroic Havelock, who had nine times defeated the disciplined battalions of Oude and Bengal, addressed his veterans in a memorable order, in which he said: "Soldiers, your labors, your privations, your sufferings and your valor will not be forgotten by a grateful country," words which are inscribed on the pedestal of his statue, erected by Parliament in Trafalgar Square. Sir James Outram brought with him one thousand four hundred and fifty men, including the 5th Fusiliers and a wing of the 90th regiment, with artillery, a welcome addition to the depleted battalions at Cawnpore. Among Outram's officers were Colonel Robert Napier (afterward Lord Napier of Magdala), chief of the staff, and Major Vincent Eyre, who, on the advance from Allahabad a few days before, had annihilated a force of rebels while crossing the Ganges at Futtehpore.

On the 19th of September the little army, numbering two thousand five hundred men, with eighteen guns, leaving four hundred soldiers to guard the intrenchments, crossed the Ganges, and on

the 21st came into collision with the enemy at Mungulwar. One brigade turned the rebel flank, while the heavy guns, supported by the 5th Fusiliers, attacked in front, and speedily the enemy fled, hotly pursued by Outram with the handful of volunteer cavalry. On the following day the column crossed the Sye, and advanced on Alumbagh, a large palace and park, surrounded by a high wall, about four miles from Lucknow. Here the enemy, ten thousand strong, with one thousand five hundred cavalry, had taken post; but Havelock attacked with vigor, Hamilton's brigade in front, while Neill's brigade assaulted their right, and Eyre's, Maude's, and Olpherts' batteries overthrew the cavalry and artillery. Outram, armed with a club, pursued the fugitives to the Charbagh bridge, which spans the canal close to the city, and captured five guns. On the 25th of September, the gallant band, for they were little more in comparison with the overwhelming numbers opposed to them, advanced to the relief of the Residency. Leaving the baggage at the Alumbagh, under a guard, Havelock started with the 5th, 78th, 84th, and 90th regiments and Madras Fusiliers, adopting the route by the Charbagh bridge. The fighting was of a desperate character. Maude's guns engaged in a duel with a battery on the bridge, and while Outram entered the inclosure to the right with a regiment, Neill charged with his brigade across the bridge. The main body now diverged to the right, and advanced toward the Residency, while the 78th Highlanders covered the passage of the long column of stores. The opposition between the Motee Mahul palace and the "32d Messhouse" was deadly, the troops encountering fire, "under which," says Havelock, "nothing could live." A halt was now made to allow of the arrival of the supplies, and then, as darkness was coming on, the two generals, heading the advance, consisting of the Highlanders and Brasyer's Sikhs, pushed on through a storm of bullets from the roofs and walls of the loopholed buildings, and the Residency was reached amid a scene of enthusiastic welcome that is indescribable. Unhappily, the heroic Neill was shot through the head while bringing up the rear with his Fusiliers, and his death in the hour of victory saddened all hearts. Many other gallant officers fell, including Major Cooper, commanding the artillery, and Outram was wounded.

The total loss on this memorable day was four hundred and sixty-four, and since leaving Cawnpore five hundred and thirty-five.

Sir James Outram now assumed political and military command, and the troops were divided into two divisions, under Havelock and Inglis, the latter commanding in the Residency. But owing to his heavy losses and the danger of moving seven hundred women and children, besides five hundred sick, Sir James was unable to cut his way out, and the combined columns were virtually on the defensive until the arrival, in the following November, of Sir Colin Campbell, who had been dispatched from England to assume the supreme military command. Meantime the investment of Delhi had been prosecuted to a successful result. Before giving details of the siege and storm of Delhi, we will briefly detail the events in the Punjaub, where Sir John Lawrence, assisted by a band of officers, political, civil, and military, of singular capacity, piloted the ship of state through the storm in an unexampled crisis.

On the 13th of May the native troops at Meean Meer, the cantonment near Lahore, consisting of four regiments, were disarmed by the 81st Foot and two batteries of horse artillery. The fort at Lahore was also occupied, Phillour and Umritsur were re-enforced, and Kangra was surprised and occupied. Equal resolution was not displayed at Ferozepore, and one native regiment, after burning and plundering, took the road for Delhi, but were pursued and dispersed. Peshawur, the bulwark of the Punjaub and furthest outpost of the empire, was ruled by Sir Herbert Edwardes, with John Nicholson as his assistant. General Sydney Cotton commanded the brigade, and Brigadier Neville Chamberlain the Punjaub Irregulars. These men, a remarkable group, assembled in council, and disarmed the four native regiments at Peshawur on the 22d of May, and two days later, a small force, accompanied by Nicholson, attacked and almost destroyed a mutinous regiment at Murdan. Then Nicholson disarmed some troops at Abasye, and this part of the Punjaub was saved.

In another quarter of this province, at Jullundhur, the troops rose in mutiny on the 7th of June, and were joined at Phillour by the native portion of the garrison, and two days later the mutineers entered Loodiana, where, aided by the troops and populace,

they plundered the houses, released the prisoners, and marched on Delhi. At Mooltan the garrison was disarmed, but there were still in the Punjaub seven regiments of native infantry and two of cavalry, besides two at Peshawur and one on the frontier. A force from Rawul Pindee was detailed to disarm the troops at Jhelum, but the attempt failed, though ultimately the sepoys were all either slain or executed. The troops at Sealkote also got away and made for Delhi. But Nicholson, who now commanded the Movable Column in succession to Chamberlain, having first disbanded three regiments of his column, covered the distance of forty-four miles between Umritsur and Goordaspore in two forced marches, and on the 12th of July intercepted the Sealkote mutineers at Trimmoo Ghaut, and defeated them, driving the survivors into an island, where they were exterminated. The Punjaub was now saved, as the troops at Ferozepore, Kangra and Noorpore were disarmed, and Nicholson marched to Delhi with his column, which included the 52d Light Infantry. The final act in the Punjaub drama was the discovery of a plot in a disarmed native regiment at Peshawur, which was quenched in blood, only sixty escaping. As Edwardes wrote: "Seven hundred men, who were yesterday ripe for the murder of European officers and women and children, to-day lay dead in three deep trenches."

Sir John Lawrence and his military and political coadjutors were now enabled to breathe more freely, and turned their attention to dispatching to Delhi not only every available European soldier, until the Punjaub was almost denuded of troops, but by raising, training and forwarding thither all the Sikh and Punjaub levies they could raise, which materially conduced to the fall of the great focus of rebellion.

When the siege of Delhi commenced, the British troops only mustered two thousand men, the Ghoorkas and Sikhs being about the same strength, while the mutinous sepoys were estimated at twelve thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, besides four thousand irregulars; but these numbers were continually being strengthened as the mutinous contingents and garrisons marched in. The rebels made their first attack on the camp in rear of the ridge on the 12th of June, but were repulsed and pursued up to

the walls of the city. Within a few days they made three ineffectual attempts to capture Hindoo Rao's house, an important position on the flank, and on the 17th the British assumed the offensive and destroyed a battery enfilading the ridge. On the 13th of June the rebels attempted to attack the camp in rear, but finding the bridge over the canal destroyed, were forced to retire, and made a desperate effort to capture Hindoo Rao's house, but were repulsed by the 60th Rifles, Ghoorkas and Guides, and fell back at sunset with the loss of three hundred men.

Re-enforcements now arrived, and also Neville Chamberlain and Baird Smith, of the engineers, a most capable officer, under whom the siege operations were pushed with vigor. On the 5th of July, Sir Henry Barnard, a man much beloved, but destitute of the qualities essential for success at such a crisis, died. General Reid succeeded him, but a few days later retired from the command, owing to bad health, and was relieved by General Archdale Wilson, a good artillery officer, but of no special capacity. Meanwhile the rebels, recruited from Bareilly, Central India, the Punjaub, and Rajpootana, attacked the rear and right flank of the British position on the ridge, with persistence, and in six weeks twenty separate actions were fought by the hard-set besiegers. But Reid held Hindoo Rao's house, the key of the position, against every attack with his gallant Ghoorkas, while Hodson, the beau-ideal of a cavalry officer, by his Argus-eyed activity, kept secure the flanks and rear, and good soldiers—such as Jones of the 60th Rifles, Greathed of the 8th Foot (one of three gallant brothers in the camp), Hope Grant of the 9th Lancers, and Chamberlain, like Deloraine, "good at need"—repelled or defeated the enemy, and added to the ground they held the Subzee-Mundee suburb and other points on which batteries could be placed.

Nicholson, that "heaven-born general," like Clive, signalized his arrival in camp by marching out on the 25th of August with two thousand men, including the 61st, and inflicting a severe defeat on the rebels at Nujufgurh. On the 4th of September the siege train arrived, and Colonel Baird Smith, assisted by Captain Alexander Taylor, commenced the construction of batteries, which were pushed on with assiduity. The attack was made, without parallels,

against a force thrice as numerous as the besiegers, the guns being planted in the open, the only method of attack available, as investment was out of the question. On the 11th of September the batteries opened fire, and by the 13th practical breaches were made in the curtain connecting the Moree, Water and Cashmere bastions. The columns of attack, some four thousand five hundred men, were formed, the first, under Nicholson, to storm the breach near the Cashmere bastion, and the second, under Jones, to assault the water bastion, while the third column, led by Colonel Campbell, was to make its way into the city through the Cashmere gate after it had been blown open, and Major Reid, with the fourth, was told off to enter by the Lahore gate.

The memorable assault was delivered on the 14th, but the fighting was so desperate that it was not until the 20th that the city was finally won and all resistance ceased. Nicholson, ever eager and undaunted, mounted the breach at the head of his stormers, and Jones carried the water bastion, and pressing on to the right, found himself under the Lahore bastion, but, having no orders to attack it, fell back on the Cabul gate. Here he was joined an hour later by Nicholson, but the enemy, who had begun to retreat across the Jumna, emboldened by Jones's inactivity, returned and opened fire with their guns. Nicholson, taking men from both columns, advanced against the Lahore bastion, by a canal, but the fire was so heavy that the men fell back.

Many officers were killed, and Nicholson rushed to the front, appealing to the men to follow him, when he was struck down by a bullet through the chest. Meantime, the fourth column was repulsed in fighting its way to the Lahore gate, and Reid was wounded, while the cavalry, under Hope Grant, which moved down in support close under the Moree bastion, suffered severely with grape. While this was going on, the Cashmere gate was blown in by the engineers, under Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, and the third column pushed on into the city; but Campbell, finding that the other columns had not advanced, fell back and joined the reserve, under Brigadier Longfield, which had occupied the posts from which the enemy had been expelled. The loss on the first day amounted to sixty-six officers and one thousand one hun-

dred and four men killed and wounded, including the noble soldier whose death a few days later cast a gloom over the camp.

The operations were continued daily, and by the 20th of September the entire city was won. The last act in this drama was the capture, by Hodson, outside the city, of the Mogul emperor, the last sovereign of the house of Timour, and the slaughter of his sons and grandsons. This gallant officer has been severely censured for this act, but these princes were accompanied by six thousand armed adherents, and Hodson had only one hundred men of his regiment with him. These men, as murderers of innocent women and children, deserved no pity, and a civil court would undoubtedly have condemned them to death, yet Hodson's avowal that he "would rather have brought the king into Delhi dead than alive," displayed a bloodthirsty animus. Nicholson died on the 23d of his wound, to the sorrow of every comrade, especially of his friends Edwardes and Chamberlain, and it is recorded of the lion-hearted John Lawrence that when he heard the news he wept.

On the following day a column of two thousand men, under Colonel Greathed, went in pursuit of the rebels, who were fleeing in the direction of Oude. Pushing on through Allygurh, Greathed arrived on the 10th of October before the fort of Agra, besieged by the mutineers, whence he had received pressing calls for aid. Here he was suddenly attacked by the enemy, but drove them back, and continuing the pursuit for several miles, captured all their baggage and guns. A few days later Sir Hope Grant assumed command of the column, and crossing the Ganges at Cawnpore, waited near Bunnee bridge for the arrival of the commander-in-chief, Sir Colin Campbell, with the main force, to effect the relief of Lucknow. Another column, under Showers, proceeded from Delhi to beat up the rebel quarters to the west and southwest, and a third force, under Gerrard, marched toward Rajpootana, where the Joudpore legion had mutinied on the 27th of August. On the 16th of November Gerrard encountered the rebels near Narnoul, when the 6th Dragoon Guards and Guides' cavalry charged and dispersed the cavalry and artillery, and the Bengal Fusiliers completed their defeat. In this action Gerrard was mortally wounded, and was succeeded by Colonel Seaton, one of the

"illustrious garrison" of Jellalabad, who did excellent service at a later date in scouring the country.

Quitting Calcutta on the 27th of October, Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Cawnpore on the 3d of November, and six days later joined Hope Grant at Bunnee. Having received valuable information from Mr. Kavanagh, a civilian who arrived in disguise from the Lucknow Residency, the little army of four thousand five hundred and fifty men—including the Delhi veterans, the 9th Lancers, and 8th and 75th Foot, with the 53d, a battalion of detachments of the 84th, 90th, and Madras Fusiliers, and the 93d Highlanders, his old Balaclava comrades, fresh from England—made a start for Lucknow on the 12th of November.

Meantime, Outram and Havelock had held their own against all the attacks of the enemy in overwhelming numbers. They had taken into the system of defense some of the great palaces and public buildings of Lucknow, which were fortified under the superintendence of Colonel Robert Napier (better known as Lord Napier of Magdala), of whom Outram wrote that "their success has been in no small degree promoted by his incessant and self-denying devotion. Colonel Napier has never been many hours absent, by day or night, from any one of the points of operation."

After a skirmish the troops, on the 12th of November, encamped at Alumbagh, which was still held by a portion of Outram's force, and the advance was resumed on the 14th. The Dilkoosha and Martiniere park and buildings were occupied, and on the 16th the army resumed operations. Skirting the bank of the Goomtee for a mile, the troops threaded their way along a narrow lane through some inclosures, and their artillery opened fire on the Secunder Bagh. A breach was effected, and the place was stormed by the Highlanders and Sikhs, and the garrison were bayoneted to a man. Traversing the open plain, a distance of about one thousand two hundred yards, the next attack was directed on a large mosque surrounded by a wall with loop-holes, called the Shah Nujeef. The place was battered by the heavy guns manned by Peel's sailors, who failed in effecting a practical breach, when an undefended spot was discovered in the works, and the Highlanders, led by Colonel Adrian Hope, scaled the wall, and the place was won. On

the following morning, the 17th of November, the Lucknow garrison acted in co-operation, and Sir Colin Campbell ordered the "32d Messhouse" to be stormed, which was gallantly effected by the young Captain Garnet Wolseley of the 90th Foot, who, pressing on with his detachment, occupied the Motee Mahul palace and adjacent buildings, and opened a communication with the garrison. Here the commander-in-chief was met by Outram, Havelock, and the other heroes of the siege and first relief of the Residency.

The operations were now brought to a successful conclusion. The losses were ten officers and one hundred and ten men killed, and thirty-five officers and three hundred and seventy-nine rank and file wounded. On the 22d the women and children, about five hundred souls, and some one thousand five hundred sick and wounded, were withdrawn from the Residency to the Dilkoosha, under the superintendence of Outram and his chief of the staff, Colonel Napier; and a few days later, Sir Colin Campbell withdrew across the Ganges to Cawnpore, leaving a force of four thousand four hundred men at the Alumbagh to retain hold of Oude, under Sir James Outram. But one officer was not destined to leave a spot hallowed by his glorious deeds. General Havelock died on the 24th of November, and was buried at Alumbagh. His last words were, "I die happy and contented. I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

But stern work was in store for the retiring British force of three thousand men, which left no time for regrets.

Scarcely had Sir Colin Campbell reached the Bunnee bridge than he received expresses from "Redan Windham," the officer he had left at Cawnpore, with instructions to act on the defensive, that he was hardly pressed in the intrenchments by a strong rebel force, including the Gwalior contingent, under Tantia Topee and Nana Sahib, who was burning to repeat the Cawnpore tragedy.

Contrary to his orders, Windham marched out six miles on the Calpee road, with one thousand seven hundred men and ten guns, and having attacked and defeated the rebels at Pandoo Nuddee on the 26th of November, fell back upon Cawnpore. But Tantia Topee on the following day assumed the offensive, and having a

powerful artillery of sixty or seventy guns, and about fourteen thousand trained soldiers, and eleven thousand irregulars, forced Windham to give ground. Growing bold, the rebel leader cannonaded the intrenchments, and the whole British force was in danger of disaster.

Some fighting took place on the 28th, in which Brigadier Wilson fell, and the commander-in-chief, riding on in advance of his troops, crossed the Ganges, and found the town, with his baggage and stores, in the hands of the enemy, though the intrenchments and bridge were safe. On the following day his troops crossed the river, and after starting off the convoy of women and children for Allahabad, Sir Colin, on the 6th of December, commenced operations against the enemy with his compact force of five thousand infantry in four brigades, under Greathed, Walpole, Inglis and Hope, six hundred cavalry, and thirty-five guns. Leaving Windham in command in the intrenchments, he first opened fire with his heavy guns, and then advanced his infantry, and scattering the enemy before him, pushed on with his cavalry in pursuit of the Gwalior contingent, capturing many guns on the road, while General Mansfield, his chief of the staff, was sent to cut off the retreat of the enemy in another direction, but failed in his purpose. On the 8th of December, Hope Grant followed up the enemy to the banks of the river, inflicting heavy losses on them and capturing fifteen guns. While a column under Seaton defeated the rebels in three actions in the Allygurh district, the commander-in-chief advanced on Futtehgurh, on the Ganges, the scene of an atrocious massacre, which he occupied on the 3d of January, 1858, after defeating the enemy on the previous day, and was joined there by Seaton's and Walpole's columns. Having driven the rebels out of the Doab, and across the Ganges into Rohilcund, Sir Colin undertook the siege of Lucknow and reconquest of Oude.

On receiving re-enforcements and the siege-train from Agra, Sir Colin quitted Cawnpore on the 1st of March, and joined the army concentrated at Buntheera, consisting, with General Frank's division, which had been operating with signal success in Oude, of nearly twenty thousand Europeans of all arms, and seven thousand natives, with forty field-pieces and sixty siege guns. Among

the divisional and brigade commanders were Lugard, Hope Grant, Adrian Hope, Robert Napier, and Sir James Outram, who had held his ground at Alumbagh during the past three months, repulsing many attacks of the rebel hosts at Lucknow, estimated at seventy thousand men. Operations were commenced on the 6th of March, when Outram crossed the Goomtee with six thousand men and thirty guns, with orders to turn the first line of the enemy's works, consisting of the Kaiserbagh, which was their citadel, having three lines of defense toward the river. Of these the line of the canal was the outer one, the second inclosed the Motee Mahul and Messhouse, the interior one being formed by the ramparts of the Kaiserbagh, the rear of whose inclosures was closed in by the city. These lines were flanked by many batteries, and the adjacent buildings on the main street, called Huzrut Gunge, were strongly fortified, and gave an enfilading fire.

On the 9th of March the Martiniere was shelled and captured, and on the following day Bank's house and the line of works were seized without loss. Batteries were now erected and played on the Begum Kothee, which was stormed by the 93d Highlanders, the 4th Punjaub Rifles—led by Major Wilde, who commanded it throughout the siege of Delhi—and one thousand Ghoorkas. At this time the gallant Hodson met his death, to the regret of the entire army. The line of buildings in the main street were also secured, and then advance by "slow sap" was commenced toward the Imaumbarra, through intervening houses and inclosures, under Brigadier Napier. On the 12th of March, Jung Bahadur arrived from Nepaul with a force of nine thousand men and twenty-four guns, and took up a position covering the British left.

On the following day the siege guns and mortars opened on the Imaumbarra and Kaiserbagh, Outram co-operating with a cross fire from the opposite side of the Goomtee, and on the morning of the 14th the former palace was stormed by the 10th Foot and the Ferozepore regiment of Sikhs, under the gallant Brasyer, and following up their success, the Kaiserbagh was also captured, and its priceless contents given up to plunder. The third line of defense having been turned, all the neighboring palaces were occupied by the troops, and on the 26th Outram crossed the Goomtee,

and advancing past the ruined Residency, took the iron bridge in reverse, and occupied the Muchee Bhawun. The final stroke was delivered three days later, by the capture of the Mossabagh, in the suburbs, but the cavalry brigadier, Campbell, failed to cut off the rebels. The glory of these operations was reaped by Sir Colin Campbell, but it should be stated, in justice to the chief engineer of the army, Brigadier Napier, that he planned the whole of the siege operations, and their success was due to the fact that they were executed in strict accordance with his directions.

We will pass over with a bare mention the relief of Azimgurh by a column under Lord Mark Kerr, and the subsequent operations in that district by Lugard and Douglas. In the summer of 1857 there was also a mutiny and massacre at Jhansi, and risings at Nowgong, Rewah, in Bundelcund, at Saugor and Jubbulpore, at Nagpore, and at Hyderabad, in the Nizam's dominions, where Salar Jung showed himself a loyal friend to the British. On the 1st of July in the mutiny year Holkar's troops rebelled at Indore, and the Europeans took refuge in the fort at Mhow. This led to the Malwa campaign. On the 12th of July, Brigadier Charles Stuart of the Bombay army, accompanied by Colonel Durand, political officer at Indore, left Aurungabad, and crossing the Nerbudda, on the 2d of August effected the relief of the fort of Mhow, where a large number of Europeans had taken refuge after the mutiny of the native troops. When the weather had cleared, Stuart marched with one thousand four hundred men, including five hundred and eighteen Europeans, to lay siege to Dhar, which was bombarded and captured on the 26th of October. Thence Stuart marched to attack some seventeen thousand men, including a portion of Scindia's troops, at Mundisore, where he arrived on the 21st of November. Here news was received of the victory over the rebels achieved by Major Orr of the Hyderabad contingent at Rawal. Some sharp fighting took place here and before the fort of Neemuch, where the rebels were besieging the Europeans of the district, especially before the village of Goraria, on the 23d of November, when the 86th (County Down's) and the 25th Bombay N.I. charged with the bayonet. Stuart marched thence to Indore, and disarmed Holkar's troops.

In order to restore British authority in Central India, the Bombay government organized a column, styled the "Central India Field Force," under the command of Sir Hugh Rose, then general of the Poona division. On the 16th of December, Sir Hugh, accompanied by Sir Robert Hamilton, the political agent at Indore, whose office had been temporarily filled by Colonel Durand, arrived at Indore, and at once took the field with six thousand men, of whom two thousand five hundred were Europeans, arranged in two brigades, one under Stuart, then at Mhow, and the second under Brigadier Stewart at Sehore. While the former officer marched against Chandaree, in Scindia's dominions, Sir Hugh Rose, on the 16th of January, 1858, quitted Sehore with Stewart's brigade, which included the 2d Bombay Europeans, and laid siege to the strong fort of Ratghur, in the Saugor district. While so engaged, the Rajah of Banpore strove to raise the siege, but was defeated, and the fort was evacuated. The rebels, however, rallied at Barodia, but were attacked on the 30th of January and dispersed. Pushing on for Saugor, on the 3d of February the column relieved the fort, in which were one hundred and ninety women and children, the garrison being one hundred and twenty officers and European artillerymen.

The next operation was the capture of the fort of Garrakotta, held by sepoys of the Bengal army, which, during the Mahratta War of 1818, had resisted an army of eleven thousand men, with twenty-eight guns. The fort was evacuated, but Sir Hugh, owing to a want of supplies, was unable to resume his march toward Jhansi. This enforced delay enabled the enemy to gather heart, and they strongly fortified the Pass of Narut. But finding that the Pass of Mudinpore offered an easier entrance through the ridge which separates Saugor and Shahghur, he made a flank march, and turning the line of defenses at Narut, skillfully forced the Mudinpore Pass. The rebels in Shahghur were so terrified that they abandoned Marrowra and Banpore. On the 17th of March the column crossed the Betwa, and on the 21st arrived before the strong fort and city of Jhansi, garrisoned by about one thousand five hundred regular sepoys and ten thousand Bundeelas. On the 18th of June preceding, Jhansi had been the scene of the treacher-

ous massacre of sixty-seven Europeans, who had surrendered with the promise of their lives to the cruel and warlike Ranee, who now led her troops in person.

Sir Hugh Rose was joined here by Stuart's brigade from Chandaree, and batteries were thrown up and siege operations commenced with a small force consisting of two European and two Bombay native regiments and some Hyderabad infantry, besides the 14th Dragoons and artillery. For five days the bombardment was continued, when intelligence was received of the approach of a relieving army of twenty thousand rebels, under Tantia Topee. Nothing daunted, Sir Hugh, without raising the siege, moved off to encounter the enemy with one thousand two hundred men, including five hundred Europeans, and on the 1st of April engaged them on the banks of the Betwa, and before sunset the grand "Army of the Peishwa" was signally routed, with the loss of eighteen guns. During the action the gallant general placed himself at the head of Captain Arthur Need's troops of the 14th Dragoons, and led the charge on the guns in dashing style. The rebel loss was one thousand five hundred, chiefly sepoys of the Gwalior contingent.

The siege was renewed, and at three on the morning of the 3d of April Jhansi was captured by assault, the two columns, led by the 86th and 3d Europeans, vying with each other in generous rivalry. The fighting in the streets was of a desperate character, and it was not until the 6th that all resistance was at an end. The British loss of three hundred included six officers killed, and that of the rebels was three thousand in killed alone. The small British army, their ranks fearfully thinned by sickness and the sword, marched for Calpee, on the 25th of April, and on the 6th of May encountered Tantia Topee at Koonch, after a march of fourteen miles. The enemy were driven from their position into the town, and pursued beyond by the cavalry and horse artillery, the infantry being too exhausted by the heat and hard work to follow them up. It was anticipated that the Madras column, under General Whitlock, would have participated in the operations against Calpee; but that officer, after defeating, on the 19th of April, with heavy loss, the rebel army of seven thousand men at Banda, re-

mained inactive, though Rose begged his assistance in reducing Calpee, a strong fort on a lofty rock on the banks of the Jumna, defended by ravines, a chain of temples and a line of intrenchments, and held by the Nabob of Banda and the Ranee of Jhansi.

On the 15th of May Sir Hugh reached Golowlee, on the north bank of the Jumna, about six miles east of Calpee, where Sir Colin Campbell had detached from Cawnpore a force, including Europeans mounted on camels, under Colonel Maxwell, to act in co-operation. The troops were greatly harassed by the enemy, and suffered much from the heat, Sir Hugh himself having five sunstrokes; and the medical authorities reported that if the operations were protracted the whole force would be in hospital. On the 22d, the enemy, issuing from Calpee, made a bold attempt to turn the British right, and almost succeeded in overpowering Stuart's hardly-pressed brigade, when Sir Hugh arrived at the head of Maxwell's camel corps, and charged the rebels, who were within thirty yards of the guns. The enemy wavered and then fled into the ravines, where they were pursued, and the left attacked the rebel right wing, which gave way, and thus victoriously ended the battle of Golowlee. On the following day Maxwell's batteries shelled Calpee, which was occupied, and the enemy were pursued by the cavalry.

On the 1st of June Sir Hugh Rose issued a farewell order to his gallant little army, preparatory to returning to Poonah, when he received the astounding news that Tantia Topee and the Ranee of Jhansi, at the head of the Calpee rebels, had marched to Gwalior, defeated Scindia, who fled to Agra, and, having seized the city and fortress, proclaimed Nana Sahib as Peishwa. Recalling his detachments and dispatching orders to Brigadier Smith to act in co-operation, Sir Hugh quitted Calpee, on the 6th of June, with Stewart's brigade, now commanded by Brigadier-general Robert Napier, and making forced marches by night, on the 12th overtook Stuart, whom he had sent in advance, and four days later arrived before Gwalior. The same day took place the battle of Morar, the cantonment near the city, when the rebels were defeated and suffered severely. Sir Hugh Rose now regained command of the Agra road and opened communications with Brigadier Smith,

who, on the following morning, attacked and routed at Kotah-Ke-Serai, in front of the hills barring his approach to Gwalior, a rebel force led by the Ranee of Jhansi, dressed in male attire, who was killed in a cavalry charge by the 8th Hussars.

Leaving General Napier in the Morar cantonment, on the 18th of June Rose marched in the fierce heat to join Smith, and on the following day attacked the enemy, who had been re-enforced from Gwalior, in their position on the hills. In the hard fighting that ensued the gallant 86th (County Down's), with the 10th and 25th Bombay N.I., greatly distinguished itself. The enemy's batteries were taken, and, pushing his success, Sir Hugh Rose followed the retreating rebels, himself leading the 95th regiment, into the streets of the Lushkur, or New City, and Smith captured the palace with his brigade. Early on the following morning, Lieutenant Rose of the 25th Bombay N.I., a nephew of the general's, taking with him a handful of his sepoys, scaled the rock-built citadel dominating Gwalior, and was killed in the hand-to-hand struggle with its desperate defenders. It was a brilliant exploit and a fitting finale to an exceptionally brilliant campaign. The same day Scindia re-entered his capital, under the escort of British dragoons, and Brigadier-general Napier started in pursuit of Tantia Topee with a mounted force, consisting of five hundred cavalry and six guns.

Marching all night, on the following morning Napier came up at Joura-Alipore with a rebel force of seven thousand men with twenty-five guns. Regardless of odds, and unsupported by infantry, Napier charged with the *élan* of a cornet of dragoons, and having dispersed the enemy and captured their guns, returned to Morar, while Tantia Topee fled across the Chumbul into Rajpootana. In connection with this brilliant Central Indian campaign, it only remains to add that, in addition to Whitlock's Madras column, a Bombay force, under General Roberts, co-operated in Rajpootana, and defeated the rebels in the field and recaptured Kotah. Roberts, together with Napier, Michel, Parke, Somerset, Holmes, and other officers in command of columns, took up the pursuit of the Delhi prince, Feroze Shah, and of Rao Sahib, and that most active and ablest of all the rebel leaders, Tantia Topee, who had still a following of eight thousand men. For

many months Tantia eluded his pursuers, though on one occasion Brigadier Parke covered two hundred and forty miles in nine days; but at length, in April, 1859, he was delivered up by a traitorous friend, Maun Sing, Rajah of Nurwar, and by sentence of a court-martial was hanged at Sepree, protesting that he was no rebel, but an honorable foe, and that he never caused any European to be murdered or hanged.

After the capture of Lucknow, in March, 1858, Sir Colin Campbell undertook the reconquest of Rohilcund. Walpole, who commanded an independent column, including three Highland regiments, suffered a disastrous repulse on the 15th of April before the fort of Rooyia, when near one hundred men were killed, including Brigadier Adrian Hope, a very popular and gallant officer. Sir Colin now took command of the column, which numbered seven thousand men, with nineteen guns, and on the 5th of May defeated the enemy at Bareilly. The battle lasted for six hours, and was fiercely contested, but the enemy retired, and on the following day the city was occupied, Brigadier Jones acting in co-operation from the north side. Meantime the Moulvie attacked Shahjehanpore, which was relieved by Jones's column; but the combined force was too weak to take the offensive until Sir Colin Campbell (now Lord Clyde) arrived, when the Moulvie retired into Oude, and Rohilcund was freed from the rebels.

Oude was still filled with bands of mutineers, and Sir Hope Grant had his hands full in dealing with the Moulvie and Beni Madhoo, a notorious leader, until October, when the commander-in-chief took the field, and before the end of December the southern frontier of Oude, between the Gogra and Ganges, was cleared of the enemy. He then moved northward, and making a forced march all night, on the last day of the year surprised Beni Madhoo at Bankee and slaughtered his followers as they strove to cross the Raptee. The pursuit of the broken rebel forces was continued right up to the Terai, on the frontier of Nepaul, and on the 20th of May, 1859, at the Jerwah Pass, the last of the rebel columns, numbering two thousand men, under Bala Rao, with whom was his brother, Nana Sahib, was dispersed, and the operations of the Great Mutiny, extending over two years, were brought to an end.

During these protracted operations the British army had displayed a gallantry beyond praise, and endurance almost unparalleled, when it is considered that they made forced marches and fought battles under the scorching sun of an Indian summer, when Europeans do not even venture out of doors. Especially is this true of Havelock's campaign, of the siege of Delhi, and of the Central India campaign, while the endurance and marching powers of the British soldier received, perhaps, the most marked illustration. The prowess of the troops raised the drooping prestige of the British army throughout the world, and the lesson had a terrible significance throughout the length and breadth of India for the subject races.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO

FRANCE AND SARDINIA AGAINST AUSTRIA—CAVOUR—GARIBALDI—THE FIGHT—DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS—PEACE OF VILLAFRANCA—ITALIA IRRIDENTA

A. D. 1859

IT has been the good fortune of Italy, and the reward of all the services which she had rendered to civilization, that even in the most somber period of her history, and when her children were separated by governments interested in maintaining mutual distrust and animosity, all who were not engrossed, like the ox in the furrow, by the memory or the actuality of grief, saw on the horizon a purified image of a united Italy; and the breath of evening brought home to every rising generation the dreams and ambitions of the poets, of the writers who called their country into existence, crying to her with the voice of filial piety: "Mother, come forth from thy tomb!" Before diplomacy and success in the field had liberated Italy, poets and authors had aroused the desire and passion for independence, the aspiration to be free and united.

From the Florentine who sets in the circles of his *Paradiso* those who delivered Italy from the stranger, to the impassioned verses of Giusti, one and the same cry has ever issued from the hearts of the oppressed: "Fuori Barbari!" Out with the foreigners! ("Non vogliam Tedeschi?") We will have no Germans! It was amid these circumstances and with these thoughts that Cavour awoke to manhood. With him Italian patriotism enters upon a new phase; it leaves behind the shadow of conspiracy, wherein so much devotion and heroism have been expended at an absolute loss; it renounces revolutionary agencies, in order to show that the independence of Italy is a question of European order, and enlists public opinion in its interest.

Cavour was not one of those reckless men who would set Europe on fire to get themselves out of a difficulty. He had the patience of a firm, resolute man who relies upon the justice of his cause, and has no reason to call into existence accidents and chances in order to bring his long-ripening plans to issue. If fortune does not seek us out in our sleep, she ever avoids the imprudent capricious people who would take her by storm, unable to wait until the force of circumstances causes the object of their ambition to fall into their hands. Austria made a point of soothing his impatience, and hastening the issue which he desired. Boasting in her veteran armies, renowned for their discipline, accustomed to dictate her will throughout Italy, whose princes were her vassals and dependents, she could no longer endure the spectacle of this petty State becoming day after day the arsenal of liberty, the refuge of all who had sworn the oath of Hannibal against her tyranny in Italy. As sometimes happens with tyrants whose power begins to totter, she did not resist the temptation to assert her will, never striving to keep up the appearance of legality and the sympathies of the European courts. Suddenly throwing over existing treaties, she no longer concealed that she was organizing a crusade in favor of absolutism against liberal Europe, and summoned Piedmont to disarm.

Later on, when circumstances brought their contrasted natures into opposition and strife, Cavour showed his intellectual superiority by forbidding the passion and resentment which murmured

round about him to despise the pure character and real greatness of the leader of the Thousand.

"Garibaldi," he said, "is a man by himself; his ways are peculiarly his own; others would not do what he does, and he could not do what others do. Garibaldi is more than a general; he is a banner. We have misunderstood each other for the moment; and I am sure that, if there were no one between us, we should understand one another again."

Such, then, was the statesman who had brought about the second great struggle between Piedmont and Austria; who had spent a decade in preparing for it, and who had strained every nerve in deserving the success which he attained.

The time had come when his patient labors were to bear their fruit, and when, moreover, by a fortunate coincidence the ambition and policy of Louis Napoleon insured the co-operation of France and Sardinia against their common enemy Austria. It was not without a view to this contingency that Cavour had forced his country into alliance with England and France during the Crimean war, whereof one result had been to wipe out on the field of battle the rankling memories of 1849, and to familiarize French and Italian soldiers with the idea of fighting side by side. The Sardinian government left no opportunity of letting all Italy understand how necessary to them and how useful would be the co-operation of France, "without which Sardinia's position would be a forlorn one, England's friendly attitude having given place to decided indifference." On one occasion Cavour stated, in the Chamber of Deputies, that as early as 1849 Napoleon had desired to aid Sardinia in a war against Austria. Than which, indeed, there were many things more improbable.

In the year 1858 the relations between Sardinia and Naples were much disturbed from causes into which we need not enter. Whatever these were, there can be small doubt that Cavour rather kept the sore open than attempted to close it; and one advantage of this somewhat Machiavellian conduct was that a colorable pretext was afforded for the continued armament of Sardinia, which had already excited grave jealousy and alarm on the part of Austria. Moreover, Cavour was by this time perfectly ready for the

outbreak of hostilities, and it was in exact accordance with his provisions that the government of Vienna now gave him to understand that an attack upon Naples by Sardinia would be considered by Austria as a "cause of war."

After these events, and these unmistakable forewarnings, no time was lost by either country in making itself ready for immediate action. Austria was sorely crippled in her resources, and an attempt to raise six millions sterling in London was successful only to the extent of about one-fifth of the amount. Sardinia contracted a loan of two millions, granted an amnesty to her political and military prisoners, and made no secret of the news that before the end of March she would be able to place one hundred and twenty thousand men in the field. Cavour sent for Garibaldi and gave him the rank of general of division, relying upon the noble free-lance to raise his own troops, which was effected without the slightest difficulty. No sooner was it known that the hero would work in hearty concert with the king than volunteers flocked in to his standard from all parts of the country, and especially from the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, where men were eager for the opportunity of fighting against Austria. At Coni, Garibaldi raised and trained three battalions of troops, the nucleus of a force which was to do effective service in the coming war, under the title of the Alpine Chasseurs (Cacciatori degl' Alpi). France also busily prepared her contingent, mobilizing five corps d'armee—one consisting of imperial guards—and three regiments of artillery. Austria, with no less alacrity, managed by immense sacrifices and labor to mass six divisions in Lombardy and Venice, so as to be prepared for any violation of the peace which might be attempted by Sardinia.

On the 27th, after a solemn service in the capital, attended by the king and his ministers, Victor Emmanuel's staff received marching orders for Alessandria, and the king's proclamation to the army appeared.

The die was cast, and the war began. We cannot attempt in these pages to follow it in detail, or to do much more than indicate the part which Garibaldi took in it. His Alpine Chasseurs numbered originally four thousand five hundred men, consisting of

representatives of every State in Italy, and of more than one foreign country—the Poles among them. A small contingent of Romans had arrived, bringing two hundred horses and thirty thousand scudi; but the bulk of the "Cacciatori" were Lombards and Venetians, who fought not merely for the ultimate unification of Italy, but for the immediate liberation of their own home from a hated yoke. Garibaldi was left almost complete liberty in the disposition and handling of his force; for the king and his advisers knew that his genius lay in irregular action, in rapid surprises, in unfettered enthusiasm, rather than in the subordination of scientific warfare.

Garibaldi's movements were entirely characteristic of him. The Austrians had massed their force upon their left, anticipating an attack from the French on the road from Alessandria. Seizing the opportunity, Garibaldi pushed in haste toward the north, crossing the Ticino, and advancing some fifteen miles in the direction of Como. His object was not—it need hardly be said—to turn the flank of the Austrians, but principally to excite the Lombards of the west to take up arms; and in this he was to a great extent successful. At Varese he issued the following proclamation:

"LOMBARDS! You are called to a new life, and you will respond to the appeal, as your fathers did of yore at Ponsida and Legnago. The enemy is the same as ever, pitiless, a black assassin and a robber. Your brethren in every province have sworn to conquer or to die with you. It is our task to avenge the insults, the outrages, and the servitude of twenty generations: it is for us to leave to our children a patrimony freed from the pollution of a foreign domination. Victor Emmanuel, chosen by the national will for our supreme chief, sends me to organize you for this patriotic fight. I deeply feel the sanctity of this mission, and I am proud to command you. To arms! Then bondage must cease. He who can seize a weapon, and does not, is a traitor. Italy, with her children united, and freed from foreign domination, will now know how to recover by conquest the rank which Providence has assigned her among the nations."

Garibaldi left Turin with three thousand seven hundred men;

and the day after his departure he quitted Biella and proceeded to Borgomanero, where he passed the night and part of the next day. He then prepared his plans, and put them in harmony with the instructions he had received from headquarters. The principal object was to cross the Ticino, and effect the passage and invasion without danger to himself or his men. He knew that all these men risked their lives, inasmuch as, before becoming soldiers, they were refugees, and by bearing arms they incurred, according to the Austrian Code, the penalty of death. He accordingly spread the report that he intended to stop at Arona, and he even wrote himself to have stores and lodgings prepared there, and the churches fitted up for the reception of horses. No sooner had he sent off these orders by special messengers to Arona, which is on the Lago Maggiore, than he gave orders to his men, each of whom carried two muskets, to leave for Castelletto, where they crossed the Ticino in a ferryboat on the 24th of May, to Sesto Calende, and by a forced march proceeded to Varese. The Austrians, on learning how they had been tricked, assembled at Calarata, and intercepted the line of the Ticino at Varese, believing that they would thereby cut off the retreat of the force and surprise it. Garibaldi troubled himself little about that proceeding, and induced the towns and villages to revolt. His success in this was so great that he had to write to the king for eight thousand muskets and eight thousand greatcoats.

Foreseeing, however, an attack on Varese, he barricaded the town—which does not mean that he barricaded himself in the town. That done, he left two hundred of his men, and they, with the assistance of the population, heroically resisted the Austrians, who soon attacked the place. In the meantime he marched with the main body of his army from the town toward the hills; and some time afterward, surprising the enemy in flank, defeated and routed them. The Austrians retired in great disorder, and only reformed at Camerlata, a very important position, from which Como can be defended without great loss. But Garibaldi scarcely left them time to count themselves, as he attacked them again, and after a sharp combat, in which many of their officers were killed, dislodged them.

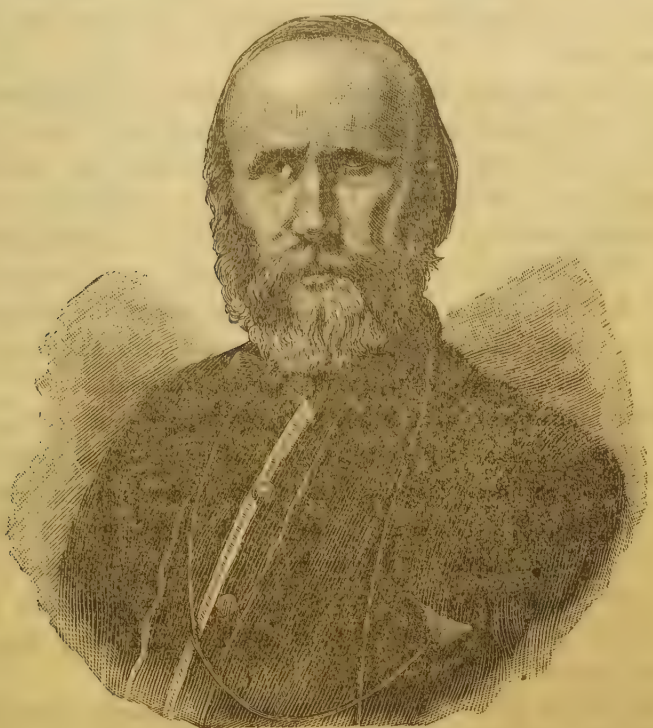
Accounts differ with respect to the conduct of both sides in this brief episode of the war; but the following well-authenticated anecdote may be construed by the discerning reader as explaining such a natural and only too familiar discrepancy. Garibaldi, on being told that the Austrians, having laid their hands on one of his followers, broken down by fatigue near Varese, had hanged him on the nearest tree, exclaimed: "The cowards! I will sift this story to the bottom, and if I find it true, I will shoot every Austrian officer that I have made prisoner." Money, so much wanted at other times, poured into Garibaldi's military treasury, together with gold necklaces and other valuable trinkets from fair Lombard ladies. In two days the sum collected reached two million francs.

Faithful to his promises, Garibaldi had no sooner returned to Como, after having beaten the Austrians, than he marched southward to aid the allied armies of France and Italy.

The main body of the Austrians, after recrossing the Ticino and the Naviglio Grande, a ship canal running parallel with the river, halted at Magenta, half-way between Novara and Milan, where it was considerably re-enforced by the arrival of Clam-Gallas with the first corps d'armee; Gyulai's plan being, it is alleged, to turn and attack the allies on the 5th of June. But the latter did not wait for him to offer battle.

The van of the French army reached Novara from the southwest on the 1st of June. Hence the forces were separated into two divisions; the road through Trecate to the bridge of San Martino being followed by the divisions of Generals Wimpffen, Clerc, Martimprey, d'Angely, Niel, Vinoy, Canrobert, and Trochu, in the order named; while Generals MacMahon and Espinasse marched to a higher point of the Ticino, where they were to construct a bridge and cross over to Turbigo, so as to join General Cialdini, and move down upon Magenta from the north. Napoleon himself was with the Guards, under Martimprey and d'Angely; and upon them devolved the first and most critical part of this sanguinary battle. On the morning of the 4th of June the emperor himself gave the order to cross the bridge over the Ticino, and from thence to push forward to the Ponte di

Magenta over the Naviglio Grande. It was between these two lines of water that the Imperial Guard had to bear the brunt of a powerful and murderous attack from the enemy, while there was as yet no sign of MacMahon's approach from the north, and while the divisions of Canrobert and Trochu were still far in the rear. As it happened, perhaps this bold, and, as some think, premature commencement of hostilities by the Guards won the



G. GARIBALDI

battle of Magenta; but if they had been driven back across the Ticino it is not improbable that the Austrians might have gained a decisive victory.

The second French corps had had some trouble at Turbigo and Cuggione, and south of the latter place it was threatened by Clam-Gallas, who, with a little more activity, might have cut off the lagging division of Espinasse from the more advanced forces of MacMahon and Cialdini, and so have taken the latter in the rear.

But the Austrian missed this opportunity, and the sound of French guns at Buffalora soon gladdened the hearts of Napoleon and his generals. Meanwhile, Canrobert, Trochu, and Vinoy had crossed the Ticino, and turned the fate of the struggle at Ponte di Magenta. The weakness of the Austrian generalship on this eventful day was almost incredible. It was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that Gyulai, who had been informed at an early hour of the French movements, thought fit to mount his horse and leave his headquarters at Abbiate Grasso for Magenta; of course too late to do any good.

All the afternoon the battle raged fiercely on the banks of the canal. Seven times was the bridge lost and won; but at length the Austrians retired upon Magenta. During this retrograde movement they were taken in flank by a murderous fire from Espinasse's artillery; and in Magenta itself a terrible melee ensued. The slaughter was vast on both sides, and it was not until 8 P.M. that the village was fairly in the hands of the French. It was then that the Austrians felt themselves, for the moment at least, beaten, and they retired along the Milan road.

Next morning Gyulai ordered a fresh attack, but nothing came of it. Clam-Gallas and Leichtenstein had seen more clearly than their leader the real significance of the battle of Magenta, and when, on the 5th of June, Gyulai ordered Hartung and the Hessian troops to advance, he was in actual ignorance of the position of Clam-Gallas, who steadily pursued his march toward Milan! The Austrians were therefore soon recalled, and the retreat soon became general.

The fact is not to be denied, as a contemporary writer points out, that through this affair on the Ticino "Lombardy was lost to the Austrian crown." The only hope now lay in the line of the Mincio, in the neighborhood of the famous quadrilateral formed by the fortresses of Verona, Peschiera, Mantua, and Legnago.

"The day after, the Emperor Louis Napoleon and the king of Sardinia made their triumphal entry into Milan, amid cries of exultation and welcome, and a state of excitement difficult to describe; a sort of delirium seemed to have seized the people.

"Victor Emmanuel expressed himself with unmistakable clear-

ness: 'Inhabitants of Lombardy! The right of nations re-established, let your voices be heard in favor of a union with my kingdom.' He spoke of the sacrifices which Sardinia had already made for the common cause, and urged the Lombards at once to recognize the fact and the consequences of their deliverance from the Austrian yoke." In the meantime Garibaldi, with his Chasseurs of the Alps, was always in advance of the left flank of the allies, rousing and organizing the country on the southern slopes of the Alps, recruiting and following on the heels of the enemy. Before the allies entered Milan he was in Lecco, on the eastern branch of Lake Como; before they had crossed the river he appeared at Bergamo; and while they were crossing the river Adda he appeared at Brescia.

The Austrians now withdrew, in three large columns, behind the Alps. In the center was General Benedek, who was retreating in the direction of Lodi. On the right wing was Urban, who operated the passage of the Adda at Canonica and Cassano, not, however, without being somewhat annoyed by the French. On the left wing marched the main body of the Austrians, along the left bank of the Po, crossing the Adda below Pizzighettone. The headquarters were established at Casatigozzi, on the road from Cremona. The line of retreat on to the left bank of the Mincio was in no way threatened. The communications, however, lying more northward than the direction the Austrian army was following—*e.g.*, that going off toward Goito, or even that leading to Peschiera—seemed imperiled; for Garibaldi had pushed forward as far as Bergamo, and was making preparations, amid the acclamations of the insurgent population, for marching *via* Brescia toward the Lake of Garda—an undertaking that, in spite of the five thousand men and four guns at the disposal of the guerrilla chieftain, must be designated as a very bold one, as it exposed the little band on its march to the danger of being attacked in the flank from troops descending from the Tyrol.

The more immediate danger for Garibaldi lay, however, in the approach of Urban's flying corps. In spite of his numerical inferiority, Garibaldi determined, on the 15th of June, to attack the troops under Urban, and at Castelnedolo the advanced corps of

the two parties came to blows. The numbers engaged were not inconsiderable: Garibaldi had drawn to his aid Piedmontese troops of the brigade Voghera, which rendered his corps more of a match for the Austrians.

The Garibaldini had strongly occupied all farmhouses in the neighborhood of Castelnedolo that admitted of a hasty barricading, etc., and pushed forward a corps of sharpshooters, showing a determination to attempt to cut off the Austrians from their line of retreat on Montechiaro. The conflict became very sanguinary. By an attack on the enemy's front the Austrians could obtain no advantage whatever; on the contrary, this turned out much to their prejudice. Major von Bourguignon therefore attempted, at the head of the 3d battalion of the Archduke Rainer infantry, a squadron of Haller hussars, and a detachment of artillery, to turn the enemy's position and disperse the Piedmontese reserves.

In the meantime Major von Welsersheimb, with a battalion of the regiment Rainer, and Major Schmidt, with the 1st battalion of the regiment Zobel, had got into a very critical position. These battalions were completely surrounded by the Garibaldini, and were being decimated by ball and bayonet. They kept well together, however, till Bourguignon's artillery was heard in the direction of Civilerghe, and the jäger of the 19th battalion, together with the infantry regiment Keller, came up and broke the destructive cordon of the foe round Welsersheimb's and Schmidt's troops, whereupon the Garibaldini retired once more to the farmhouses. The conflict lasted some four hours, till at length Garibaldi, feeling his numerical inferiority, withdrew his men out of the battle, and made a retreat on Brescia. Several small detachments in the farmhouses were not quick enough in their movements, and fell into the hands of the Austrians. These latter, however, did not push forward beyond Civilerghe and Treponti, but, on the advance of Cialdini with a part of his division to the aid of Garibaldi, retired slowly, and soon after evacuated Castelnedolo, attempting to destroy the bridge over the Chiesa, at Bertoletto, which was. however, soon rendered passable again by the Piedmontese and Garibaldini.

The famous leader who with his daring movements had aston-

ished Europe had already been rewarded by the "Gallant King." An order of the day, dated Milan, the 8th of June, conferred upon him the gold medal of military valor. A life pension of five hundred francs is always granted to those who are deemed worthy of that distinction.

The award of these honors gave great satisfaction to the people of Lombardy, because it showed Victor Emmanuel's recognition of all the great services which had been rendered by Garibaldi's force to the main army.

Steadily and cautiously the allied armies continued to roll on after the retreating masses of the Austrians, who abandoned successively the lines of the Adda, the Oglio, the Chiese; the French marching on the right, the Piedmontese on the left, and Garibaldi acting with them on the north, till, on the 22d of June, Lonato and Castaglione were occupied by the allied troops, and the Austrian army crossed the Mincio to the eastern side.

The emperor of Austria had now resumed the command-in-chief of the army, and his headquarters were at Villafranca, which lies within the famous quadrilateral, and not far from the famous town of Custozza. The battle of Solferino was fought on the 24th of June. The Austrian army numbered about one hundred and seventy thousand men, and the allied forces were not less than one hundred and fifty thousand, two of the largest armies that had ever come into conflict in modern times. The emperor of Austria in person was opposed to the emperor of the French and the king of Sardinia.

The battle commenced about five o'clock in the morning, when the emperor Napoleon, who was at Montechiaro, proceeded in haste to Castaglione, where the Imperial Guard were to assemble. The main collision of these two vast armies took place about ten in the forenoon. The village and heights of Solferino, an exceedingly strong and commanding position, became the grand object of contention. Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers directed the assaults, which were resisted with the greatest obstinacy, and sometimes repulsed, but the heights were at length won. The Piedmontese, advancing by Pozzolongo, were assailed by a strong Austrian force, which they successfully resisted, and at length won the heights of

San Martino. Marshal MacMahon and General Niel were hotly engaged to the right of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers. Marshal Canrobert was chiefly occupied in keeping watch for an expected attack from Mantua. The emperor Napoleon was seen everywhere, directing the operations.

The emperor of Austria, who had occupied a house at Cavriana, quitted the field about four o'clock in the afternoon. The Austrian army then commenced its retreat, which was skillfully conducted, favored for a time by a terrific storm of thunder, hail, and wind, which raged for nearly an hour. The fighting continued until about eight o'clock in the evening. The allies took thirty pieces of cannon and seven thousand prisoners. The loss of the French in killed and wounded was twelve thousand rank and file, and seven hundred and twenty officers. The loss of the Austrians was doubtless considerably more, but it was never made known. General Niel was created a Marshal of France.

Two great battles had been fought, but Austria had not been driven from Italy. There remained still the almost impregnable fortresses of the Quadrilateral. Besides, other European powers began to look on the struggle with dismay. The intentions of Napoleon were more than doubtful, and English newspapers did not hesitate to say so. The German Confederation, fearing that the nephew was about to carry out the designs of his uncle, threatened an invasion of France. Russia took a similar view of the situation. Prussia began to mobilize her army, but, as usual, declined to say for what purpose. Lord John Russell, who was then English Secretary for Foreign Affairs, wrote a stirring dispatch to Berlin, in which he said: "Her Majesty's government observes, with great concern, a disposition to take part in the war which has broken out between France and Sardinia on the one side, and Austria on the other. The emperor Napoleon has declared that he has no intention of attacking Germany. It is hoped and believed that the Prince Regent will not become a party to an attack upon France." The emperor Napoleon had become alarmed. He had won two great battles. But what might he not lose? He was uncertain of the action of Prussia, which might seize the opportunity to invade France. He was uncertain as to his shattered

armies taking the four great Austrian fortresses. He was uncertain whether he had not already created a kingdom which might prove dangerous to France. And he was uncertain whether that kingdom might not, in the end, extend itself from Sardinia to Rome.

To the great astonishment of Europe, Napoleon, who had already carried all before him, entered into negotiations with the Emperor Francis Joseph. A truce was concluded at Villafranca on the 8th of July, by Marshal Vaillant and General Hess, by which the suspension of hostilities was to last for five weeks.

A council was at once called, and the Treaty of Villafranca was drawn up between the two emperors. It is not necessary to give the whole of the facts. The two sovereigns agreed to favor the creation of an Italian Confederation; that the confederation should be under the honorary presidency of the Pope; that certain boundary lines should be drawn (Austria ceding to France Lombardy, with the exception of the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera); that the French emperor should hand over the ceded territory to the king of Sardinia; that Venetia should form part of the Italian Confederation, though remaining under the crown of Austria; that the Grandduke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena should return to their States, granting a general amnesty; that the two emperors should ask the Holy Father to introduce indispensable reforms into his States; and that a full and complete amnesty should be granted on both sides to persons compromised in the late events in the territories of the belligerent parties.

Solferino was the foundation of united Italy. Within less than a year came the revolutions which preceded the ascent of Victor Emmanuel to the Italian throne, and a little later came the flight of Francis II. to Gaeta. With the capture of that stronghold, the southern part of the peninsula passed under the control of the new ruler, and subsequent events produced the realization of the dream of Cavour—*Italia Irridenta.*

CHAPTER XXXV

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC

THE CIVIL WAR—NORTH AGAINST SOUTH—IRONCLADS IN ACTION

A. D. 1862

INTO the causes which led to the civil war in this country it is unnecessary to enter, but some idea may be offered of the means and prospects with which it was begun. As far as military resources went, the difference between North and South was not great. The advantage which the Federal government ought to have enjoyed from the possession of the national arsenals and stores was in a large measure lost, owing to the treachery of those Southerners who had held public offices. Neither side was at first well off for skilled officers. On the other hand, both in the North and South the absence of aristocratic exclusiveness allowed the best men to come quickly to the front. Thus the armies on both sides were soon led by men of ability, while there was a great want of soldierly skill and knowledge among the subalterns. In many ways the South furnished better raw material for soldiers than the North. The Southern planters were more given to outdoor pursuits, to field sports and the like, than the town-bred merchants of the North. Good horses and skillful riders were plentiful, and the cavalry of the South was one of its most efficient supports. Above all, the South was united. It is sometimes said that secession was not the unanimous act of the South, and that a large majority was either beguiled or coerced into a movement which they condemned. But throughout the war, no such division of feeling showed itself, save in Virginia.

There was no such unanimity in the North, at least at the outset of the war. Many actually sympathized with the South, and

thought the attempt to detain her unjust; many were indifferent. Jobbery and dishonesty of every kind were rife in the government offices. As the war went on, all this was greatly lessened, and there grew up in the North a resolute determination to preserve the Union at any cost. But, from the very outset of the war there were three great points of superiority which in the long run turned the scale in favor of the North. Her free population was far more numerous, and could bear the strain of a destructive war while her opponent was becoming exhausted. The South too had no manufactures of her own. She had learned to depend entirely on Northern productions, and the loss of them struck a heavy blow at her resources. Lastly, the North had command of the sea. A navy cannot, like an army, be created at a few months' notice, and the vast superiority of the North in wealth, in harbors, and in materials for shipbuilding, gave her in this manner an immense advantage. It enabled the North to recruit her armies with supplies of emigrants drawn from Europe, while the South, with her whole coast blockaded, could not fill the gaps which every campaign made in her population.

Owing to the feeble policy of Buchanan's government, the Confederates were allowed to possess themselves of every national fort and dockyard south of the Chesapeake Bay, save Fort Sumter, and Forts Key West and Pickens off the coast of Florida. The secession of Virginia led to further enterprises of the same kind. The arsenal at Harper's Ferry was seized, but the officers in charge had destroyed the greater part of the stores before evacuating the place. The two most important Federal possessions within Virginia were Fort Monroe and the navy yard at Norfolk. The latter contained two thousand cannon, a quarter of a million pounds of powder, large quantities of shot and shell, and twelve ships of war. A force of about five hundred militia, with ten small field-pieces, threatened the place. Captain M'Cauley, the officer in charge, although he had a force of a thousand men, did not attempt to resist, but scuttled the ships, made an ineffectual attempt to sink the guns, and abandoned the place, leaving the works and a large quantity of stores to fall into the hands of the Confederates. An inquiry was ordered by Congress, and a committee of the Senate

decided that both Buchanan's and Lincoln's administrations were to blame for neglecting the proper defense of the place, and that Captain M'Cauley was highly censurable for not attempting to hold it. Fort Monroe was a work of great size and strength commanding the Chesapeake Bay and James River. It was thought that the Virginians might by a prompt attack have seized it, and have dealt the Federal government a heavier blow than it had yet sustained. But the opportunity was allowed to pass, and in May the place was garrisoned with twelve thousand men.

Early in 1861 rumors were afloat that the secessionists meant to seize the seat of government. This danger was greatly increased by the secession of Virginia. Troops, however, were hurried down from the North in sufficient numbers to guard against any surprise. When the war openly broke out, it was clear that Washington, separated as it was from Virginia only by the Potomac, was one of the most vulnerable points in the Northern territory. Accordingly the defense of the capital became the first object with the Federal government. Earthworks were thrown up on the neighboring heights, and troops were posted across the Potomac to cover the city.

Before giving an account of the battles which ensued, a general idea of the main objects and military positions of both parties will be serviceable.

The object of the South was, of course, merely defensive. Her territory may be looked on as a vast fortress bounded by the Potomac, the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Atlantic. Her armies did indeed, more than once, penetrate into the Northern territory. But such measures were merely like the sorties of a besieged garrison, intended to draw off or weaken the assailants, and had no permanent occupation or conquest in view. Four main lines of attack lay open to the Federals: first, an invasion of Virginia from the north; second, an invasion of Tennessee to the southwest of the Alleghanies; third, an attack from the seacoast; fourth, an invasion from the southwest, after they had obtained the control of the Mississippi. As the war showed, the real points on which the military strength of the Confederacy turned were the possession of the Mississippi and of those lines of railway which connected

the southwestern States with the coast. By mastering the Mississippi, the Federals would cut off their enemies from the rich States to the south of the river, besides interfering with the communication between the west and the sea. Possession of the Mississippi might be obtained either from the sea, or from the west, or by a combined attack in both directions. By bearing in mind these general features of the war, operations, spreading over many thousand miles, and seemingly unconnected, are at once seen to form part of one distinct scheme of attack and defense. One very interesting feature of the war in a military point of view is that it was the first in which railways had ever played an important part. The effect of this was to lessen the advantage of superior numbers, as a small body of troops, dexterously handled, might be rapidly moved from point to point, and used successively against different portions of the enemy's force. This was of especial value to an army acting in its own country against invaders.

In July, the Northern and Southern armies confronted one another on the south side of the Potomac. The Southern army numbered about thirty thousand men, under Beauregard. The Northerners mustered forty thousand, under McDowell. His troops were ill-drilled and unsoldierly, and his officers inexperienced, but, as many of his men were enlisted only for three months, it was needful to do something at once, and accordingly he advanced. Both armies were in two divisions, the main force to the east, while two bodies of about eight thousand each, the Federals under Patterson, the Confederates under Johnston, faced each other about fifty miles further west. The two divisions of the Confederates enjoyed the great advantage of being connected by a line of railway. McDowell's plan was that Patterson should keep Johnston in check, while he himself attacked Beauregard. But this plan was thwarted by the difficulty so often met with before in American history. The Pennsylvanian volunteers under Patterson refused to serve for a day longer than their engagement bound them. Patterson was obliged to withdraw, leaving McDowell to cope single-handed with Johnston and Beauregard. Johnston at once hurried, with all the troops he could bring up, to the assistance of the main body.

On the morning of July 21, McDowell fell upon the right of the Confederate line, and drove them back. The Federal advance was stopped only by the Virginian troops under General Jackson. "There's Jackson standing like a stone wall," cried the Southern general Bee, to encourage his men, and "Stonewall Jackson" was the name by which the Virginian commander was ever after known. This check on the Federal right was soon turned into a repulse along the whole line. At the very crisis of the battle, the remainder of Johnston's force came up from the west, fell upon the Federal right, and rendered the victory complete. From a military point of view the result was of no great importance. The Federal loss was not more than three thousand in all, and their enemies gained no advantage of position. The real value of victory to the South was the confidence and enthusiasm which was called out by so complete a triumph at the very outset of the war. But probably the hopeful and exulting spirit which the battle kindled in the South was equaled, if not outweighed, by its effect on tho Northerners. Their defeat did not so much dishearten as sober them. They saw that a great war was before them, which would tax their energies and their resources to the utmost. They learned that success could be bought only at a heavy price, and they soon showed that they were not unwilling to pay it.

Among the conflicts which then ensued, one of the most important is that of the "Merrimac" and the "Monitor," which, through the use of ironclad vessels which it inaugurated, entirely changed the form of naval warfare.

The warships of the United States which had, with the exception of the vessels scuttled at Norfolk, remained in the hands of the Northern government, were, one and all, built of wood, and of the old pattern. The grand total reached seventy-six vessels, mounting 1,783 guns, and displacing 105,000 tons; but of these no less than thirty-two relied upon sails alone for their motive power. They were obsolete, even before the introduction of armor, as steam was already an indispensable requisite for the warship. Some of the others were fine and powerful ships, but very few indeed were adapted for operations in the shallow waters of the Southern States. For the neglect of the navy, which had left

the central government unable promptly to equip a formidable squadron, the North had to pay very dearly. Few of the Southern ports were protected by defenses which could have withstood the attack of a moderate naval force in 1861; but, as months passed without such attacks being delivered, the works at Charleston, at Wilmington, and at Mobile grew ever stronger, till they were capable of holding out against anything but a vigorous and combined assault by sea and land.

For the South to endeavor to compete with the North in ships of the ordinary type was hopeless. The only chance lay in designing vessels of extreme power, which could be manned by small crews, and which could afford their crews great protection. "Inequality of numbers may be compensated by invulnerability. Not only does economy, but naval success, dictate the wisdom and expediency of fighting with iron against wood, without regard to first cost," wrote Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate States Navy. He further pointed out that an iron-armored ship could cope with countless wooden frigates, whereas, if the South built wooden ships, they must fall victims to the more numerous vessels of their type which the North possessed. A new and formidable type must be created. These words were written in May, 1861, and reveal great tactical insight. Not that there was anything new in the idea of armor, though its application to ships, however admirable in theory, had not as yet been severely tested in war. At Kinburn armored floating batteries had indeed figured, but opinion was divided as to their success. Again, in both England and France ironclads were under construction, or actually constructed, while a Mr. Stevens as far back as the forties had commenced an armored floating battery in the United States. But in the United States, a community at once inventive and disposed to welcome departures from the existing designs, the South had the credit of being the first to adopt armor. The North had at least a dozen ships which might have been protected in the same manner as the "Merrimac," but for months nothing was done.

It was Stevens' ironclad vessel [says H. W. Wilson] which the Southern designers had in mind when they constructed the

"Merrimac." Having no adequate engineering shops, and, as has been said, very scanty shipbuilding resources, they were driven to use the hull and engines of the United States' ship of that name. The "Merrimac" had been a 40-gun frigate of 3,500 tons, and her remarkable size and novel artillery had attracted great attention in England on a visit which she paid during the year 1856. At the commencement of the war she was lying off the Norfolk Navy Yard with several other ships, wanting crews, when, as the place was threatened by the Confederates, the United States officer in charge decided to burn the stores and destroy the ships, which he thought himself unable to remove. She was in consequence set on fire, but sank, apparently before much damage had been done to her, and when the Confederates, a few days later, occupied the town, they made preparations to raise her. Her machinery, when she was recovered, was found to be capable of rapid repair, while her hull was still sound. Having no shipwrights, the Southerners found here the material on which to base their designs.

A rough design was prepared on the model of Stevens' old iron-clad by Commander Brooke. The entire upper works of the vessel were removed, where they had not been destroyed by fire, and she was cut down to the water line. Upon the hull was built, amid-ships, a rectangular casemate, one hundred and seventy feet long. The sides of this casemate were formed of twenty inches of pine, with four inches of oak upon it, inclined at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Outside this great thickness of timber two layers of iron plating, each two inches thick, were fixed. This armor had been rolled from rails in the one foundry which Richmond possessed; the plates were eight inches broad, and the inner course was laid horizontally, the outer vertically, while the two courses were secured to the timber backing by bolts of one and three-eighths inches thick, which, running right through, were clinched on the inside. The roof of the casemate was formed by a grating which was twenty feet wide and one hundred and sixty feet long. There were no masts, and but one funnel, which was not protected in any way. At the forward end of the casemate was situated the pilot house, a slight conical projection rising three feet above the deck, with four inches of armor upon it. The iron plating on

the casemate sloped down some two feet under water, and projected slightly from the hull.

The ship had unarmored ends of considerable length, one hundred and ten feet, out of a total length of two hundred and eighty feet, being destitute of plating. Her stern was left very nearly flush with the water, but forward a light false bow of timber was built up to prevent the water banking upon the casemate. To the stem was fitted a cast-iron ram which projected four feet. The casemate, which was rounded at each end, was pierced with fourteen ports, the sills of which were five feet above the water-line. In the battery were ten guns; forward and aft two 7-inch rifled weapons mounted on pivots, so that they could be trained in the keel-line or on either beam; on each broadside one 6-inch rifled gun strengthened by steel bands shrunk upon the breech, and three 9-inch smooth-bore Dahlgren guns, which had come from the store of weapons taken at the capture of the Norfolk Yard.

The workmanship of the vessel was rough, but she was none the less a formidable craft, and was in the absence of masts and rigging, and in her low freeboard fore and aft, a most daring departure from the accepted designs of ship builders. Above water she was invulnerable to all but the heaviest ordnance. The credit for the design belongs equally to Commander Brooke, who conceived the general idea, and Constructor Porter, who carried it out in detail. The difficulties to be faced were very great, for from lack of iron and suitable plant for rolling plates in the South there was considerable delay in obtaining the armor from the Richmond works. Though she was begun in the summer of 1861, it was not till the commencement of March, 1862, that she was ready for sea. She was then manned with a crew of three hundred men, who were picked from the Confederate army, in the absence of trained sailors, and were placed under the command of the able and energetic Captain Buchanan, a seceder from the United States navy. Her second officer was Lieutenant Jones, also trained in the United States navy.

Meantime in the North the need for armor-plated ships in naval warfare was acknowledged, though the Navy Board there showed far less discernment than the Southern Secretary. In August, three

months after Mr. Mallory decided upon armor, an advertisement was issued at Washington, inviting designs for ironclad warships, and toward the end of that month Captain Ericsson, the great inventor, addressed a letter to President Linclon, drawing his attention to an invulnerable ship which he had projected. In September, by the most earnest and determined efforts, Ericsson succeeded in persuading the board to construct one vessel after his design. She was to be built entirely at his risk, since, if unsuccessful, she was not by the terms of the contract to be accepted, and all the money paid on account was to be refunded. She was to be completed in the unprecedentedly short time of one hundred days, for already the progress of the "Merrimac" was creating panic in the North. Immediately the contract was awarded, and before it was even signed, the keel plate of the vessel had been ordered by Ericsson, and had passed through the rollers of the mill.

The ship which was to be built, and which has since become so famous under the name "Monitor," was even a more radical departure from the accepted designs of warships than the "Merrimac." The following conditions logically dictated her plan. In the first place she was to be invulnerable, and this could only be secured by a great thickness of armor. In the second place her draught had necessarily to be light, as she would have to operate in the shoal water which fringes the coast of the Southern States. In the third place she had to be quickly built, if she was to meet the "Merrimac" before the Confederate ship did any damage. It followed then that she must be small, and being small she could carry no very extensive battery. Hence the problem was to produce a ship which should carry few guns and yet possess an all-round fire. The manner in which Ericsson solved this problem shows his great genius as an engineer.

He decided to employ the turret to contain and shelter the guns. Thus an extremely small armored structure would give perfect protection; the plating could be concentrated upon it instead of being distributed along a huge casemate; and as the turret revolved, the guns could cover a wide angle. The idea was no new one. Speaking of it himself, the inventor states: "A house or turret turning on a pivot for protecting apparatus intended to throw warlike pro-

jectiles is an ancient device; I believe it was known among the Greeks. Thinking back, I cannot fix any period of my life at which I did not know of its existence." An inventor named Timby indeed had at this very period proposed a land battery, which consisted of a circular armored structure, revolving upon a pivot, having several floors, and upon each a number of guns on slides; as the turret revolved the guns could be successively discharged at the target. This crude idea was, however, very different from Ericsson's finished structure, and cannot even claim to anticipate it, since Ericsson had some eight years before submitted a very similar design to the Emperor Napoleon, then at war with Russia. The emperor examined it and returned it with a polite note, urging that the main objection to the vessel was the small number of guns which it could bring into action. Very shortly before the date on which he received Ericsson's design, he had embarked upon the construction of the armored batteries which he employed in the Crimea.

In England Captain Coles had independently evolved the turret, and brought his designs before the United Service Institution in 1860, though the form of turret which he proposed differed in many important respects from Ericsson's. But it was as yet only speculative, and only Denmark up to this date had had the courage to abandon the broadside system and adopt this novel protection for the warship's artillery. The credit of the innovation belongs almost entirely then to the United States naval authorities, who had the good sense to see that there was a great deal in Ericsson's idea, and this though they still saddled him with the blame of the bursting of a novel 12-inch gun, and though his "Caloric ship" had been a practical failure, if a theoretic success. They did not, however, pin their entire faith upon the "Monitor," but also gave orders for the construction of a broadside ship, the "Ironsides," which was generally similar in design to the "Merrimac," but with this important difference that she had four and one-half inch solid-rolled armor plate instead of two thicknesses of iron as the Southern ship. A third ship commenced was the "Galena," which had bars of iron for her armor, and proved a complete failure.

The keel of the "Monitor" was laid October 25, 1861, and she

was launched January 30, 1862, being completed for sea February 15th, and turned over to the government four days later, or only one hundred and eighteen days from her commencement; a feat which at that date must be reckoned as extraordinary, though during the Crimean War the floating battery "Thunderbolt" had been built in England in three months. The "Monitor" was from turret to keel the product of Ericsson's brain, and was crammed with inventions of his own, which were created on the spur of the moment, but yet worked well in practice. She was a vessel of 776 tons old measurement, modern displacement 1,000 tons; her extreme length was one hundred and seventy-two feet; her breadth forty-one and a half feet; and her draught of water only ten and a half feet. One of the most noticeable features about her was the overhang of her sides, which projected some distance from her lower hull, so that viewed from below she presented the appearance of a ship-bottom fixed to a raft. Frequent complaints were made of the action of this overhang in a heavy sea, since when she came down heavily it seemed as if the lower part of the hull would be torn away from the upper, so violently did the flat under surface of the overhang catch the water. Yet it does not appear that these complaints had any substantial foundation; they were due to the fact that the officers commanding the monitors were new to their craft, and did not thoroughly understand them or their behavior.

The light draught and the absolute necessity of protecting the hull drove Ericsson to submerge it almost entirely, so that when in trim for battle only two feet of the overhang emerged, and as this was plated with five one-inch layers of iron it could not be seriously damaged by shot. The deck was protected by two one-half inch iron plates; the anchor and propeller were sheltered by the overhang which extended about fourteen feet forward beyond the hull, and thirty-two feet aft. The anchor could be lowered, hanging as it did in a well forward, without a single man being exposed, and the Confederates were greatly puzzled to see the monitors steam up and moor themselves automatically, nor could they understand how it was done. In this system there was one great disadvantage; the anchor-well fatally weakened the bow,

incapacitating it for ramming. The turret stood very nearly in the center of the ship; it was twenty feet in diameter inside and nine feet high, revolving on a central pivot which was supported upon the ship's bottom. It was protected by eight layers of one-inch plate, and the roof was of rolled iron, with gratings to admit air, and sliding hatches. The guns in the turret were two 11-inch Dahlgren smooth-bores, firing projectiles of 135 to 166 pounds weight with 15 pounds of powder. The vessel could, if necessary, have carried heavier weapons; but, as there were none in store, it was decided to employ the lighter guns which were ready to hand. Solid iron port-stoppers, hanging from the roof like pendulums, closed the portholes when the guns were run in. There were five projections from the deck, in addition to the turret. Forward in the center line was the pilot-house, or conning-tower, projecting four feet, and formed of 9-inch logs of iron bolted through the corner. On the top was a flat 2-inch plate, which was left loose, so that it could be raised, if it was necessary to leave the ship. The pilot-house was square in shape and would hold three men with difficulty; the wheel was secured to one of the logs in front; and the sight-holes were five-eighths of an inch wide, affording a vertical view eighty feet high, at a distance of two hundred yards. If Ericsson had been given sufficient time he would have placed the pilot-house on the top of the turret, as in the later vessels of this class, but he found it impossible to introduce this feature, with its many complications, within the limit of days fixed by the government.

The other projections from the deck were the two small square smokestacks rising six feet above it, and removable for battle, and the two blower-holes four and a half feet above deck. The ventilation was entirely artificial—another striking innovation—air being forced into the ship and escaping through the turret, a system which had the merit of quickly removing smoke from it, but rendered the atmosphere in it unbearably close and offensive —charged as the draught was with all the gases of the boiler and engine-room.

This strange craft had many unfavorable critics. Even the chief of the Docks' Bureau, Commodore Smith, seems to have

had some apprehensions that she would prove a failure, though he was really responsible for the order. First of all, he was afraid that: "The concussion in the turret will be so great that men cannot remain in it and work the guns, after a few fires with shot." Ericsson reassured him upon this point from his own experience in Sweden, where he had seen heavy guns fired from small huts. A few days later the commodore writes: "I understand that computations have been made by expert naval architects of the displacement of your vessel, and the result arrived at is that she will not float with the load you propose to put upon her, and, if she could, she could not stand upright for want of stability, nor attain a speed of four knots. . . . I have had some misgiving as to her stability as well as seaworthiness, on account of the abrupt termination of iron to the wooden vessel. I have thought the angle" (which the overhang made with the hull) "should be filled up with wood, to ease the motion of the vessel in rolling." He then reminds Ericsson that he is personally responsible for the ship, and had better make some changes to insure her floating. The engineer reassured him, only to be next told: "A heavy sea one side of the battery will rise out of the water or the sea recede from it, and the wooden vessel underneath will strike the water with such force, when it comes down or rolls back, as to knock the people on board off their feet." The timorous gentleman returned to the attack a few days later with the comforting assurance, "the more I reflect upon your battery the more I am fearful of her efficiency." He dreaded now asphyxia for the crew: "Your plan of ventilation appears plausible, but sailors do not fancy living under water without breathing in sunshine occasionally. I propose a temporary house be constructed on deck, which will not increase the weight of the vessel more than eight or ten tons." The press, too, attacked the vessel, styling it "Ericsson's Folly," and blamed the engineer for wasting the resources of the country in such straits. Admiral Porter was one of the very few who recognized the real value of the ship. "This is the strongest fighting vessel in the world," he wrote, "and can whip anything afloat."

Amid a chorus of criticism the vessel was launched. On her trial trip neither steering-gear nor engines worked properly, and,

owing to the carelessness of an engineer, both gun-carriages were disabled temporarily. The rudder, which was of the balanced type, was found to have been misplaced through the error of a draughtsman, and the Navy Department wished to have a new one after their own heart fitted. Ericsson, however, refused to allow this alteration, which would have required a month's delay, and in less than three days put the steering-gear right. "The 'Monitor' is MINE," he wrote, "and no change shall be made." He had designed the ship and all its parts—hull, turret, gun-carriages, engines and anchor-hoisting machinery, and put into it no less than forty patentable contrivances. No wonder he called it his.

The contract price of the ship was $275,000, to be paid in six installments. The actual cost was $195,000, thus leaving a substantial profit. The turret was built at the Novelty Ironworks, and the hull at Rowland's Works. The government was behindhand in all its payments, and when made they did not always represent the face value, so that the engineer was considerably embarrassed, and the construction of the vessel delayed. Indeed, a week after her engagement with the "Merrimac" had proved her sterling qualities as a fighting ship, $68,750 were still owing. The time assigned by the contract for the completion of the vessel had been exceeded, owing to the slackness of the Navy Department, and Ericsson had very considerable difficulty in obtaining the payment of this balance.

This, then, was the situation during the winter of 1861–62. Both sides were racing to complete their respective ironclads. The Northerners knew of the building of the "Merrimac"; they knew, too, that if the South obtained, even temporarily, the command of the sea, the game was up. The race was for no light stakes, but for the maintenance of the Union. The breathless anxiety of those days has passed into history, and has been forgotten; but, looking back after the lapse of more than thirty years, there should be no one who does not rejoice that the North was not beaten in the competition, and that the great Republic, avoiding disruption, came safely through the stormy sea of war.

Ericsson's untiring efforts for his adopted country were rewarded by even the approval of his censor, who wrote to him,

January 29th, as follows: "The 'Merrimac' is out of dock, and ready for her trial trip. I think the wrought-iron shot of the Ericsson battery will smash in her two and a quarter-inch plates, provided she can get near enough to her, while the nine-inch shot and shells of the 'Merrimac' will not upset your turret. Let us have the test as soon as possible, for that ship will be a troublesome customer to our vessels in Hampton Roads." The name of "Monitor" was given to the Northern vessel, at Ericsson's suggestion, that it might suggest doubts to the English Admiralty as to their wisdom in lavishing hundreds of thousands upon ironclad frigates, and that it might admonish the rebel leaders of the folly of imagining that they could bar their coasts to the United States fleet. The ship, having been turned over to the government, was commissioned by Lieutenant Worden with Lieutenant Greene as second in command, and Engineer Newton in charge of her machinery. She was manned by a picked crew of volunteers, since service on board her was regarded much as a forlorn hope. At first intended for the Gulf of Mexico, she was now ordered to steam for Hampton Roads, and left New York for that destination on the 6th of March, under convoy of two steamers. She had scarcely left when fresh orders came to change her destination to Washington, but fortunately they came too late. The senior naval officer at Hampton Roads had been notified of this change, but upon the ship's arrival ventured to disobey, with the happiest results for the United States.

On Saturday, the 8th of March, a formidable Federal squadron lay at anchor in Hampton Roads. Under the Newport News batteries were the two warships "Cumberland" and "Congress"; lower down, between Newport News and Fort Monroe, the "Minnesota," a steam frigate, with her sister ship the "Roanoke"; and still lower, the "St. Lawrence," a sailing frigate. All were of wood, all were unarmored, and all were shortly to be proved obsolete. The "Minnesota" and "Roanoke" were of 4,500 tons displacement, and had been identical in construction with the "Merrimac" as she was before her conversion.

The morning was a splendid one, clear and warm. There was no sign of impending evil; the Northern officers, in consequence of a purposely inserted article in a Richmond paper, were already be-

ginning to disbelieve in the fighting qualities of the "Merrimac"; and the ships lay with clothes drying in the rigging and boats at the booms. All were hoping to be speedily relieved of the weary tedium of the blockade. One bell had struck some little time when the quartermaster of the "Congress" observed smoke rising from the woods which fringed the Norfolk estuary. After watching it for some moments he turned to the officer on deck and said, "I believe *that thing* is coming down at last, sir."

That morning the "Merrimac" had put out from Norfolk on her trial trip. Her officers and men had received Communion, for to them also it seemed that they were going on a desperate errand. The crew were untrained; the engines were hopelessly defective, and could not be relied on for more than six hours at a stretch, while at their best they could only just move the vessel along; the steering-gear was unprotected and very inadequate, so that it took the ship thirty-five minutes to turn; not one of her guns had ever been fired; and to the last minute a crowd of artificers and mechanics were at work on board getting her ready. The ship itself was an entire innovation, and Captain Buchanan was out of health. Small wonder then that there was little confidence in the crew, though the Southerners generally had high hopes of her, and waited anxiously to hear of her achievements.

She was attended by a cheering crowd upon steamers, and by the small gunboats "Yorktown," "Jamestown," "Beaufort," "Raleigh," and "Teaser," mounting between them seventeen guns. As she reached Sewell's Point she was cheered by the Confederate gunners in the batteries there, and, turning westward, chose the southern of the two channels, which would bring her to the "Cumberland." The Northern ships beat to quarters and prepared for action, sending the "Zouave," a small gunboat, to reconnoiter. This little vessel attacked "the roof of a barn with a huge chimney," by firing at it her 32-pounder rifled gun, but quickly found that she could do no damage whatever and retired. The "Merrimac" took no notice, but went steadily on. Soon after one o'clock she was fired upon by the "Cumberland," and shortly after by the "Congress" and the shore batteries. The projectiles, however, did her no harm, and the Unionist officers were petrified

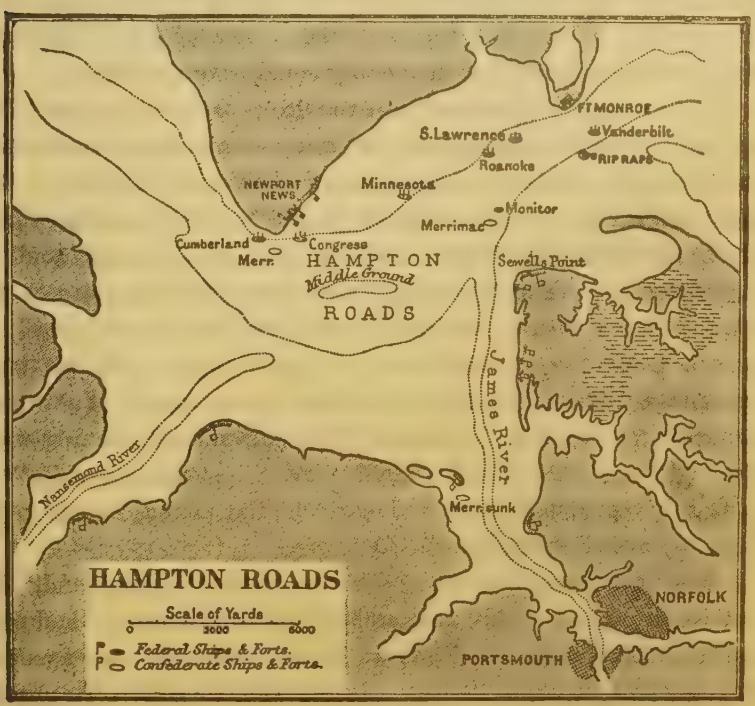
with astonishment when they saw them glance off her armored hull like so many peas.

More than an hour passed before this fire was returned. At last the bow port-shutter on the ironclad was raised, and the "Cumberland's" men saw the 7-inch rifled gun protrude. There came a flash, and the violent explosion of a shell killed or wounded most of the crew of the "Cumberland's" after pivot-gun. The "Merrimac" then passed the "Congress" at a distance of two hundred yards, giving and receiving a broadside. On the "Congress" the slaughter was horrible. Few were wounded, as the shells killed most of the men outright. "Our clean and handsome deck," says one of her officers, "was in an instant changed into a slaughter-pen, with lopped-off legs and arms, and bleeding, blackened bodies scattered about by the shells, while blood and brains actually dripped from the beams." The quartermaster, who had discovered her approach, had both his legs taken off, and died in a few minutes, entreating the crew to stand firm till the last. As their terrible opponent passed up stream to assail the "Cumberland," the men of the "Congress," believing that she was retreating, raised a tremendous cheer. But they were yet to suffer even more cruelly.

Leaving the "Congress" on her starboard quarter, the "Merrimac" now headed straight for the "Cumberland." Buchanan was resolved to use the ram for the first time in modern history, and before him the great sailing ship lay helpless. On he came, while the sloop poured in her poor, ineffectual fire, her men being determined to fight to the death. At last his iron ram struck the "Cumberland" in the starboard fore-channels, and the shock sent the ship heeling over, though it was scarcely felt on board the "Merrimac," which reversed her engines as she dealt the blow. Then, backing out, but with the loss of her ill-attached ram, she left a huge gap in the Northern vessel's side, and, after discharging her bow-chaser, demanded the surrender of the doomed ship. It was now that Lieutenant Morris answered, "Never! I'll sink alongside"; and, following this refusal, the slowly-settling "Cumberland" was cannonaded for more than half an hour by the Southern flotilla. Yet there was still no word of surrender, and, with

the dauntless heroism of their race, the American sailors fought steadfastly to the end, ever firing upon the impregnable hull which assailed them, their own decks strewn with dead and dying, the water constantly mounting, the red flag of "no quarter" flying at their fore.

This great deed of arms, this unflinching refusal to yield to defeat, may well recall the fiction of the "Vengeur," and Du Chailla's great words, "Tirez, tirez toujours; c'est le dernier coup



qui peut-etre nous rendra victorieux." But the "Vengeur's" men had to fight ships of their own class and kind, and here the "Cumberland" was faced by an opponent which she could scarcely hope to harm. It might have seemed wiser to surrender. The loss of many lives might have been thereby averted, and yet it is well to remember that these lives were not given in vain. There is an inheritance of heroic example which is necessary to a nation's life; death and defeat, if they are confronted with greatness of soul,

raise the spirit of a people. The Northerners were facing the South in a life and death struggle; they were yet to suffer many defeats, there were yet to be times when victory seemed hopeless. But the thought that these brave men had so nobly met their end, not bowing to calamity but confronting it unappalled, fired the navy and raised the temper of the nation. National character is a more sacred thing than even human life. So, when the "Cumberland's" last gun was fired, half buried in the water, the people of the United States might know that no odds, however great, would overcome the tenacity of their sailors, if led by men who knew how to inspire them; and the people of the Confederacy might well have felt that the victory could never be theirs.

Moreover, it is on record that the fire poured in upon the "Merrimac," though seemingly at the time so resultless, considerably weakened the ironclad for her encounter with the "Monitor." She now, with a slight leak forward caused by her ramming, turned upon the "Congress," which was to rival the "Cumberland" in her resistance. The "Congress" was commanded by a son of that Commodore Smith of whom mention has been made above; he was a man of a determination and spirit that would not brook surrender. When his father, on that Black Sunday at Washington, was told that the "Congress" had surrendered, his first words were, "Then Joe's dead. He'll never surrender his ship." It was so; the young man died early in the action, struck in the chest by a shell fragment.

The "Congress," on seeing the fate of the "Cumberland," had set her topsails and jib, and, assisted by the "Zouave," had made for the shoal water off Newport News. Here she ran aground; but if she was unable to move, her opponent could not approach her closely enough to ram. The "Merrimac" came as near as she could, and, at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, occupied a position whence she could rake the Northern ship with her entire broadside, while the "Congress" could only bring two guns to bear. No help was at hand, for the "Minnesota," "Roanoke," and "St. Lawrence," which were coming up to her assistance, had also grounded, a circumstance which perhaps saved them from destruction.

And now the bloody work recommenced. The shells of the ironclad swept the "Congress," quickly disabling her stern chasers and searching the ship. Just before the last of the stern guns was rendered useless, the powder ran short, and, finding none was sent up, the officer in charge went to discover the reason. "After my eyes had become a little accustomed to the darkness," he writes, "and the sharp smoke from burning oak, I saw that the line of cooks and wardroom servants stationed to pass full boxes had been raked by a shell, and every one of them either killed or wounded." The decks had to be constantly sluiced with water to prevent fire, even in the cockpit, and the icy coldness of the water added another to the terrible sufferings of the wounded who were lying there. The bulkheads had been knocked away to allow passage for the hose, and the scene inside the ship was one of indescribable confusion. For an hour the "Congress" endured the fire of the "Merrimac" and the four gunboats; the ship was now on fire in more than one place; the crew, or such of them as remained, could not be kept busy at the guns, for no guns bore; there was nothing left but surrender. Accordingly the flag was lowered. At once officers came on board from the "Merrimac" and the gunboats, and ordered the crew of the beaten ship to withdraw that she might be fired. The shore batteries, however, had noticed the near approach of the Confederate vessels without guessing the explanation, and instantly poured in upon them a furious fire of cannon and musketry, wounding Buchanan and several Confederate officers. On this they drew off to a distance and resumed their fire upon the "Congress," which was now well alight, while her crew made the best of their way to the shore.

The "Merrimac" had settled two of the Northern fleet; seeing the "Congress" on fire, she turned to the "Minnesota," the next ship, lying hard and fast aground. But two hours of daylight remained; the tide was ebbing strongly; and the ironclad, finding that she could not venture in the northern channel, which would have brought her close to her enemy, had to take the southern one, when nearly a mile parted the opponents. The gunboats, however, went nearer, choosing a position, for their attack, in which the "Minnesota" could only bring one heavy gun to bear;

but, supported by her smaller consorts, she drove them off, without any serious damage, after an hour's fighting. The "St. Lawrence," which had succeeded in getting off the shoals, was now seen approaching, and had indeed exchanged shots with the "Merrimac," when the latter, in the falling twilight, at last withdrew. As her pilot could not have answered longer for her safety, and as she was the sole hope of the South, it was deemed unwise to risk her loss. She could easily complete her work on the morrow.

All through the night the waters of Hampton Roads were illuminated by the burning "Congress." The magazine exploded soon after two o'clock, but this did not end the conflagration, and the hull was still blazing when the sun rose. In the day's fighting the Northerners had lost two hundred and fifty-seven killed or drowned, and probably an even larger number of wounded. Two ships had been destroyed. On the other side the "Merrimac" had started a slight leak; every projection outside her armor had been shot away; but her armor had kept out every projectile, and only two men were killed and eight wounded. Thirteen men had been killed or wounded upon the gunboats.

The effect of this terrible defeat upon the North was stunning. In a moment their splendid frigates had been proved useless; there was nothing between the ironclad and New York but the little "Monitor," now some days at sea. On the Sunday after the battle, a Cabinet meeting was convened by Lincoln, speaking at which Mr. Stanton gave expression to the general feeling of dismay: "The 'Merrimac' will change the whole course of the war; she will destroy seriatim every naval vessel; she will lay all the cities on the seaboard under contribution. I shall immediately recall Burnside; Port Royal must be abandoned. I will notify the governors and municipal authorities in the North to take instant measures to protect their harbors. I have no doubt that the enemy is at this minute on her way to Washington, and it is not unlikely that we shall have a shell or a cannon ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave the room." Lincoln himself was much depressed, but did not share these extravagant apprehensions. It was proposed to sink the "St. Lawrence" across the

channel of the Potomac, so as to obstruct it, and entanglements to catch the "Merrimac's" propeller were suggested.

The South went wild with joy. At every station on his way to Richmond the bearer of the great news was surrounded by great crowds, who pressed about him and insisted upon being told the story of the fight. The hopes of the Confederates were as high as the despondency of the North was deep. Washington in ashes, New York bombarded, this would mean foreign recognition of the Confederacy.

Yet it cannot be denied that the fears of the North have since been proved to have been excessive. The "Merrimac" was no sea-going ship: with her portholes less than six feet above the water-line she could not have been fought in a seaway; her damaged engines, which in calm water could only just move the ship, could never have withstood the strains of a storm; and her untrained crew must have handicapped her terribly in an encounter on open waters. Moreover, the Southerners wanted her to guard the water approach to Richmond, and as she could not at one and the same time watch Hampton Roads and shell New York or Washington, the latter cities were safe. But had she, even for a few days, driven off the blockading squadron, stores and munitions might have been freely imported into the Southern States, and not improbably the war would have been greatly prolonged.

The "Merrimac" had everything in her favor when she assailed these wooden ships. The "Cumberland" was a sailing vessel unable to avoid the impact of the ram; stationary, so that she inflicted no wrench upon her opponent's bow; armed with guns which could not penetrate the "Merrimac's" armor. This battle, and the Austrian success at Lissa, led men to attach a singular value to the ram, which has been somewhat discounted in later years. Mr. Laird Clowes in a careful paper has shown that of the many attempts at ramming few have had any result; to attack a vessel under steam in open water with the ram is an extremely difficult operation, and one which, if the speed on either side be at all high, would imperil the assailant very nearly as much as the assailed. If a near approach is made to a hostile ship, the danger of torpedoes has to be faced; yet an inferior ship, with a determined cap-

tain, might thus destroy a hostile vessel. Though artillery has developed greatly, and taken to its aid high explosives, it still remains doubtful whether its use alone would sink a well-constructed modern battleship. The ram does its work so quickly, the moral effect of the sudden loss of a ship is so overwhelming, that it might be wise to employ it even early in the engagement. The cruiser is here at a great disadvantage, since her bows are so weak that, in the words of a recent writer upon naval tactics, it would be dangerous for her to charge anything stouter than a jelly-fish. Special vessels for ramming have been constructed both in America and England, but it cannot be said that they meet with the general approval of naval men. The question awaits a solution, which can only be given by a pitched battle fought between two powerful fleets.

At nine o'clock on the night of the "Merrimac's" first engagement a strange craft, which has been compared to "a cheese-box on a raft," steamed into Hampton Roads. She found the "Congress" still burning fiercely, and heard the boom of her guns and the roar of the explosion of her magazines. The "Monitor" had had a terrible passage from New York. Manned by a crew who were strange to her, and who did not know their ship, this little vessel, intended solely for service in smooth water, and with a speed which did not exceed six knots, had faced the Atlantic. She was in tow of the "Seth Low" and convoyed by two gunboats. Her first day out was fine, but on the second day the wind freshened, and the sea rose, washing right over her low deck. The hatches leaked; water poured down the funnels and blower-holes, and streamed in through the hawse hole in the anchor-well, which, through oversight or ignorance, had not been made quite watertight. A veritable waterfall descended under the turret; instead of revolving upon a roller-way, its entire weight was supported and motion was imparted to it by a central spindle. When the ship was out of action, the lower edge of the turret rested upon a gun-metal ring let into the upper deck. In this position there would be no leakage, but the naval authorities had seen fit to key the turret up and pack oakum between its lower surface and this ring.

The oakum was soon washed away, and the sea poured in through the extensive leak. Meantime the water, descending the funnel, had filled the engine-room with deadly fumes, and driven out all the complement. Two engineers, who endeavored to enter it that they might check the inrush of water, were taken out senseless; the blower belts, which were likewise drenched, slipped, and all ventilation ceased; the fires fell rapidly, deprived of their draught, and soon there was not enough steam left to work the powerful pumps with which the ship was provided. Recourse was had to the hand-pumps, but they were not strong enough to force the water to the top of the turret, which was the only opening that could be used in bad weather. In consequence the buckets had to be passed from hand to hand, thus removing a minimum of water in a maximum of time. From the anchor-well came the most terrible and heart-rending screams and wails, and, as seamen are notoriously the most superstitious of mankind, this tended in no small degree to depress and discourage them. These screams, it seems, were caused by the compression of the air in the confined space, as the vessel pitched and rolled; but, as this explanation was not then patent, resembling, as they did, "the death groans of twenty men," they may well have terrified the crew. The storm, however, abated toward evening and the crew were enabled to clear the ship of water; but about midnight, with a rougher sea, their troubles recurred, and upon them all this further complication that the steering-gear broke down.

By Saturday morning the "Monitor" was once more in smooth water, making good her defects; and at four o'clock in the afternoon her crew heard a great way off the noise of heavy guns, which told them that there was fighting in Hampton Roads. Some time later they learned from the pilot, who met them, what had happened. Instantly preparations were made for action, the deck was cleared and the turret keyed up; though it was found that the machinery for revolving it had been rusted by the sea-water and worked very badly. In spite of every possible exertion, it was not till nine o'clock, or some time after the "Merrimac's" withdrawal, that Fort Monroe was reached.

The crew were wearied by their desperate struggle with the

elements, and worn out by confinement in a vessel, the ventilation of which had broken down and where the only safe place was the turret top. Yet the "Monitor" had behaved very well; she had proved herself a steady craft, and the serious leakage was not wholly her designer's fault. The crew had borne themselves like gallant men, and had shown that they were of excellent spirit. Lieutenant Worden saw Captain Marston of the "Roanoke," who had received orders to send the "Monitor" to Washington; these orders Marston wisely disobeyed, directing her to remain in the Roads, and sending on board a pilot, who took her up to the "Minnesota," where she anchored and waited for day.

In the meanwhile, at Norfolk, the "Merrimac" was being overhauled. Her untrustworthy engines were botched; the gap where her ram had been was covered with planking; her steering-gear was examined; and about daybreak she started for Hampton Roads to complete her work. As day dawned she saw the "tin can on a shingle" that was destined to checkmate her endeavors.

The depression in the Union forces was great. The crews of the ships which lay in the Roads had seen in a few hours two splendid ships destroyed without, apparently, the faintest harm to their enemy. They knew that their turn was to come next. The "Minnesota" was helpless on the shoals, and what could save her from the "Congress's" fate, when the full tide enabled the "Merrimac" to approach? Beside the "Minnesota" lay this outlandish, untried "Monitor," a vessel which the navy generally viewed with the utmost contempt, which had scarcely survived the perils of the sea, and could hardly be supposed able to confront the powerful ironclad "Merrimac." The crew of the little ship were exhausted; her engineer lay ill in his bunk; the captain was worn out by the harassing struggle with the water. Seldom had a vessel such heavy odds against her. As he saw his opponent, Worden raised anchor and headed for the "Merrimac."

The Confederates had caught sight of her by the light of the burning "Congress" during the night. Lieutenant Jones commanded in place of the wounded Buchanan; he had fought as second in command in the action of the previous day, and was an able and energetic officer, who had had considerable experi-

ence in the United States Navy. He saw in the puny Northern ship his true antagonist, and realized that till she was destroyed he could not have his way with the Union unarmored ships, or clear the road to Washington. A new obstacle was interposed, and this obstacle he must encounter and surmount.

As the "Merrimac" came down like Goliath to conquer David, she exchanged fire with the "Minnesota," but a moment later was assailed by the "Monitor." In the pilot-house of the latter vessel was Lieutenant Worden with the quartermaster and pilot. In charge of the turret were Lieutenant Greene and Engineer Stimers with sixteen men handling the guns and the machinery for revolving the turret. The day was sunny and bright, and crowds of spectators of both sides covered the shores and watched eagerly to see the issue of the fighting: the Confederates knowing that if they could destroy the Union squadron the seaboard was open to them; the Federals realizing that their only hope was in the "Monitor."

At 8.30 the "Merrimac" opened the battle, discharging her 7-inch rifled bow-chaser at the "Monitor"; the target was very small, and she failed to score a hit. The "Monitor's" time was come; she steamed close up to her great antagonist, and replied with her two 11-inch 170-pound shot, fired pointblank. The shot glanced off the sloping sides of the "Merrimac" quite harmlessly, which may be explained by the fact that the charge of powder was only fifteen pounds, whereas it was afterward discovered that the Dahlgren 11-inch gun would safely fire double that weight; and further by the fact that Lieutenant Greene gave the guns a slight elevation, instead of depressing them so as to strike the sides of the "Merrimac" at a right angle. As the "Monitor" discharged her two guns, the "Merrimac" brought her starboard battery to bear, and shot after shot struck the "Monitor's" turret. The concussion was severe, but had no evil effects upon the men or the turret. Those who had predicted that every one in the structure would be stunned or killed were seen to be entirely in the wrong. The confidence of the crew rose at once.

No damage having been done on either side, the ships reloaded and closed again. The "Monitor" was firing solid shot, though

of cast instead of wrought iron, and in consequence they broke up on impact. The "Merrimac" on her part had come out without solid shot, equipped simply with shell and grape for the destruction of the wooden ships; had she possessed solid projectiles for her 7-inch rifles she might have driven them through the "Monitor's" turret. As it was, a vigorous, but resultless cannonade was exchanged, each ship firing as fast as she could, the "Monitor" once every seven minutes, and the "Merrimac" every fifteen. On board the latter ship, however, the fire was slowed when it was found that no effect was produced. Lieutenant Jones coming down from the deck, and finding a gun detachment standing at ease, asked why they were not firing. He was told that powder was precious, and after two hours' continuous firing as much damage could be done by snapping the fingers as by discharging the guns. One immense advantage the "Monitor" possessed, she was superior in speed and maneuvering power; besides this her revolving turret enabled her to bring her guns to bear in all directions, while, the ports in the "Merrimac" being very small, the latter ship found some difficulty in laying her guns upon her opponent.

In the "Monitor's" turret great difficulty was experienced in working the revolving engine. It was hard to start it, and still harder to stop it when started. Marks had been made upon the floor under the turret, to show the starboard and port side of the vessel; but, by the grime of the smoke, they were very quickly obliterated. A very scanty view could be obtained from the turret, as there were no sight-holes but the gun-ports. These were very small, and nearly closed by the guns when run out, while, when the guns were run in, they were sealed by the port-stoppers. The "Merrimac" directed a steady musketry fire upon them whenever they came into view, but, to prevent a shell entering, or striking and jamming the stoppers, the turret was always revolved after a discharge till the ports were away from the enemy. Had the gun crews been killed or disabled there was no one to take their place, as there were only just sufficient men on board to fight the ship. The speaking-tube to the pilot-house had been broken early in the engagement, and orders had to be passed along by word to the turret, one of the chain of men told off for

this duty being a landsman who misunderstood and confused the technical terms. The crew of the turret, ignorant of the direction in which their adversary lay—for in a revolving turret or barbette all power of orientation is quickly lost—had to fire on the fly. The turret was set in motion, and, as soon as the enemy came in sight, the guns were quickly discharged in succession. Great care had to be taken not to fire into the ship's pilot-house or near it, since, when the guns were discharged forward, even at an angle of thirty degrees with the keel-line, the blast, impinging upon the pilot-house, injured the officers in it, and half a dozen shots near it were enough to render men there insensible. Aft, the guns could not be fired at an angle of less than fifty degrees, as the concussion would have affected the boilers, which were very near to the deck. In the turret itself, the concussion caused by the firing had no serious effects upon the men, as had been prophesied; but any one standing close to the side, or leaning against it when the hostile projectiles struck it, was more or less severely injured. Acting Master Stodder was thus leaning against the turret when a shot struck, and he was stunned by the blow, while two other men met with similar casualties. All three, however, recovered speedily, as no vital injury was inflicted.

After this resultless firing had continued for some time, Worden determined to use his ram. Accordingly he made a dash at the "Merrimac's" propeller, hoping to strike and disable it, but missed it by only two feet. The two ships grazed, and, at this moment, the 11-inch guns, almost in contact with the foe's hull, were discharged, crushing in the iron, but failing to perforate the casemate. Lieutenant Jones was of the opinion that, had another shot been fired at the same place, it must have penetrated, but the skill of the "Monitor's" gunners was not sufficient to effect this. Seeing the ease with which the "Monitor" maneuvered, and finding that the speed of his own ship was falling, owing to the loss of her smokestack, which had been destroyed in the encounter of the previous day, Jones now determined to leave the "Monitor" and to attack and destroy the "Minnesota." He had reckoned without his pilot. This man was in mortal terror of the Union frigate's powerful broadside, and, instead of taking his ship up to her, ran

her aground. Here she stuck for some little time, the "Monitor" all the while circling round and round her, and looking for a weak place to ram. But either her commander was afraid to risk the "Monitor"—and we know that the bows were weakened by the anchor-well—or else he handled her very badly, since the "Merrimac," which was now again afloat, eluded her blows. No very serious damage was done to the "Minnesota"; one shell exploded on board her, and caused a fire, which was speedily extinguished; and one burst in the boiler of the tug "Dragon," which lay alongside.

The "Merrimac," finding that she was not to be allowed to sink the unarmored ships at her leisure, once more turned upon the "Monitor." This time Jones had resolved to run the Northern vessel down, by driving his stem over her deck. He ran at her with all the speed which his shaky engines could muster, and struck her, the force of the blow throwing the "Merrimac's" men to the ground bleeding from the nose. Boarders were called for, as the two ships remained for some moments locked, but before they could get on to the "Monitor," she glided away from under the "Merrimac's" ram, "as a floating door would slip away from under the cutwater of a barge." When the two collided, one of the "Monitor's" 11-inch guns was fired at the casemate, once more crushing in the iron.

No injury was done to either ship by this attempt to ram. The "Merrimac's" speed was exceedingly low, and this is probably the explanation of her failure to sink the "Monitor"; had she gone into her at fifteen knots there would have been another tale to tell. As it was, the "Monitor's" sharp upper edge cut through the light iron shoe upon the "Merrimac's" prow deep into the oak, which was behind it. On the "Monitor" all that could be found was a slight dent.

The ammunition in the "Monitor's" turret was now failing. To replenish it was a matter of some difficulty, as it required the scuttle in the floor of the turret to be brought immediately over a second opening in the deck below, and kept there, while the projectiles and powder were being hoisted up. Worden accordingly hauled off to the Middle Ground, where the water was too shallow

for the "Merrimac" to follow him, and lay there for fifteen minutes, till he was ready to recommence battle. Among the Confederates and on board the "Merrimac" the impression was that the Northern ironclad had been disabled. Why they did not use this respite for the destruction of the "Minnesota" is not clear, but they did not; and they were disagreeably surprised to see the turret-ship once more making for them.

In this, the last stage of the battle, the "Merrimac's" gunners adopted tactics which, if tried before, might have given them victory; they concentrated their fire upon the pilot-house, which was the "Monitor's" weak point. At half-past eleven, as Worden was at one of the sight-holes, a shell struck it, and burst just outside, driving in one of the iron logs of which it was built, raising the top, and filling Worden's eyes with fragments of iron and powder. Blinded and bleeding he fell back, and, imagining that the structure was demolished, ordered his ship to sheer off. For some minutes the "Monitor" drifted helpless, her commander disabled; then Lieutenant Greene came forward from the turret, and found Worden at the foot of the short ladder which led to the pilot-house, with the blood pouring from his face, and under the impression that he had received a mortal wound. He was assisted to his cabin, but in the agony of his wound did not forget to ask how the battle went, and whether the "Minnesota" was saved. When told she was, he said, "Then I can die happy." Fortunately he afterward recovered, and was able to take part in many of the later operations of the war.

For twenty minutes the "Monitor" drifted in shoal water, and then under the guidance of Greene went once more to seek her antagonist. But the "Merrimac," seeing that she could not follow her on the shallows, was already in retreat, though the Southerners stated that she waited an hour for the battle to be renewed. Greene did not pursue closely, probably because he feared to imperil his ship, and merely discharged a shot or two at the retreating ironclad.

The battle was seemingly a drawn one, for neither ship had inflicted any serious harm on the other, and neither had lost a single man. Had the "Monitor" concentrated her fire upon one

particular part of the "Merrimac's" casemate, had the "Merrimac" poured hers upon the "Monitor's" pilot-house all through the engagement, the result must have been more decisive. Again, had the Confederate ship possessed and employed solid shot, or the "Monitor" thirty or fifty-pound charges of powder for her guns, the effect of the continuous firing would have been far more destructive. The "Merrimac's" crew of landsmen seems to have fought well; their gunnery was very fair, and no great fault can be found with them, while the "Monitor's" seamen, if not severely tried in the battle, gave good proof of their endurance. The attempt to destroy the Union fleet was completely frustrated; henceforward the wooden ships felt that they were safe; Washington and the towns on the Northern seaboard were relieved from all fear of attack, the blockade was maintained, and the fact demonstrated to the South that the engineering talent of the North would outmatch any ironclad vessels which it built.

It was the opinion of Jones and the other Confederate officers that the "Monitor" should have easily sunk the "Merrimac." Why she did not is hard to explain, except upon the supposition, which does not appear to be supported by any evidence, that Worden and Greene had received orders to be very tender with their ship. With a higher speed, and maneuvering better than the "Merrimac," she should have been able to ram her, and disable her steering-gear, if ramming is a possibility, but she only seems to have made one very half-hearted attempt to do this. She was struck twenty-two times in the action, nine times on her turret and twice on her pilot-house, but received no damage beyond slight indentations. She fired forty-one shots. The "Merrimac," as a result of the fighting of the 8th and 9th, had ninety-seven indentations in her armor; both courses of plating were shattered, but the backing was uninjured where hits had been made by the "Monitor" at an angle; where the shots had struck perpendicularly the backing also was broken and splintered, though it was not perforated.

The first encounter between ironclads is not only in itself noteworthy as one of the decisive battles of the civil war, definitely and finally securing to the North the command of the sea, but

it produced an instant and tremendous effect in Europe and in England. The deepest misgivings as to the value of broadside ironclads were at once aroused. Ericsson had somewhat boastingly predicted that his little vessels could overcome with ease the English ironclads of that era, and his predictions were too readily taken for fact. The "Warrior" with her four and a half-inch solid rolled plates, and her speed of fourteen knots, would have been a very different antagonist to the "Merrimac"; she could have chosen her own distance, and, moreover, being a seagoing ship, could have fought in a seaway, which no monitor could do. The truth is that the requirements of the English navy are very different from those of other countries: others may be content to use their ships on their own coasts, but we never. Our ironclads must be sea-keeping, be the loss of invulnerability what it may. The "Monitor" was no type for our fleet, and time, which brings many revenges, has demonstrated the foresight of our Admiralty and the ability of our designers in the universal adoption of a high freeboard.

The turret system of mounting guns is one of the legacies of this fight to the world, but as adopted it was Captain Coles' turret with roller bearings, and not Ericsson's with a central spindle. It has now been accepted universally for heavy guns, whether in the form of a turret or barbette, giving as it does a wide angle of fire with the minimum of armor, and the maximum of protection to the gun-crews and mechanism for loading. The "Royal Sovereign" of 1864 was the first English turret ship due to the influence of this sea fight, and she has a numerous progeny in our "Devastations," our "Niles," and our "Majesties."

The bloodlessness of an encounter which had so wide and far-reaching an effect may well surprise us; but in those days artillery was in its infancy, and rifled ordnance a somewhat distrusted novelty. The guns on either side failed to penetrate, nor can we be startled at this. But the energy exerted by the projectile has risen from 1,850 foot tons in the 7-inch rifle to 35,230 foot tons in the 68-ton gun, which is the standard heavy weapon of our fleet. Armor has, indeed, increased in thickness from four and a half-inches to eighteen inches and twenty inches of greatly improved

quality, while latterly the Harvey process has given an increase of fifty per cent to its resisting power as compared with the wrought-iron of 1862, thereby insuring, in a thickness of nine inches, the protective power which required fourteen inches at this epoch. But it is certain that the offense has developed more rapidly than the defense.

This battle, following upon the lesson of the 8th so closely, emphasized yet more clearly the doom of the old line-of-battle ship. Where the "Congress" and "Cumberland" had failed so hopelessly, a vessel infinitely smaller, infinitely less imposing in appearance, had encountered their antagonist without any loss at all. It had been maintained by some that the greater number of guns carried upon the unarmored vessel would compensate for the absence of protection. On the contrary, it was now demonstrated that an impenetrable ship cannot be overcome by hurling a mass of projectiles against her side, to glance idly off it. It was not found practicable to silence either the "Merrimac" or "Monitor" by firing upon their portholes. Some damage was done to the former ship by this method of attack, it is true; but she never ceased to be battle-worthy. And the whole aim of naval tactics is to render an opponent's ship no longer serviceable for action. Till this has been done there is no victory.

The subsequent fate of the two ships which took part in the battle deserves a word. After the engagement the "Merrimac" refitted, and came out once more, this time with solid steel shot, and with every preparation to board. She was now commanded by Captain Tatnall, who will ever be honored by Englishmen, since he it was who, three years before, with the words, "Blood is thicker than water," had come to the aid of his kindred in the Peiho. The wooden ships were, however, under the shelter of the Federal batteries, and showed no inclination to risk an engagement. The "Vanderbilt," a fast merchant steamer, which had been fitted with a formidable ram expressly to destroy the "Merrimac," remained inactive by the side of the "Monitor." The Southern ship had with her six gunboats, which were sent in to capture some barges lying near the Federal fleet. These were carried off and destroyed without bringing on an engagement.

Seeing that the "Monitor" would not accept his challenge, Tatnall, for his part, did not care to go in under the batteries and attack her. The "Merrimac" was the only vessel of any power which the South possessed to protect the James River, and the water approach to Richmond. In the same way the "Monitor" was the only ironclad to cover Washington and the Northern coast-line. Each commander had, therefore, to be very careful of his ship, and there was nothing to be gained by another doubtful battle. Tatnall had been refused permission to go below Fort Monroe by the Confederate government; and, as all the wooden ships were moored below that fort, he could not make a dash upon them, disregarding the "Monitor." A month later, the "Merrimac" was scuttled and abandoned by her crew. It was necessary for the Confederates to evacuate Norfolk, and the ironclad's draught of water would not allow her to ascend the James River. At the same time, her destruction was a great blow to the hopes of the Southerners, since those among them who were not sailors greatly overestimated her offensive power. It was an equal relief to the Northerners, who were thus relieved of a dangerous and unsubdued antagonist, in the vicinity of the host of defenseless transports which McClellan had seen fit to bring to the Peninsula. On May 15, 1862, the "Monitor" "Galena," "Aroostook," and "Port Royal" ascended the James River to within twelve miles of Richmond. At this point the passage was defended by Confederate batteries on Drewry's Bluff, and by obstructions placed in the channel. The ships were unable to silence the batteries, and retired after the "Galena" had received serious injury. But the "Monitor" did not long survive her enemy. Most unwisely she was sent to sea, and foundered off Cape Hatteras in a storm, sixteen men going down with her. She never was meant to be a seagoing vessel, and thus her loss cannot be laid at her designer's door.

[H. W. Wilson.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

UNCLE SAM'S WEB FEET—FARRAGUT TO THE FRONT—THE ENGAGEMENT—CANISTER AND GRAPE—THE OLD NAVY WINS

A. D. 1862

AT the outbreak of the war the Mississippi from Cairo to New Orleans had passed into the hands of the Confederates. The possession of this great stream which sundered the Confederacy into two unequal parts, which drains the rich and fertile central plains of North America, and which also gives ready access to the heart of the Continent, was—as is stated by Mr. H. W. Wilson, to whom we are indebted for the following account—naturally of immense value. While they held it they could draw corn stuffs and bacon from the slave States to the west of it—Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, and the greater part of Louisiana. In these States, where every man carried his life in his hands, and where blood-feuds linger on to this day, they could recruit admirable soldiers, men who could use the rifle and who did not value life. The Mississippi lost, the great centers of population in its basin must pass to the North, the Confederacy must lie open, exposed to the attack of Northern armies using the river and its tributaries as their base, the resources and food supply of the West would be no longer at the command of the Southerners, and the single land frontier which did not face the North could not be utilized for the importation of war material. "Uncle Sam's web-feet," as Lincoln called the Union fleet, could come and go as they chose, if this river could be wrested from the South.

Every nerve was strained by the North, after the first months of hurried preparations, to reconquer the Mississippi. Foote, with

the Northern river craft, set to work from the north—from Cairo and from Cincinnati. Meantime the works which closed the mouth of the river, south of New Orleans, were reconnoitered; and, encouraged by the reports of spies, who asserted that the Southern defenses in this direction had been comparatively neglected, Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, decided that an attempt should be made to force a way past the forts to New Orleans.

It was a bold undertaking. Duckworth indeed had made his way up the Dardanelles in 1807, with wooden ships, in the teeth of powerful batteries, and Washington years before had urged De Grasse to force a passage under the English works on the York River. These instances Lincoln's advisers may have had in mind. They selected as the Union commander a man who, himself a Southerner, was by the irony of fate to deal the deadliest blow to the South, a sailor almost the equal of Nelson in audacity and promptitude, who, like his English prototype, at once fired his crews with zeal and earned their warmest affection, David Glasgow Farragut. The ablest admiral since Nelson's day deserves a word of notice. A Tennesseean by birth, he had served on board the "Essex" in her bloody engagements with the English "Phœbe" and "Cherub." In 1833 he had been on board the warship sent by President Jackson to South Carolina, with the curt sentence, "The Union must and shall be preserved." Solicited by his kinsfolk at Norfolk to join the Secessionists at the outbreak of war, he had pointed to the flag he had served so well, with the words, "I would see every man of you damned before I would raise my hand against that flag." And he had warned his friends that "they would catch the devil before they got through with the business." He was in his sixtieth year, but the energy and vigor of youth had not gone from him.

On February 20, 1862, he arrived off the mouth of the Mississippi in his flagship, the screw-sloop "Hartford." Up to that date the Northern squadron had been content to blockade the entrances to the river, a tedious business amid constant fogs and occasional attacks of Confederate rams. Henceforward there were preparations for action and action. The crews were exercised at target practice. The ships were stripped of their upper rigging, and

chain cables placed outside their timbers in the way of the engines. These cables were threaded at each end on rods of iron, and hung vertically, giving a measure of protection to the ships. Each length of chain overlapped the next length, and was bound to it with cord. The total weight of iron thus employed was very considerable. Bags of sand and ashes were further piled up inside the ships, forming great bulwarks round the vulnerable portions of the machinery; and strong nettings were disposed inboard on some of the vessels to stop splinters. The hulls were daubed with the yellow mud of the river to render them similar in color to the river banks, and thus make the task of the Confederate gunners harder. Before the attack was delivered, the decks and guns were, in some instances, whitewashed, to enable the gunners, fighting by night without lights, to see where the various implements in use in the battle lay. This precaution was found to be of the greatest service.

On the 16th of April, Farragut led his fleet up the Mississippi to a point three miles below Fort Jackson, the southernmost of the Confederate defenses. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the heavier vessels had been taken across the bar which hinders access to the waters of the river. The sands shift continually, and the depth was found to be but fifteen feet instead of nineteen feet as had been anticipated. Though lightened of everything, sheer force alone hauled the "Pensacola," the deepest in draught of the Northern ships which fought in the battle, over the banks. The "Mississippi" was fast for eight days, but at last was brought across. And now the ships were face to face with the Southern defenses and could see what had to be done.

Two forts interdicted approach to New Orleans. On the right of the river, ascending, was Fort St. Philip, an old-fashioned work supplemented by two water batteries, one on either side of it. On the left was Fort Jackson, built of stone with casemates and a battery of guns *en barbette*. Round it ran a moat, and inside the work was a second moat encompassing a citadel. A water battery commanded the reach of the river below this fort. In all, in these works were mounted one 13-inch, five 10-inch, and two 8-inch mortars; three 10-inch, nine 8-inch, twelve 42-pounder, twenty-

four 32-pounder, and forty-six 24-pounder smooth-bores; two 7-inch and two 32-pounder rifled guns (firing a shot of sixty to eighty pounds); and ten 24-pounder howitzers. There were thus very few large guns, only twenty-eight, excluding mortars, being of heavier caliber than the 32-pounder.

The Confederate commander was conscious of the utter weakness of his artillery. What guns he had were for the most part of antiquated pattern, and those which were recent were cast from improperly tested metal, and were distrusted by their gunners. Application had been made to the Confederate War Department for a supply of heavier and more trustworthy cannon. But partly because of the inadequacy of the Confederate supply of artillery, partly because no one at Richmond could believe that the Northerners would dare to attack New Orleans from below, no guns had been sent; and the Confederate commander, General Duncan, had to do what he could with the guns on the spot. Afloat, or completing, the Confederates had a flotilla which would have been capable of rendering great services if it had possessed trained officers or experienced seamen.

There were four ironclads, not one of which was ready as yet. All were of the "Merrimac" type, having submerged hulls and casemate-batteries amidships. The "New Orleans" mounted twenty guns, the "Memphis" eighteen, the "Mississippi" sixteen. The latter was to steam eleven knots, carried 5 and 6-inch armor, and was 270 feet long. Her cost was $2,000,000, and she was being pushed forward with the utmost expedition, the men working on her night and day. The "Louisiana," too, was nearing completion. She had a submerged hull and a casemate-battery. Its sides sloped at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were plated with five inches of iron. She was fitted with screw propellers, and also with two paddle wheels, placed one in front of the other in a well amidships. They worked very badly, forcing the water through the seams of her planking, when started, and flooding the battery deck. Her engines, taken from an old river steamer, were far too weak for her, and would not move her up stream, or keep her under control when descending. She mounted seven 6-inch rifles, two 7-inch rifles, four 8-inch, and three 9-inch smooth-bores.

Her gun-ports were much too small, and only admitted of five degrees of training.

A smaller and stranger craft was the little "Manassas," designed expressly for ramming; a tugboat, cut down to the water-line, and protected by railroad iron three-quarters to one-inch thick, upon five inches of timber, so curved that her upper works resembled the shell of a tortoise, and would thus, it was hoped, deflect shot. She could only steam five miles an hour, and had a timber prow for ramming: one 32-pounder was mounted forward, projecting through a port-hole which was closed by a spring shutter. These vessels belonged to the Confederate States Navy, and were under the orders of Commander Mitchell. He had also the gunboats "Governor Moore" and "General Quitman," small wooden steamers, protected about their boilers by barricades of pine wood and compressed cotton, and carrying between them one 9-inch gun and eight 32-pounder smooth-bores. Finally, there were six armed and seven unarmed steamers of the "River Defense Fleet," which were not under the orders of either the general or naval officer in command, but obeyed only the War Department at Richmond, when they obeyed any one. There was neither discipline nor training on board them; they had no competent naval officers, and no drilled gunners. On the scene of action they behaved with positive cowardice, and thus they could not be seriously reckoned in the defense. Moreover, there was a certain amount of friction between General Duncan and Commander Mitchell, so that the conditions were not favorable for the Confederates. It would appear to be essential, when forts and ships are co-operating, that one man should have the control of forces on land and forces on the water.

Most important among the Confederate defenses was a boom which had been carried across the Mississippi, just below the forts, and under the muzzles of their guns. It was constructed of cypress logs four to five feet in diameter, fastened together with iron cables of immense strength. Thirty three-thousand-pound anchors held the boom in position, while each end was made fast on land.

Luck, however, was against the Southerners. The Mississippi is subject to sudden freshets in the spring, and during March, rising to an unwonted height, had carried away the central por-

tion of the boom. Attempts were made to reconstruct it, but without success. Finally, eight schooners, each of two hundred tons, were anchored in the gap, and fastened to each other and the remnants of the boom with one-inch chains. Their masts were taken out and left to drag astern so as to disable the screws of approaching ships.

After Farragut had arrived below the forts, some days were spent by the Federals in making a triangulation of the forts and river, and in placing buoys. The Navy Department had dispatched a number of mortar boats which were to prepare the way for the fleet by a vigorous bombardment. These vessels were placed in position before the 18th of April. They numbered twenty vessels in three divisions. The first and third divisions, containing thirteen schooners, were moored in line close under the southern (Fort Jackson) bank of the river, the leading schooner being distant two thousand nine hundred and fifty yards from Fort Jackson. Here they were hidden by trees and by a slight bend of the river. That their masts might not betray them, they were dressed with branches. The second division of seven schooners was under the opposite bank, the leading vessel three thousand nine hundred yards from Fort Jackson, and in view of the Confederate gunners. On the morning of the 18th the schooners opened their fire, pitching their huge 13-inch shells into Fort Jackson at intervals of ten minutes. The northern division could see where each shell dropped, and therefore fired with most effect, but, on the other hand, was exposed to the Confederate projectiles. The gunners in the fort gradually found the range, and about midday began to hit the schooners with heavy shot, on which the second division changed its position. The gunboat "Owasco" supported the mortar vessels, taking turns with other Federal vessels in drawing off the Confederate fire, and escaped injury herself by keeping in constant motion. At five o'clock in the afternoon dense smoke was seen rising from the fort. With nightfall the mortar vessels increased their rate of fire, while the second division, after two vessels had been all but sunk, joined the other schooners under the shelter of the southern bank. A huge fire-raft was sent down by the Confederates, but failed to harm any ship.

Day after day the bombardment continued. The garrison of the fort were annoyed by the steady rain of shells, and the magazines were nearly hit twice, yet the damage done was not very serious. The men were kept inside the casemates, though in the water battery they were never driven from their guns. In short, the fort was by no means silenced, and the many thousands of shells fired produced far less effect than might have been expected. Colonel Higgins, however, who was in command of Fort Jackson, fearing that the garrison would be demoralized, was anxious that the "Louisiana" should come down and attack the schooners, but the naval officers had other views. She was not ready, they urged; she could not reach the Federals with her guns and finally she could not be exposed to high-angle fire. The unhappy effects of the division of command are manifest.

On the night of April 20th, supported by an unusually fierce bombardment, the two gunboats "Pinola" and "Itasca" were sent upstream to make an opening in the boom. Their rigging and their masts had been taken out on the previous day, but none the less they were seen and fired upon, though without effect. Running alongside the third schooner from the northern bank, they attempted, unsuccessfully, to blow her up. On the failure of this her moorings were slipped, but the "Itasca," which was fast to her and had not expected her to be let go, was carried on shore by the current under the very guns of the fort, and was only got off by the "Pinola" after two hawsers had parted. The "Pinola" then rammed the boom, running at it under full steam, with great effect, and opened a wide passage. This was reconnoitered three nights later, as the Federal officers were not altogether certain that there was not a chain across, below the water-level, or submerged mines. Lieutenant Caldwell in a boat examined the gap with a sounding line, and was able to report to Farragut at eleven o'clock that all was clear. Though the Confederates must have seen him they did not fire upon him.

It was a matter of necessity to make the attack at the earliest date possible. The Confederate ironclads were being rapidly completed, and it was manifest to Farragut that the mortars had not crushed the forts. The 16,800 shells pitched into them had killed

or wounded eighteen men, and disabled ten guns out of 126. But the constant alarms and excursions had to some extent shaken the morale of the garrison in Fort Jackson, and it was noticed during the attack that they did not shoot so straight or so steadily as the men in St. Philip, who had not been exposed to the bombardment. Colonel Higgins was certain that the hour of attack was at hand from various signs, the breaking of the boom and the activity of the Federals, and had stirred Mitchell up once more. In response to his entreaties the "Louisiana" had been brought down and moored near the forts. She was far from ready, and there were fifty artificers still at work upon her.

Farragut had decided upon the night of the 23d for his great venture. His ships were to ascend in three divisions. In the first division were the "Cayuga" (2 guns), the "Pensacola" (23), the "Mississippi" (17), the "Oneida" (9), the "Varuna" (10), the "Katahdin" (2), the "Kineo" (2), and the "Wissahickon" (2). In command as divisional officer was Captain Bailey, on board the "Cayuga." The second division was commanded by Farragut himself, who led in the "Hartford" (24), followed by the "Brooklyn" (20), and the "Richmond" (22). In the third division were the "Sciota" (2), the "Iroquois" (7), the "Kennebec" (2), the "Pinola" (2), the "Itasca" (2), and the "Winona" (2), under the charge of Commander Bell. Excluding the mortar flotilla, the fleet brought to bear one hundred and ninety-two guns and howitzers, only forty-six of which were smaller in caliber than the 42-pounder. One round from every gun in the Federal ships would give a weight of metal amounting to over twenty thousand pounds; from every gun in the Confederate forts and ships only a little over seven thousand pounds. But in appraising the odds we must remember the immense advantage which forts have over ships.

Originally Farragut had intended that the most powerful ships should lead, and thus prepare the passage for the lighter and weaker craft. He had given way reluctantly to his officers, who pointed out that it would be a real danger to expose himself, as he intended, by leading the way in the "Hartford." In response to their entreaties his flagship was in the center of the line. On the 23d he had personally inspected every vessel under his command.

Howitzers were sent up to the tops and protected by breastworks of boiler plate, while boats and all possible spars were left ashore. The want of ahead-fire in the fleet was a very serious defect for the work now in hand; not a single gun would bear right ahead. As the ships would in turn use either broadside, it should be remembered that about sixty per cent of any Northern vessel's guns could be fought on either side. The gunboats, however, carried only pivots, and could use both their guns.

The report that the passage through the boom was open was made at eleven in the evening. The night was clear and still, and when, at two o'clock in the morning of April 24th, the signal was made to get under way, the click of the capstans and rattle of the cables at once told the Confederates that the fleet was preparing to move. The alarm in the forts was sounded and the men stood to their guns, waiting anxiously for the fire-rafts, which Commander Mitchell was to have sent down to show their opponents clearly. The rafts were late in coming, and in darkness the Federal line neared the forts, moving slowly upstream and delayed greatly by the vehemence of the current. As soon as the fleet was under way the mortar vessels opened, firing at their fastest, and their great shells, dropping, left long tracks of smoke behind them, and burst with a fearful din in the forts. The "Cayuga" passed the boom before the Confederates opened in reply. Not a gun could she bring to bear, but under the storm of shot and shell she stood boldly on. She was hit from stem to stern, and the air was full of bursting shells. Noting that the Confederates were aiming for the center of the stream, her officers took her in close under the bank, and gave the gunners grape and canister. A thick screen of smoke was descending upon the river, and this in no small degree helped her and the vessels which followed her. Her masts and rigging were riddled, but her hull escaped grave injury. She had made the run at full speed and distanced all the other ships. On looking back, her commander was appalled to discover himself alone. Ahead were eleven Confederate gunboats; astern impenetrable smoke; and for a moment he thought that the enterprise had miscarried, and that the heavier ships had failed to pass the forts.

Second, originally, was the "Pensacola," but the "Varuna,"

going full speed, quickly passed her and reached waters where the guns of the forts could no longer harm her. She was closely followed by the "Oneida," which had steamed so near in to Fort St. Philip that the fire from the Confederate guns scorched her men, and the sparks flew on board. But the storm of projectiles flew over her harmlessly, and neither she nor the "Varuna" suffered hurt. The "Pensacola," dropping back to the fourth place and closely followed by the "Mississippi," went very slowly past the forts. So close were the two combatants to each other that, above the din of the unceasing cannonade, the ships' crews could hear the officers' orders in the forts, the soldiers' curses and jeers, and answered them sailor-fashion. Thus, as they fought, the two sides railed each at the other. The "Mississippi" was hulled ten times, but except a slight injury to her outer shaft-bearing, she was none the worse. Yet her troubles were not over, for just as she had passed the forts a dangerous antagonist came down upon her. The "Manassas," almost flush with the water, had charged the "Pensacola" first, but the Federal ship sheered and avoided her onset. Then, bounding forward at her fullest speed through the dense smoke, and helped by the curret, she struck the "Mississippi" a glancing blow, which did not penetrate the timbers of the Union ship's side. Next the "Katahdin" passed the forts with a shell in her funnel and a shot through her foremast, but without a scratch on any of her men. The "Wissahickon" followed her closely, and was about as much damaged.

Farragut's division had, either from the impatience of its commander, or from some delay of the leading squadron, gained steadily upon it, so that, in passing the boom, the "Brooklyn" collided with the "Kineo," but neither vessel was damaged. The "Hartford," in front of them, had opened upon Fort Jackson with her bow guns, receiving in return a most galling fire. Fire-rafts were now at last beginning to come down the river, but too late to give the Confederate gunners much help. The smoke from the guns of the forts and the ships hung in an almost impenetrable curtain over the still waters, shrouding the ships from the gaze of the Confederates, and thus rendering Farragut's passage much easier. But, in the gloom, a fresh danger assailed the flagship. The little

Confederate tug "Mosher" came down the stream, pushing in front of her a huge fire-raft. She was of wood herself, and therefore exposed to the danger of fire; while the bright light from the flames made her a splendid mark at close quarters for the "Hartford's" guns. Half a dozen men were her crew, under the command of one Sherman, and they all paid for their heroism with their lives. They drove their raft upon the Union ship amid a hail of projectiles, and instantly the tongues of fire licked the "Hartford's" side, played in through her gunports, and ran up her rigging. It was the critical moment of the engagement, and what added to the danger of the "Hartford" was that, in endeavoring to avoid the fire-raft, she had taken the ground under the very guns of Fort St. Philip. The hostile gunners could be heard shouting; the flagship's bowsprit all but touched the shore. Every gun that would bear in Fort St. Philip opened upon her, and, thus beset, she barely escaped destruction. Never for a moment did Farragut lose his self-control, though, as the flames shot up, he was heard to cry, "My God, is it to end in this way?" It was not to end thus. Fortune smiles upon the brave, and, animated by the gallant bearing of their leader, the sailors faced the flames as fearlessly as they had faced the enemy's guns. Fire-quarters were sounded, and the hoses were brought to bear upon the blazing masts, while, just above the heads of the men on deck, flew the iron hail from the fort. As the men fell back from their guns before the fire, Farragut shouted to them, "Don't flinch from that fire, boys! There is a hotter fire for those who don't do their duty. Give that rascally little tug a shot." Meantime the engines went astern. By Farragut's prevision the heavy weights were in the bows of the ships, so that, if they grounded, it would be forward, when the stream would not swing them round athwart the river, as it would have done had they taken the ground aft. Slowly the "Hartford" got clear, helped, perhaps—though this is doubtful—by a thrust from the ram "Manassas," which was passing her. With only one man killed and nine wounded, the flagship once more went ahead, and passed out of range of the Confederates, disabling on her way a steamer full of troops, which made for her, and seemed inclined to board.

The "Brooklyn" did not get off so lightly. In the dense smoke she lost sight of the "Hartford," and fouled the boom after, as we have seen, colliding with the "Kineo." The ship fell off across the river, her bow grazing the left bank, while Fort St. Philip poured a hot fire in upon her. Here, again, there was splendid gallantry and discipline. Her captain, Craven, stood calm and motionless on deck; her quartermaster at the starboard main chains, while bullets struck the ship's side about him, calmly called the soundings. The guns in Fort Jackson got her range, and struck her repeatedly. A midshipman and the signal quartermaster were cut in two. The steersman received a serious wound, but refused to go below. At last the ship got clear of the boom, and went ahead through the gap, but had only just passed it when a violent jar was felt, and she stopped, right under the guns of the forts. Her propeller had struck something floating in the water, and it was feared that she would have to anchor, to her own speedy destruction. The command, "Stand by the starboard anchor" was given, and the men were ready to let it go, when once more the ship moved. There was a vigorous exchange of fire with Fort Jackson, the grape from the Federal guns flying in upon the Confederates, while the fort seemed to be full of "lamp-posts," as the stands which held the grape were called. A shot from the fort entered the port of No. 9 gun in the port battery, took off the head of the captain of the gun, and wounded nine men, leaving only two of the gun crew standing. Covered by this fierce fire the ram "Manassas" charged the "Brooklyn" at the fullest speed of which her slow engines would admit. The cry, "The ram," rang through the ship, followed by the orders "Full speed" and "Starboard the helm." With a shock which nearly took the men on the Federal ship off their feet, the "Manassas" went into the "Brooklyn" amidships, and, as she rammed her, fired her one gun. The chain armor gave good protection; and beyond crushing it into the outer planking, and splintering the timbers inside, luckily on a coal bunker full of coal, the ram inflicted little harm. Had the bunker been empty there might have been another story to tell. The shot from the gun entered five feet above the water-line, and was brought up by the sand bags piled round the steam drum. As the "Manas

sas" struck the "Brooklyn" a man came out of the trap door on the ram, and running forward, while the ships were in contact, looked to see what damage had been done. The quartermaster in the chains of the "Brooklyn," seeing him, slung his lead at him, and struck him on the head, knocking him off the turtle deck into the water. None of the "Brooklyn's" guns could be given depression enough to hit the "Manassas," and she got off unscathed. A minute or two later a large Confederate vessel came up, but was received with a hail of shells at a distance of only sixty yards, which instantly set her on fire.

Nearing St. Philip the "Brooklyn" ran past the "Hartford," then fast aground, when with singular gallantry Craven determined not to leave his chief to bear alone the storm of fire. Deliberately he did one of the most heroic actions of the war, and stopping his engines he dropped down to succor the "Hartford." The Confederates turned their guns upon him, giving the "Hartford" a respite, but, fortunately for him, fired too high, as the shot and shell passed above the Northern ship, and cut her rigging to pieces. Not till the flapship was clear of the fire-raft, and off the shoal, did the "Brooklyn" quit her station. Then, steaming past Fort St. Philip, she gave the gunners there a bad five minutes. At a distance of only one hundred feet she poured in canister and grape, and the men in the tops could see the Confederates in the fort running for dear life to shelter. None the less there were some who stood to their guns, and the "Brooklyn" had a warm reception. The lieutenant in charge of the first division of guns was hit, but would not go below till he had sighted and fired two guns with his own hand. A marine had his head taken off by a shot, and a shell dropping among the crew of the forward pivot gun blew its powder man to atoms. The fire of their enemy's guns scorched the faces of the "Brooklyn's" men. Feeling his way through the dense smoke, which only gave occasional glimpses of the other ships, Craven passed St. Philip when a fresh danger loomed up before him. Moored above the fort was the "Louisiana," which rumor had pictured as a terrible antagonist. At her the "Brooklyn" aimed a broadside, but the shots could be seen striking the ironclad and glancing up. This fire, however, wounded

two of the "Louisiana's" officers, who were exposed on her deck. In reply the Southern ship discharged every gun that she could bring to bear, and hulled the "Brooklyn" with a heavy shell upon her cut-water. Luckily for the Northerners the shell did not explode, as the Confederates had failed to remove the lead cover from the fuse. The "Brooklyn" went forward and plunged into the confused struggle which was raging above the forts. In all she had been more than an hour engaged with the forts, and yet her loss had been only eight killed and twenty-six wounded.

The "Richmond" was detained by the priming of her boilers, but passed the forts just after they had been roughly handled by the "Hartford" and "Brooklyn." Colonel Higgins', the Confederate commander's, exclamation, when he saw these ships escape him, was characteristic, "Better go to cover, boys; our cake is all dough. The Old Navy has won." So, as the Confederates were under cover, the "Richmond" lost only two killed and four wounded. The nettings inboard proved most useful, catching a large number of splinters and doubtless saving many lives. Her commander notices in his report the immense advantage which is conferred for night action by whitewashing the decks and gun carriages.

The second division had thus passed the forts without any very serious damage to ships or loss of life. The third attempted to follow. The "Iroquois," originally second in the line, quickly outstripped her leader, the "Sciota," and was engaged about four o'clock. While she was exchanging fire with the forts two Confederate vessels, the gunboat "Macrae" and a ram, came up on her quarter and poured into her a broadside of grape. In reply she gave the gunboat canister and one 11-inch shell, wounding her commander and forcing her to retreat. Just as she was clearing the forts, through a misunderstanding of the order "Starboard" for "Stop her," she was run alongside the "Louisiana," whose gunners, double-shotting their guns, gave her a destructive broadside. A minute later she was attacked by six steamers, but drove them off with shell. Her rigging was much damaged, her boats were smashed, and her loss in men was heavy. Eight were killed and twenty-four wounded. The "Sciota" suffered very little.

The "Pinola," coming third, opened fire as soon as she was abreast of Fort Jackson, but as before, when the Confederates replied, their shot and shell passed over the heads of the Northerners, only killing one man. When off Fort St. Philip the fire-rafts showed up the ship, and at a range of one hundred and fifty yards she was struck repeatedly. The pump-well was damaged; the escape-pipe cut, the wheel broken; and the ship set on fire in the neighborhood of the magazine. On fire-quarters being sounded the gunner's mate, Frisbee, who was inside the magazine, instantly closed the scuttles, remaining within. The fire, however, was extinguished without difficulty, and this ship also passed the forts. She had three killed and seven wounded.

The "Kennebec," which should, by the original plan, have followed the "Iroquois," came into line behind the "Pinola." On reaching the boom she caught in it and was exposed to a very heavy fire. When she disengaged herself, she found that the ships in advance were out of sight, and that she would have alone to face the terrible cross-fire. A weak and small vessel, she did not make the attempt, which meant almost certain destruction, but fell back. Following her came the "Itasca" and "Winona." The "Itasca" passed the opening in the boom, but when abreast of Fort Jackson was severely handled. The Confederate projectiles rained about her, and many struck her, several passing through her. A 42-pounder shot came through a coal bunker and pierced her boiler; the steam, escaping violently, drove every one from the fire-room into the engine-room, and almost suffocated those on the quarter-deck. The vessel, having lost her motive power, turned with her remaining speed and floated slowly down the river. Her crew were ordered to throw themselves flat on deck, and thus escaped heavy loss. When beyond the range of the forts, her commander ran her on shore, finding that she was making water very fast, but afterward floated her off gain, since he discovered that the leak was not so bad as he had supposed. His loss was three wounded or scalded. The "Winona" came last. As she followed closely upon the "Itasca," that ship backed upon her to avoid the masts trailing from schooners of the boom, and the two ships were entangled and delayed

half an hour. When the "Winona" again proceeded on her way, the day was breaking, and her hull stood out against the sky, a good mark for the Confederates. Fort Jackson opened a most destructive fire upon her, in four shots killing or wounding every man at her heavy rifled pivot. The smoke prevented her commander from seeing clearly his way, and he stood in very close to St. Philip, almost running on shore. The guns of the Confederate works played upon the gunboat with great effect, and the spray from the falling projectiles splashed her deck. It was madness to persist in the attempt, alone and unsupported, in broad daylight, to steam between the forts. Reluctantly she obeyed a signal of recall from Commander Porter, having lost three killed and five wounded.

Three ships thus failed to pass the forts, the "Itasca," "Winona," and "Pinola." Meantime, while one by one the Northern vessels were defiling past the Confederate gunners, a confused struggle was raging above the forts, and to it we must recur. The Confederates had, as we have seen, a considerable flotilla, and this had to be encountered and defeated before Farragut's ships could make their way to New Orleans.

The "Cayuga" had been the first to leave behind her the terrible cross-fire. Emerging from the smoke she saw ahead three large steamers which simultaneously charged her. Two were in quick succession hulled with 11-inch and 30-pounder shells, which set them on fire and drove them off. The third came on, and boarders were ready on either side, when the "Varuna" arrived on the scene and disabled the Confederate with a shot. The new-comer then steamed up the river through what was left of the Confederate flotilla. A dangerous antagonist, however, was following her unobserved. Lieutenant Kennon, of the Southern gunboat "Governor Moore," had heard the beat of paddles in the stillness of the night and given the alarm. And now, a few minutes later, he saw, emerging from the smoke of the engagement raging between the forts, the masts of a large steamer. He knew her by her distinguishing lights, and followed at once, keeping under the shelter of the bank. With oil in his fires, he quickly overhauled her, and hoisting Federal lights, stood toward her. The "Varuna's" people

did not know him for an enemy, and allowed him to come up, when, just as day broke, he lowered his false lights and opened. A warm action followed, in which Kennon, coming to very close quarters, deliberately fired his bow chaser through his own bow, hoping to hit his enemy below the water-line and sink him.

Following this, he rammed his antagonist twice in succession, but his ship was set on fire by the "Varuna's" shells, and had her engine disabled into the bargain. She drifted down stream, having lost fifty-seven killed and seventeen wounded out of a crew of ninety-three. This fact speaks volumes for the dauntlessness of the Confederates. Fired upon by the Federal ships which were following the "Varuna," Kennon ran the "Governor Moore" ashore and got off all who were left alive. The "Varuna" had not, however, disposed of all her enemies. Suddenly the "Stonewall Jackson" came on her out of the twilight and rammed her twice. The "Varuna," sinking fast, plied the Confederate with shell and drove her off, but was forced to run on shore herself. Here her guns were fought till the water covered her deck. Meantime the "Stonewall Jackson" steamed up stream, and was abandoned and set on fire by her commander. The "Varuna's" crew were rescued by the now rapidly arriving Federal ships.

The "Oneida" was the third ship to engage the gunboats. She charged a Confederate vessel with a great crash just above the forts, and, standing on past the gunboats, came upon the shattered "Governor Moore," who signaled that she was "the United States steamer 'Mississippi.'" The Federals were not so easily taken in, and opened a smart fire upon her. Some time later they sent boats and captured her with Commander Kennon. The last act of the day's eventful fighting was an attempt made by the "Manassas" to ram the "Pinola." She was coming up astern when the "Pinola's" men saw her, and gave her a shot from their heavy rifle. Almost at the same minute the "Mississippi" bounded forward, and endeavored to run her down. But though she had been much shaken by her frequent attempts to ram, and though her engines were never good for very much, she eluded the "Mississippi," ran ashore, and was set on fire by her crew. The Union ship riddled her with shot, unaware that she was abandoned.

SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, N. G. N. Y., DISEMBARKING TO TAKE TRAIN FOR TAMPA

Battles, Volume Two

THE PRESIDENT'S REVIEW AT CAMP ALGER, VA., MAY 28, 1898
Battles, Volume Two

TORPEDO BOAT "PORTER" CHASING A SUSPICIOUS SAIL
Battles, Volume Two

A LINE OF TRANSPORTS AT TAMPA TO CONVEY TROOPS TO CUBA

Battles, Volume Two

UNITED STATES TROOPS LANDING AT BAIQUIRI
Battles, Volume Two

ACOSTA'S INFANTRY ON THE MARCH TO JOIN GOMEZ
Battles, Volume Two

FIRST PRIZE OF THE WAR

United States Gunboat "Nashville" and Spanish Steamer "Buena Ventura"

Battles, Volume Two

That same morning the fleet compelled the surrender of a Confederate force at Chalmette. Forts Jackson and St. Philip still held out, but their fall was only a question of time. They were cut off from the Confederacy, and their garrisons, unable to obtain food or ammunition, much shaken and demoralized by the bombardment, surrendered on April 29th. Four days earlier Farragut's fleet had anchored off New Orleans.

The consequences of this engagement, followed as it was almost immediately by the capture of the forts and New Orleans, cannot be overestimated. It was the third great blow which the Federal navy had struck during the war, and if it were of less importance than the battle between the "Merrimac" and "Monitor," it was of greater moment both to victors and to vanquished than the capture of Port Royal. It lessened the number of ports to be blockaded by one, and that one a port which, owing to the nature of the coast, the numerous mouths of the river, the comparative proximity of Havana, and the excellent communication from it inland, both by rail and by water, was exceptionally well situated for the blockade-runner's trade. The Confederate forts on the Central Mississippi could now be taken in rear, and the final opening of the river was foreshadowed. Nor is Farragut's victory without military importance. It showed that forts alone cannot forbid passage to a fleet, even when the channel which they command is narrow, tortuous, and swept by a rapid current. Luck, of course, was on the side of the Northerners. Had not the freshet accommodatingly broken the boom, their task would have been, if not impossible, at any rate very much harder. All admiration is due to Farragut for his daring and resolution, but there are certain circumstances to be taken into account when considering the small damage done to the fleet.

First, a large number of the garrison were Northerners who had asked to be permitted to serve in the forts that they might not be compelled to fight against their country. There were in addition many Irish and Germans. So bad was the feeling of the men that they broken into open mutiny and spiked many of the guns on April 27th. We can well believe that an affection for the North would not tend to good shooting on the part of the gun-

ners. They knew the ranges, and yet their fire almost uniformly passed above the heads of the Federals. We must also remember that they had been shaken by the bombardment. Fort St. Philip maintained a more accurate fire than Fort Jackson, which may be accounted for by the fact that during the preliminary bombardment it had received very little attention from the Federals. High-angle fire on this occasion produced but small result. The mortar vessels discharged bombs till their ammunition ran short, but for all practical purposes Fort Jackson was intact after all this sound and fury. Yet Farragut still retained some faith in them, and in his subsequent actions upon the Mississippi used them for bombardments. Secondly, we must recall the indifferent nature of the artillery which the Confederate works mounted. Had Colonel Higgins' and General Duncan's entreaties for heavier guns been complied with, the issue of the action might have been different. Twelve guns throwing shot of sixty-eight pounds and upward were not a very large allowance for the defense of a port of such political and strategical importance. No doubt the physical difficulties to be faced by the Federals contributed in some measure to the heedlessness which the Confederate War Office showed in this direction. To ascend a swift river in the face of the most moderate opposition is a difficult task, and the South looked rather for a descent from the north. Thirdly, there was the fatal defect of divided command. Had the forts, the ironclads, and gunboats been under the direction of one man, the Confederate resistance would have had far more chance of success. Instead there were no less than three various commanders. There was General Duncan in charge of the forts, there was Commander Mitchell with the vessels of the Confederate navy, and there were the "River Defense" boats, whose captains did each what seemed good in his own eyes. The officers and men of the Confederate navy fought with a gallantry to the full as great as that of Farragut's sailors, but they did not act in combination. Fire-rafts were not sent down as they should have been at the commencement of the attack, and the most was not made of the "Louisiana." The "River Defense" sailors did not understand in the least what was to be expected from brave men. "When I saw all those ships coming,"

said one captain, "I just fired the vessel and skipped." This man had no idea of fighting resolutely against great odds, and it is such resolution which often wins when the chance of success appears hopeless. Fourthly, there were no mines or torpedoes sowed in the channel. Not one of these considerations detracts from the reputation of Farragut. The task before him was, in the opinion of unprejudiced foreign officers on the spot, a most formidable one, and they freely prophesied defeat. A slight mischance to the "Hartford" at the critical moment, and there might have resulted not defeat, but disaster.

In war great risks must frequently be run to obtain great success, and the truly able commander is not he who, with a vast superfluity of resources or a great superiority in force, wins victories; but the man who with little does much. Had Farragut failed, his failure would have been meritorious. He had weighed and considered the possibilities, and he had made every preparation which science, ingenuity, and foresight could suggest. Like Nelson, he won, not because he despised his enemies, but because, after careful calculation and reflection, he had come to the conclusion that the odds against him were not so great as they seemed. His promptness is a point to be commended. By attacking when he did he came upon the forts before the Confederate ironclads were completed, and thus escaped one great danger. If, after facing the Confederate gunners on land, he had had to encounter a powerful mobile force on the water, he might have met with disaster.

It is curious that it never occurred to the Confederates, when their first boom was breached by the cu rent, to place other obstructions across the river, just under the guns of St. Philip. Even a weak boom in such a position could not very well have been destroyed by small gunboats, and would have held the ships right under the guns of the forts, where they must have been sunk by the Confederate fire.

This operation of the Northerners was in one way a greater feat than the passage of the forts at Mobile, since the strong current had to be reckoned with. It is not then a simple case of running past works on land. The utter inability of the ships to silence the forts at the very close ranges which the scant breadth of the river

necessitated is remarkable. Fort Jackson lost fourteen killed and thirty-nine wounded. No serious injury was done to the work, and it could have held out indefinitely if supplies could have been assured. Not a man in the water battery was driven from his post, in spite of the hundreds of rounds of grape which the Federals fired into it. The total loss of Farragut's fleet was thirty-seven killed and one hundred and forty-seven wounded, though included in this number are those who fell in the action with the gunboats. In proportion to her size, the heaviest loss was suffered by the "Pinola," one of the smallest ships.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

THE DECISIVE BATTLE OF THE CIVIL WAR—THE CONFEDERATE INVASION—MEADE'S VICTORY AND LEE'S REPULSE —ALL QUIET ON THE POTOMAC

A. D. 1863

IN September, 1863, the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, under command of General Lee, crossed the Potomac with the intention of invading the Northern States. At Antietam Lee was repulsed and obliged to retreat. In June of the following year he again attempted a Northern campaign. At Gettysburg (Pennsylvania) severe fighting ensued. This battle, which was fought July 1–3, resulted in another retreat. Following shortly after the Confederate triumph at Chancellorsville and immediately preceding the fall of Vicksburg, it may be regarded as the decisive battle of the war. It rendered further invasion of the North impossible, and indirectly as well as directly paved the way for Lee's final defeat at Five Forks and the surrender of the Confederate troops.

The place and the battle are described as follows in Gates's "Ulster Guard":

Gettysburg lies upon the north slope of a hill which rises in its immediate rear, some four hundred and eighty feet above the valley, just north of the town, through which flows a rivulet called "Stevens' Run." The contour of this hill is not unlike a fishing-hook, and taking this familiar figure as a guide, we will briefly describe it. Turning the apex of the convex bend so it will point due north, it will embrace "Cemetery Hill." Standing now, with your back toward Gettysburg, and your eye following the course of the hook on your left and to the southward, and toward its point, you find it crosses a slight depression a few hundred rods from the apex of the bend, and then begins to rise until it attains the top of "Culp's Hill," and passing that, terminates at the point, on "McAllister's Hill." The distance from on this side the hook is a little less than two miles. Along the base of this hilly ridge runs "Rock Creek," and on the east side of it, opposite "McAllister's Hill," abruptly rises another bluff, which swells into "Wolf Hill," at a short distance from the creek, and then continues in a high ridge toward the northeast, for a considerable distance. Turning now to the other side of the hook, you will first observe that it is a mile longer than the left side, and is more uniform in its course, but characterized by the same general outlines. A few hundred rods from the apex of the bend is a bluff, rising higher than "Cemetery Hill," then follows a depression for a distance of half a mile, where the ridge is but twenty feet above the bed of "Stevens' Run"; then the ground rises again in a bold rocky ledge into "Little Round Top," and making another ascent culminates in "Round Top." The distance across, from point to shank, is about two and a half miles, and the circumference about five miles. Within the hook the ground is low and tolerably level, but as you approach the bend it becomes hilly and finally rises abruptly into "Cemetery Hill." The Baltimore Pike and the Taneytown Road enter Gettysburg, through the level space within the hook, and cross it at the bend.

Retaining the same position, but looking to the north, Gettysburg lies at your feet, extending from near the top of Cemetery Hill to the foot of the valley, through which flows "Stevens' Run," and which empties into Rock Creek, a mile northeast of the vil-

lage. This valley curves around the point of the hill, on the slope of which the town stands, and follows the conformation of the fishing-hook until it is interrupted by the opposing ridge of Wolf Hill. Still looking to the north, right over the tops of the houses on the westerly side of Gettysburg, and about a mile from where you stand, you see a ridge on the further side of the valley, running nearly north and south, but much lower than the Cemetery Hill. On this ridge stands the Lutheran Seminary, and the ridge itself is called "Seminary Ridge." Beyond this, at short intervals, plain ridge and valley succeed each other, until the South Mountain range terminates the scene. To the northward and to the right and left, the landscape was fair to look upon on the first day of July, 1863. Woods, rich in their summer foliage, stood as a glowing and animate frame-work around the cultivated fields and the rural village which was soon to become famous as the scene of the greatest battle of modern times. The Emmetsburg road starts from the south side of Gettysburg, passes along the hillside west of the cemetery, cleaves the valley diagonally in a southwesterly course, and ascends and crosses Seminary Ridge, at a point nearly opposite Little Round Top, and about a mile from it. The Hagerstown road leaves the north side of Gettysburg, and, crossing the ridges in a westerly direction, is lost to sight in the forest toward South Mountain. Across the low ground from the ridge, near the Seminary to Gettysburg, was built up a dirt causeway or railroad embankment, and over which the "Ulster Guard" marched into Gettysburg, after the battle of the 1st of July.

For several days, Rebel troops, both infantry and cavalry, had visited Gettysburg, and numerous bodies of soldiers were hovering on the north side of the town. On the 30th of June, at about nine o'clock A. M., a considerable portion of Hill's corps approached within half a mile of the village, and stationed pickets along Seminary Ridge. At the end of an hour they withdrew toward Cashtown, and an hour later General Buford rode into Gettysburg, at the head of six thousand Federal cavalry, and passing through the town took position on the farm of Hon. E. McPherson, a mile and a half northwestward, where he unlimbered his guns and made his dispositions to resist an attack. One corps of the left

wing—the First—reached Marsh Creek, four miles southwest of Gettysburg, on the afternoon of the 30th, and halted there for the night. The Eleventh was at Emmetsburg, six miles in rear of the First. On the same night, the Rebel general Hill encamped his corps, 35,000 strong, a few miles north of the point occupied by General Reynolds. Longstreet's corps, with the exception of Pickett's division, which was still at Chambersburg, closed up in rear of Hill. This corps was 31,000 strong, and 24,000 of these men were near at hand. Rodes' and Early's divisions, of Ewell's corps, numbering 19,000 men, bivouacked at Heidlersburg, nine miles from Gettysburg, on this night. Johnson's division of this corps, 12,000 strong, was countermarching from Carlisle, and yet some distance from Gettysburg. . . . . .

Buford was early in the saddle on the morning of the 1st of July. His skirmish-line, composed of dismounted cavalrymen, extended from the west side of the Millerstown or Hagerstown road, where it crosses Willoughby Run, easterly, along the ridge, on the left bank of the stream, across the Chambersburg, Mummasburg, Carlisle, and Harrisburg roads, and terminating on Rock Creek. His reserves were posted behind the ridge, in rear of this one, and his horse artillery was planted to cover the roads over which he momentarily expected to see the enemy advance. Soon after nine o'clock the enemy's skirmishers came "booming" along, over the roads and through the woods and fields, and the rattle of musketry announced to Buford's practiced ear that something more than a reconnaissance and a consequent skirmish had begun. The fire increased rapidly on both sides, and in half an hour the Confederates had gotten some of their batteries in position and opened a brisk artillery fire. Buford's guns now broke silence, and answered the Rebels, gun for gun. Buford readily saw that he had a very large Confederate force in front of him, and that their superiority of numbers must, in the end, overpower him. He was naturally anxious to see the columns of Federal infantry approaching, and as time went on he turned an earnest gaze toward the south. With consummate generalship he led the enemy to believe that they were contending with infantry, and that it was a large force. They were therefore cautious, and felt their way with

deliberation. But they were steadily increasing their pressure on Buford's lines, and extending toward his flanks. Help must come, and quickly, or these brave fellows will be captured or driven from the field. Buford's orders from Pleasonton were to *hold on*, to the last extremity, and Buford himself knew, as well as any one, the prize for which he was making the gallant fight. It lay behind him in the natural fortifications on the other side of Gettysburg, and Buford meant to save it for his comrades, rushing to his support.

The cupola of the Theological Seminary had been taken possession of by Buford's signal officer, and he was looking southward for the hoped-for succor. About ten o'clock he observed a cloud of dust on the Emmettsburg road, and by-and-by he was able to distinguish the flag of the First corps fluttering in the wind, as the fast riding cavalcade came rapidly toward the battlefield. Buford himself went into the cupola to gladden his own eyes with the sight of Reynolds' corps flag, but he had hardly attained the outlook before the eager corps commander, now commanding the left wing, drew up his panting horse beneath the signal station, and called out to Buford, "What's the matter, John?" "The devil's to pay," replied the trooper, and came down to confer with Reynolds. Reynolds had ridden on, with his staff and escort, when hearing the familiar noise of battle, directing that the First corps should hasten after him. He now asked Buford if he could hold his ground until the infantry came up, the head of the column being a mile and a half behind. Buford said he thought he could.

General De Peyster thus describes the advance of the gallant old First corps:

"Spectators in the cupola of the Evangelical Lutheran Theological Institute, known as the 'Seminary,' and other adjacent elevated positions, who were watching the advance of the First corps along the Emmettsburg road and across the swale drained by Stevens' Run, to the left of the town, spoke of it with an enthusiastic admiration which, under the circumstances, it is easy to conceive, since those troops brought with them, as they believed, not only succor but assured rescue. They described the spectacle as something perfectly magnificent, as the ranks double-quicked

across the interval, swept up Oak Ridge, and deployed on its crest, their bayonets scintillating and flashing back the rays of that bright July morning sun. Ahead, as they dipped into the low ground along Stevens' Run, and making the fences fly with the strokes of their flashing axes, bounded the Pioneers of the leading brigade, and in their track the panting but ardent thousands of Boys in Blue."

Wadsworth's division was the first to reach the field, with Cutler's brigade leading. Reynolds had been on the ground long enough for his quick military eye to take in the situation, and he was prepared to give Wadsworth his orders as soon as he rode up. He directed him to take the three right regiments (76th and 147th N.Y. and 56th Pa.) to the north side of a railroad bed running parallel with the Chambersburg Pike and a few hundred feet north of it, and form line of battle facing nearly west. This disposition threw his right well out toward the left of Devens' brigade of cavalry, then occupying the northerly extremity of Seminary Ridge, with one regiment across the Mummasburg road. But there was still a wide interval between the two brigades. The two remaining regiments of Cutler's brigade (14th Brooklyn and 95th N.Y.) with Hall's (Maine) battery—which was the only one that marched with the division—Reynolds himself conducted to the south side of the railroad cut, where he posted the battery on the Chambersburg Pike, a hundred feet in advance of the brigade line; and, leading the other regiments a hundred feet in advance of the guns, posted them in line of battle on the south side of the Chambersburg Pike and on the right of a little grove which crowns Seminary Ridge, a few hundred yards south of the point where the Pike crosses it. The formation was somewhat *en echelon*, with the left regiments forward. The official map of the battlefield, published by authority of the War Department, states the time as 10.15 A.M. when the formations were completed, from which it would appear that the cavalry had been holding the ground something over an hour. As the infantry took their places in line the dismounted troopers along this part of the field withdrew, but Devin remained in position on the right and the cavalry skirmishers extended the line on Wadsworth's left.

The Rebel force thus far on the field was Heth's division of A. P. Hill's corps, which had marched down the Chambersburg Pike from its last encampment, and, finding Buford in front, deployed to the right and left of the Pike, and, sending his skirmishers "booming" along over the fields and through the woods, advanced to the attack. The official map gives this time as nine o'clock A.M. Meredith's brigade of Wadsworth's division arrived on the ground soon after Cutler was posted and took position on the left of his two advanced regiments. Meredith's two right regiments rested in the edge of the grove on the top of the ridge and his line conformed to the course of the ridge. Up to this time the enemy's demonstrations had been against the troops on and contiguous to the Chambersburg Pike—he had not shown himself as far west as the left of Meredith's brigade. About the time Meredith got into position, Heth had discovered the importance of the grove on the top and westerly slope of the ridge, which General Doubleday says "possessed all the advantages of a redoubt, strengthening the center of our line, and enfilading the enemy's columns should they advance in the open space on either side. I deemed the extremity of the woods, which extended to the summit of the ridge, the key to the position." Heth sent General Archer with his brigade to seize this bit of woods. Archer crossed the run with his brigade and gallantly advanced up the opposite slope. The left regiment of Archer lapped over upon the position occupied by the 14th Brooklyn and 95th N.Y., and these regiments stubbornly resisted the Rebel advance. General Reynolds, riding up at the moment and at once comprehending the object of the enemy and appreciating the importance of the woods, ordered Meredith's brigade to advance through the woods at double-quick. Archer's men were already entering the woods at the foot of the slope near the Run, and General Reynolds shouted to Meredith's brigade "Forward, men! forward, for God's sake, and drive those fellows out of the woods."

General Reynolds had already dispatched couriers to Howard and Sickles, whose corps belonged to Reynolds' left wing, urging them to hurry forward to the battlefield. He had now assumed the task for the whole army that Buford had already performed for the First corps—to check the enemy's advance until the main

body of the army should arrive and take position on the heights in rear of Gettysburg. The difficulty of the undertaking was momentarily increased by the constantly augmenting numbers of his opponents; but Reynolds was the last man to surrender a position he believed it vital to the success of the Union Army to hold. Howard was on his way from Emmettsburg to the battlefield, but Sickles' corps was lying in its camps near the same place when Reynolds' messenger arrived there.

When Reynolds had sent Meredith's brigade into the woods, with the exclamation above quoted, he drew up his horse near the edge of the grove, and at that moment the bullet of a Rebel sharpshooter pierced his brain, killing him instantly. No abler man or truer patriot fell during the war. He died in defense of his native State and within a few miles of the place of his birth. He graduated from West Point with the rank of second lieutenant in July, 1841, and was breveted captain for gallant and meritorious conduct at Monterey, Mexico, in 1846, and major for similar conduct at Buena Vista, February, 1847. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was lieutenant-colonel of the 14th U. S. Infantry. For gallantry on the Peninsula he was breveted colonel of his regiment and brigadier-general U.S.A. He was captured by the enemy on the Peninsula and taken to Richmond. Having been exchanged, he was given the command of a division and subsequently of the First corps, with the rank of major-general U. S. Volunteers. As has heretofore been shown, he was commanding the left wing of the army, consisting of three corps, at the time of his fall. His death was a great loss to the army and the country, and his memory is held in reverential esteem by the officers and men who served with him, and by a grateful people, the integrity of whose government he did so much to preserve and for whose safety and honor he gave his life.

Meredith's brigade pressed on through the woods and met the enemy on the westerly slope moving cautiously toward the summit. Meredith's men opened fire upon them at once and checked their advance. Swinging his left forward, he enveloped the right flank of Archer's brigade and captured nearly fifteen hundred officers and men, including Archer himself. This was a well-con-

ducted and most gallant achievement, and inspired our men with hope and confidence along this part of the line. But further to the right things were not working satisfactorily.

The death of General Reynolds had wrought a change of commanders as sudden as it was unfortunate. General Abner Doubleday, a West Pointer and an officer of Sumter fame, was the ranking officer on the field after Reynolds fell, and was entirly competent to command. He was a man of unquestioned bravery, cool and clear-sighted on the battlefield, and handled his troops under fire with the same composure he would have exhibited at a review or parade. He had ridden on in advance of the second and third divisions of the First corps, and reached the battlefield just before Reynolds fell. He immediately assumed command of the field on that event happening and personally supervised the further movements of Meredith's brigade, above described. The direction of affairs could not have fallen into better hands. His dispositions were the best possible, and he enjoyed the confidence and respect of the troops to the fullest extent. General Wadsworth succeeded to the immediate command of the First corps, and in this instance nothing could have been better or more satisfactory. Brave, cool, zealous in the cause, and believing that the business of war is to *fight*, and beat your enemy as badly as possible; yet his zeal was tempered with discretion, and he was careful of the lives of his men; he never ordered them where he was not willing to lead them. (At the crossing of the Rappahannock by his skirmishers in pontoon boats, before the bridge was laid, prior to the battle of Fredericksburg, he mounted and swam his horse over alongside the foremost boat, under the fire of the Rebel sharpshooters.) These changes resulted in advancing the commander of the First brigade of General Doubleday's own division to the command of the division itself. While this change was certainly not to the disadvantage of the First brigade—which thereby fell under the command of Colonel Chapman Biddle, of the 131st Pennsylvania, and who proved himself a most gallant and capable officer—it was detrimental to the efficiency of the division, and left the brigades to act very much upon their own discretion.

The impetus or *elan* with which Meredith's brigade had swept

Archer into its net carried them across Willoughby Run and up the bank to the top of the ridge on the west side. But this position threw them so much out of line with the troops on their right that General Doubleday ordered them back to the ridge and grove from which they had made their gallant and successful advance.

Meantime, as has been intimated, trouble had taken place on the east side of the railroad cut, on the extreme right of the infantry line. Davis' Confederate brigade advanced against the three regiments of Cutler, and finding the interval between him and Devens' cavalry heretofore mentioned, swung a regiment through it, and, while he pressed Cutler's front, also assailed him in flank and rear. Cutler was forced back upon Seminary Ridge, with heavy loss. This left Hall's battery on the Pike with its right wholly uncovered. The enemy, seeing the exposed condition of this battery, dispatched the 2d and 42d Mississippi regiments to capture it. The two regiments, with full numbers, charged up the railroad bed upon the right of the battery, firing as they came and killing many of the horses and doing serious damage among the men. General Wadsworth now sent an order to Hall to withdraw his guns to the cover of Seminary Ridge, and to go into position there. He succeeded in getting all but one of his pieces away, and that, having no horses to draw it, he was compelled to leave. But meantime he had done fearful execution on the advancing foe, and their route of march was covered with their dead and wounded.

The 14th Brooklyn and 95th N.Y. still held their position at the apex of the ridge along Willoughby Run, and were now in advance of the regiments which had driven in Hall's battery. General Doubleday, who had posted the 6th Wisconsin in reserve on Seminary Ridge, seeing the disaster to Cutler's right and Hall's battery, now ordered it forward, and uniting it with the 14th Brooklyn and 95th N. Y., changed front to the east, and ordered them to charge the Mississippians, who were holding the railroad bed east of the Pike. At them they dashed, pouring a heavy fire into their ranks as they advanced. Protected somewhat by their position, the Rebels made a desperate defense, and the fighting for a few minutes was very severe and deadly. Colonel Dawes, of the 6th Wisconsin, who was on the right of our line, now threw his

right platoon on to and across the railroad bed, from whence they poured an enfilading and decimating fire into the left of the Mississippians. The pressure was too much for them, and as their retreat had now become impracticable under the near and heavy fire, they surrendered to our boys, who sent them and their colors to the rear. They also recovered the gun which Hall had been forced to abandon.

These events had not occupied more than an hour from the time Wadsworth's division fired its first gun, and the advantage was with the Federals. The killed and wounded were about equal on each side, but the enemy had lost heavily in prisoners. He now manifested a desire to find out just what he had before him before exposing any more of his men to capture, and the firing dwindled down to a picket skirmish. This continued until about a quarter after eleven, when the second and third divisions of the First corps arrived on the field. The second division, General John C. Robinson's, was placed in reserve behind the Seminary, while the third, Doubleday's own, now commanded by General Rowley, was divided—the left brigade (Rowley's, now commanded by Colonel Chapman Biddle) was detached for duty on the extreme left of the Union line, while the residue of the division was posted on the ridge on Meredith's right.

The enemy had not yet developed any strength beyond Meredith's left, but the country was very favorable to cover the concentration of a large force in that direction. The road over which the third division marched is called indifferently Hagerstown road (Professor Jacobs and Government map), Millerstown road (Mr. Greeley and Mr. Swinton), and Fairfield road (Mr. Bates). Its course is northeast and southwest, and it crosses Willoughby Run and unites with the Chambersburg Pike at the edge of the village. The two roads represent two contiguous spokes of a wagon wheel—united at the hub and diverging in straight lines as they extend from it—the Chambersburg road northwest, and the Hagerstown road southwest. When Rowley's brigade reached the ridge on the west side of Willoughby Run, and in a piece of woods, it was halted and line of battle formed in the Hagerstown road, right toward Willoughby Run, the "Ulster Guard" on the left. The

brigade then advanced some two or three hundred feet through the woods on the north side of the road, when it was faced by the right flank and moved through the fields toward Gettysburg, crossing Willoughby Run between the road and the house of D. Finneprock, around which Buford's dismounted cavalry were skirmishing. When the brigade reached the foot of the ridge east of Willoughby Run, it filed to the left and took position in line of battle on the slope of the ridge and nearly opposite the Seminary, facing west. Ten minutes later, the brigade was ordered to advance over the ridge, and down into the ravine through which Willoughby Run flows—the right of the brigade passing near the grove where General Reynolds fell. Along the top of the ridge on the opposite side of the Run was a fence, and the field beyond it was covered with grain, affording excellent shelter for the enemy's sharpshooters, and the field was alive with them. In this ravine the brigade found itself under a hot infantry fire, and was unable to see the enemy from whom the fire came, and did not attempt to reply to it. It is not probable that any one knew just why the brigade was sent down into that valley, and it was soon ordered back over the ridge to the position from which it last marched. The "Ulster Guard" was then directed to take position on the top of the ridge, whither it marched and halted, remaining there in line of battle and receiving an occasional shot from the grain-field beyond Willoughby Run. Ten minutes later, General Wadsworth rode up to Colonel Gates, and directed him to throw a company of his regiment into the house and outbuildings of E. Harman, in a field on the further side of and some thirty rods beyond the Run. Colonel Gates detached Captain Ambrose N. Baldwin, K Company, a most capable and courageous officer, and who was killed two days later, to perform this duty. Captain Baldwin deployed his company as skirmishers, and after a spirited contest drove the enemy from the buildings and took possession of them. Some time subsequently Captain Baldwin sent word that he was severely pressed and that the enemy were multiplying around him and asked for re-enforcements. Thereupon Colonel Gates sent Captain William H. Cunningham, G Company, to his assistance. Captain Cunningham fought his way to the buildings and joined Captain Baldwin.

These two companies held these buildings, which served to cover our left flank and keep the enemy's right in check, for over two hours. The enemy had then surrounded the buildings on three sides and succeeded in setting some of the outhouses on fire, when, to avoid being captured, the men were withdrawn, and moving through a ravine southerly and covered in a measure by a small party of cavalry, they made good their escape and rejoined the regiment that evening on Cemetery Hill.

Colonel Stone's brigade of Rowley's division was posted on the right of Meredith, as has been stated, with his right reaching across the Chambersburg Pike, nearly where Hall's battery stood earlier in the day. He had had to fight his way to this position, and he subsequently maintained it against great odds, until new developments on the right necessitated a change. The brigade was composed of Pennsylvania troops, and was known as the "Buck-tail Brigade." Its loss was heavy.

Pender's Confederate division of Hill's corps had arrived upon the ground meantime, and the pressure upon the Union lines was momentarily growing heavier. The rattle of musketry and roar of artillery were continuous and deafening; and on the Rebel side the volume was swelling louder and louder, as their fresh troops and hurrying batteries came into action. It was now one o'clock, and two small divisions of the First corps, and a portion of Buford's cavalry, numbering together less than nine thousand men, had held in check, at first ten, and latterly not less than eighteen, thousand Rebels since ten o'clock.

The van of Ewell's corps, consisting of the division of Rodes, now appeared upon the field, marching in from the direction of Heidlersburg, and taking post on the high ground on the right of the Union line, a prolongation of Seminary Ridge, called Oak Hill, and overlooking the ridges to the southward and the vales between them. He at once planted his batteries in commanding positions on these heights, and opened an enfilading fire on the Federals. His shot and shell swept the line from the right to the extreme left, and the position had become untenable, unless those murderous guns could be silenced. His skirmishers at the same time came "booming, three deep," and a mile long, against Devens' cavalry, who

still held their ground on the right; and he found he had to "fight like the devil," as Buford had predicted. Gradually, the cavalry were pressed back toward the left and rear, although they fought desperately and made the enemy pay dearly for every foot of ground he wrested from them. Calef's battery of light guns, attached to Devens' brigade, did excellent service on this part of the line.

The Eleventh corps had now reached Gettysburg, after a long and hurried march, and General Howard sent his artillery forward on a trot, while the divisions of Schurz and Barlow followed, coming upon the field on the north side of the village, and going into position a little to the right and rear of Devin, so as to confront the left brigade of Rodes' division, east of the Mummasburg road, and facing north. The Federal line had thus become crescent shaped, with the apex on the Chambersburg Pike, and extended from the Hagerstown road on the left, where Colonel Biddle was posted, to Rock Creek, north of Gettysburg, and a few hundred yards in front of the point where the Harrisburg road crosses the stream. Von Gilsa's brigade of Barlow's division held the extreme right. On Barlow's left was Schurz's division; to his left was Wadsworth's division, and beyond him, Rowley's. When the divisions of the Eleventh corps got into position, the cavalry was withdrawn from the front. Along this curved line were posted the following batteries, from right to left: Wilkenson's 4th U.S., Wheeler's 12th N. Y. Independent, Dilger's Ohio battery, Hall's Maine, Reynolds' N.Y., and Cooper's Pa. batteries—all four-gun batteries except Hall's and Reynolds', which were six guns each. The two divisions of the Eleventh corps, which had come upon the field, numbered about seventy-five hundred men. The remaining division of this corps, Steinwehr's, General Howard had posted on Cemetery Hill, to hold that position, and as a nucleus around which to rally in case of defeat, on the further side of the town. As General Howard ranked General Doubleday, he took command of the field, and the latter resumed command of the First corps.

The heavy enfilading fire from Oak Hill was replied to by as many of the Union batteries as could be brought to bear, but the Rebel guns could not be driven off or silenced. It therefore became

necessary to change the formation of the First corps line to meet this new menace on its right flank. Wadsworth's division was drawn back under cover of a strip of woods on Seminary Ridge, and on the north side of the railroad bed, Reynolds' battery accompanying. Stone swung his right regiments to the rear and almost perpendicular to their former position and into the Chambersburg Pike; his left regiment remained faced to the west. Biddle's brigade changed front to the right and was posted in support of Cooper's battery, which replied to the enemy's guns on Oak Hill.

Twenty minutes after the two divisions of the Eleventh corps had taken position, the Confederate division of Early (Ewell's, formerly Stonewall Jackson's corps), with three batteries, came upon the field over the Harrisburg road, striking the right of Barlow's division. This was the signal for a general advance of the enemy's infantry along the whole line. There could not have been less than thirty-five thousand Confederates confronting the small body of Federals drawn up around the north and west side of Gettysburg. It was near two o'clock when the long, deep and closely formed lines of Rebel infantry began their advance; behind these came heavy reserves. The formation of the Union line was such that the first shock of the enemy's blow fell upon the right brigades of the First corps who occupied the apex of the crescent. At this critical moment General Doubleday discovered that there was an interval between his right and the left of the Eleventh corps (from whence the cavalry had been withdrawn), and he ordered General Baxter, of General Robinson's division (in reserve), to move up and fill it. Baxter rushed into the dangerous gap in time to meet the enemy's onset. His brigade drove back the assailants at this point and captured three battle flags and a number of prisoners. But the interval was too long for Baxter to close and the Rebels began to press in between his right and the Eleventh corps. General Doubleday then dispatched General Robinson himself, with the remaining brigade of his division, General Paul's. General Robinson put Paul's brigade in on the right of Baxter, before the enemy had succeeded in working through. But the gap was not yet filled, and the right regiments of Paul's brigade were "refused" so as to cover his flank and at

the same time extend across the Mummasburg road, while Stuart's battery, 4th U.S. artillery, was sent to his support. Cutler's brigade and then Meredith's received the onset in succession, as the Rebel line swung around the crescent, and each brigade maintained its reputation for bravery and cool and effective fighting. They were losing men fast, but they were taking a fearful revenge on their swarming assailants. Time and again the enemy dashed his strong lines against the thin ones of Paul, Baxter, Cutler, Stone, and Meredith, and time and again was repulsed with the loss of large numbers of killed and wounded and many prisoners.

While the battle was thus raging along the First corps front, the Eleventh was furiously assailed by Rodes and Early, whose lines now united with the troops of Hill. Von Gilsa's brigade was forced back to the Alms House, and the exultant enemy crowded such masses upon the whole division that it was forced to give ground. General Barlow, its gallant commander, was wounded several times, and left on the field for dead. Schurz's division withstood the onset for some time, but, overpowered by numbers, fell back in the direction of the town. The retreat had now fairly set in, and the troops on the right were thrown into disorder. Portions of them made stands here and there, and resisted the enemy's advance, but could accomplish no permanent results. As the streets of the village were reached, the crowding and confusion increased, while the Rebel batteries played upon the dense masses packed in the narrow ways, and their infantry, following closely, kept up a rapid fire, and gathered in many prisoners.

Thus the right of the Federal line, consisting of two divisions of the Eleventh corps and nearly or quite half of the entire Union force on the field, had been swept away, and the First corps was left to fight it out alone.

Long before the Eleventh corps gave way, the right of the enemy's lines of assault had swung around the curve of the Union line, and struck the Federal left near the Hagerstown road, and the roar of battle then swept along the whole line with great fury. Biddle's brigade was still holding the left. Cooper's battery of four pieces was posted in the brigade line, between the "Ulster Guard" and the 142d Pa., the brigade being now posted on the

ridge, in front of Willoughby Run, and in nearly the identical position it occupied just before advancing into the ravine some hours before. In the separation of the brigade to make an interval for Cooper's battery, the right and left regiments were thrown so far apart that Colonel Biddle directed Colonel Gates to take charge of the two regiments on the left (121st Pa. and "Ulster Guard"), while he looked after the two regiments on the right. The brigade was not reunited again until it formed behind the barricade in front of the Seminary, at about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Bates, after describing the operations on the right, thus speaks of the events on the left: "But the wave of battle, as it rolled southward, reached every part in turn, and the extreme Union left, where Biddle's brigade was posted, at length felt its power. A body of troops, apparently an entire division, drawn out in heavy lines, came down from the west and south, and overlapping both of Biddle's flanks, moved defiantly on. Only three small regiments were in position to receive them; but ordering up the 151st Pa., which had been detached for special duty, and throwing it into the gap between Meredith's and his own, and wheeling the battery into position, Biddle awaited the approach. As the enemy appeared beyond the wood, under cover of which they had formed, a torrent of death-dealing missiles leaped from the guns. Terrible rents were made; but closing up, they came on undaunted. Never were guns better served; and though the ground was strewn with the slain, their line seemed instantly to grow together. The infantry fire was terrific on both sides; but the enemy, outflanking Biddle, sent a direct and a doubly destructive oblique fire, before which it seemed impossible to stand. But though the dead fell until the living could fight from behind them as from a bulwark, they stood fast as if rooted to the ground."

The right of the First corps had now been forced to give way, as the enemy were pouring their thousands upon its exposed flank, and brigade after brigade was swept from the field until Biddle's brigade stood alone upon the line, holding in check a whole division of Confederates. Cooper's battery, which had most gallantly breasted the storm and poured grape and canister into the foe with destructive effect, was now sent to the rear to save it from capture,

and the brigade prepared to retire. The enemy were moving down the Hagerstown road, and would soon have turned our flank and taken the brigade in reverse. It was almost as dangerous to retreat as to remain, for we were now receiving a fire on both flanks as well as in front. But to remain was to be captured, and pouring a volley into the enemy as they came rushing up the slope in front, and at short range, the order to retreat was given. Anticipating that the rebels would dash forward when our retreat began, and possibly throw the troops into confusion, the colonel of the "Ulster Guard," who was the only officer of the brigade mounted, took from his color-bearer the regimental colors, which had been presented to the regiment by the ladies of Saugerties, and hoisting them over his shoulder, called upon his men to stand by them. As he was mounted, the colors became very conspicuous. The two regiments under Colonel Biddle preceded the left regiments. These regiments marched slowly and in perfect order, halting as often as they could load, and facing about and delivering their fire with so much coolness and effect that the pursuit was very tardy. Seeing this, Colonel Gates returned the color to its proper custodian. The parting volley on the ridge was very destructive, and while it checked the advance for a few minutes it taught the enemy caution. We lost no prisoners, except our wounded, whom we were compelled to leave on the field, and we damaged the enemy quite as much in our retreat as he did us.

In front of the Seminary (on the side toward Willoughby Run), and but a few feet from it, was a narrow strip of woods. Along the edge of this, next the Seminary, was a rail and stone fence. Here Colonel Wainwright, chief of artillery of the First corps, had posted the batteries of Cooper, Breck, Stevens and Wilbur, and at the railroad cut to the right were the guns of Stuart. Colonel Biddle had posted his two regiments behind this fence, and when the other two arrived they were formed on his left. This line was prolonged to the right beyond the railroad bed by Meredith's brigade, which had already arrived there, and this position was held for nearly or quite half an hour, against four times the number of defenders. But to do more than to give the fleeing troops further to the right the opportunity to escape through

the town and form on the heights beyond was not expected. The repulse of the enemy's first attack on this new line was so complete and disastrous that they retired beyond the ridge and into the valley of Willoughby Run. Colonel Gates rode through the strip of woods at this time, and sat on his horse several minutes watching the right and left of the rebel line, while immediately in front there was not a Confederate to be seen except dead and wounded. Colonel Biddle, while conversing with Colonel Gates in rear of the line, during the second assault, received a musket-ball wound in the scalp; the sound of the blow was distinctly heard, and both gentlemen thought the injury of a serious character. Colonel Biddle turned over the command of the brigade to Colonel Gates, as the wound was very painful, and withdrew. He returned, however, while the brigade was still in the same position, with his head bandaged, and remarking to Colonel Gates that the wound was not as bad as he had feared, resumed command of the brigade. Colonel Gates's horse received five bullet wounds while at this position. These somewhat personal matters are narrated with a view to give to the reader an idea of the nature of the defense which this brigade made, the length of time it held the enemy in check, and of the entire coolness and composure of its conduct. The retreat of the Union troops from the field of the first day's fight has generally been characterized as "disorderly," and while this is true as to a portion of them, it is unjust as to nearly the entire First corps. Even so close an observer and accurate writer as General Hancock has fallen into this error. In his controversy with General Howard as to which was entitled to most credit for posting the army on Cemetery Hill, and as to what time he himself arrived there, General Hancock says: "I hurried to the front (Cemetery Heights), and saw our troops retreating in disorder and confusion from the town, closely followed by the enemy."—"Galaxy," December, 1876, page 822. General Hancock says this was "about 3.30 P.M." At that hour the left of the First corps certainly was fighting on the Willoughby Run line, and had not yielded a foot of ground. It was at least half an hour later when it fell back to the Seminary, and that position was retained for more than half an hour. The retreat from there was deliberate and orderly;

and my diary gives the time as 5.30 when we reached Cemetery Hill.

The enemy had been repulsed in three several attacks on our position, but he had now thrown M'Gowan's brigade upon our left flank, and his troops were pushing forward on our right, threatening to cut off our retreat. Colonel Biddle conferred with Colonel Gates upon the subject of withdrawing the brigade, and it was agreed that it was impracticable to remain longer. The batteries were safely removed, with the exception of one gun and three caissons, the horses of which being killed, had to be abandoned. The "Ulster Guard" marched in rear of the brigade, covering the retreat. The enemy were then closing in on both flanks and pushing forward in rear, and there was not so much as a company of Federal troops, except killed and wounded, upon the battlefield when we left it. Reaching Cemetery Hill, we were posted along a stone wall, overlooking the Taneytown road, and there remained during the night, and until 11 o'clock, A.M., next day.

Mr. Swinton says, at page 334 of his "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac": "The left of the First alone drew back in some order, making a stand on Seminary Ridge until the artillery and ambulances had been withdrawn, and then fell back behind the town." After describing the repulse of our right, Mr. Lossing says: "The First corps, whose left had been held firmly by Doubleday, now fell back. It brought away the artillery and ambulances from Seminary Ridge." This does not indicate much "disorder and confusion" on that part of the line. Professor Jacobs says: "But though the enemy attacked us with two men to our one, our *left* was able, during the forenoon, and until three P.M., not only to hold its own, but to drive back the enemy in their fearful charges."

At the risk of being charged with egotism, I take the liberty to make some extracts from a letter of General Doubleday's, dated September 10, 1863. If it reflect any credit upon the author of this work, it reflects still greater credit upon the officers and men he commanded, and this is my justification for its insertion in these pages. Without the cordial and hearty co-operation of my command, I could not have won the commendation General Doubleday

bestows upon me, and whatever of compliment is expressed or implied in his letter, the officers and men under my command are entitled to the credit of. General Doubleday says: "Colonel Theodore B. Gates, of the 20th New York, served under me in the recent battle of Gettysburg, as well as on several other occasions. The many battles in which this officer has been engaged, his great bravery and sound military judgment, led me to place great dependence upon him. On the first day at Gettysburg he was assigned to the important duty of protecting the left flank of the First corps against the heavy forces which threatened it. His maneuvers were all excellent, and he held his position for several hours, until the right of the line gave way and forced him to retire, which he did in good order. Although outflanked by a whole brigade, he continued, as I have said, to hold them in check, and to fall back without disorder to a second position on Seminary Ridge. There he formed his line again, and most gallantly checked the enemy's advance, until the corps had nearly all withdrawn. His position was that of a forlorn hope, covering the retreat of the corps and saving it from a great disaster.

"Exhausted as his command must have been from the desperate and prolonged fighting on the first day, he, nevertheless, had an equally desperate combat on the third day, after the terrific artillery assault which preceded the final attack of the Rebels on our left center. The Rebels had already penetrated Hancock's line of battle, when the two regiments, under command of Colonel Gates, attacked them furiously in front, at short pistol range, charged and drove them from the protection of the felled timber in which they were sheltered, and took a large number of prisoners. On the occasions alluded to, Colonel Gates commanded the 20th New York (his own regiment) and the 151st Pennsylvania Volunteers.

"I do not mean by these remarks to detract in any way from the great merit of the other troops who co-operated with Colonel Gates. The desperate nature of the fight is indicated by the fact that the official returns show that Colonel Gates lost considerably more than half his force."

The enemy made some desultory attempts to carry the Federal

lines of Cemetery Hill in the evening, and at one or two points sharp but brief fighting ensued; but in every instance the Confederates were repulsed, and retired to the shelter of the town or rejoined their comrades at its suburbs. If General Lee had pushed forward the forces he had in the immediate neighborhood of Gettysburg, at six o'clock in the afternoon of July 1st, and had made a vigorous and determined assault upon Cemetery Hill, it is very doubtful if the small body of Union troops then on the ground could have prevented the Confederates from obtaining possession of the strong position along Rock Creek, east of the cemetery, and which would have compelled the Federals to abandon the ground on which they subsequently fought, and would possibly have reversed the positions of the armies in the great struggles of the next two days. But Lee had been confounded by the unexpected presence of the Army of the Potomac, and with the imperfect knowledge he then had as to the strength of the position and the numbers present to defend it he deferred his attack.

Thus the vanguard of the Federal army had accomplished its mission. It had met the wishes of its dead chieftain, Reynolds, and of Howard and Doubleday, Pleasonton and Buford. By an almost unexampled persistency, by steady and continuous fighting on an exposed field and against double its numbers for eight hours, it had saved the natural bulwarks in rear of Gettysburg for the occupation of the Union army, and from these bulwarks it delivered battle on the next and the succeeding day, and upon these bulwarks, and the brave men who defended them, the Confederate army was dashed in vain, until, decimated and demoralized, its worn and hopeless remnant, like the shadow of the grand and confident array which so lately marched across the border, sought safety and seclusion in a midnight flight.

Of the battle of the first day, Mr. Bates says: "What the result would have been had Reynolds lived it is impossible to divine. He had scarcely marshaled his first battalions before he was slain. The chief command upon the field then devolved upon General Doubleday, which, for upward of two hours, he continued to exercise. It was during this time, and under his immediate direction, that the chief successes of the day were achieved, a large number of prison-

ers and standards having been captured in successive periods of the fight, and at widely separated parts of the field. To any one who will traverse the ground held by the First corps from ten in the morning until after four in the afternoon, will note the insignificance in the number of its guns and of its muskets, as compared with those of the two divisions of Hill and one of Ewell which opposed it, and will consider the triumphs won, and how every daring attempt of the enemy to gain the field was foiled, it must be evident that the maneuvering of Doubleday was admirable, and that it stamps him as a corps leader of consummate excellence. For mark how little equality of position he enjoyed! the opposing ridge and Oak Hill affording great advantage for the enemy's artillery; and how his infantry stood upon open ground, with no natural or artificial protection except in a short distance upon his extreme right, where was a low stone wall. Where, in the history of the late war, is this skill and coolness of the commander, or this stubborn bravery of the troops, matched? . . . . .

"But where, during all this long day of carnage, was the rest of the army? Why were these two feeble corps left from early morn until the evening shadows began to set, to be jostled and torn without succor? Were there no troops within call? Was not the very air laden with the terrible sounds of the fray? Was not the clangor of the enemy's guns more persuasive than the summons of staff officers?

"The order of General Meade for the march of the several corps of the army on the first would carry the Third corps to Emmettsburg. But General Sickles says in his testimony that he had reached Emmettsburg on the night of the 30th. This place is ten miles from Gettysburg. The Third corps had been placed under the command of Reynolds as the leader of the right wing of the army, and he had sent a staff officer on the morning of the first to summon it forward. It had no further to march than had Howard's corps, and following the course that Howard went—the byway leading to Taneytown road—not so great a distance. But Sickles had that morning received the circular of Meade, indicating the purpose to concentrate on Pipe Creek, though containing no order. It was his plain duty, therefore, to have responded, had

the message reached him, to the call of Reynolds. But to this he seems to have paid no attention. In his testimony Sickles says: 'I was giving my troops a little repose during that morning. . . . Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I got a dispatch from General Howard, at Gettysburg, informing me that the First and Eleventh corps had been engaged during the day with a superior force of the enemy, and that General Reynolds had fallen; that he (Howard) was in command, and was very hard pressed, and urging me, in the most earnest terms, to come to his relief with what force I could. I of course considered the question very anxiously. My preliminary orders in going to Gettysburg were to go there and hold that position with my corps, as it was regarded as a very important flanking position, to cover our rear and line of communication.' In this testimony Sickles ignores the early summons of Reynolds, which a staff officer, Captain Rosengarten, asserts was sent by an aid with great dispatch, and immediately after Reynolds had reached the front; but Sickles says, 'My preliminary orders in going to Gettysburg.' Is this a misprint in the testimony, and should it read Emmettsburg? If Gettysburg, then to what order does he refer? General Meade had given no such order. If Gettysburg, he must refer to an order which he had received from Reynolds, which he disobeyed; probably allowing the circular of Meade, which had no binding effect, and which bore that declaration in so many words on its face, to override it. But when, between two and three o'clock, he received the summons of Howard, he concluded to respond to it. Moreover, it would seem that besides the order of Reynolds and the appeal of Howard, other messages had reached Sickles before he decided to go to Gettysburg. An article published in the 'Rebellion Record,' Vol. VIII., page 346, contains this statement: 'Besides numerous reports, the following brief communication reached him (Sickles) which accidentally fell into my hands: "July 1, Gettysburg, General Sickles: General Doubleday (First corps) says, for God's sake, come up with all speed, they are pressing us hard. H. T. Lee, lieutenant, A.D.C." '

"The Twelfth corps, according to Meade's programme, was to march from Littlestown, ten miles from Gettysburg, to Two Tav-

erns, which would bring it within five miles of the battlefield, four and a quarter from Cemetery Hill. The march was commenced at six in the morning, and, after passing Two Taverns, a line of battle was formed. The following is from the diary of an officer who commanded a regiment in Kane's Brigade: 'July 1st, Marched at six A.M. a short distance: passing Two Taverns; formed line of battle; heavy firing in front. A report that the First and Eleventh corps are engaged with the enemy.' The enemy's Whitworth gun could have sent a bolt nearly this distance. The smoke from the field must have been plainly visible. The roar of the battle was constantly resounding. But here the corps remained idle during the whole day."

The First corps was nearly annihilated. It went into battle with 8,200 men and came out with but 2,450—5,750 killed, wounded and captured. The two divisions of the Eleventh corps which came upon the field lost little more than half their number. There were but few prisoners taken from the First corps, but a large number from the Eleventh. Over 2,500 Confederate prisoners had been taken, and the field was covered with dead and wounded rebels—and Cemetery Hill, Wolf and Culp Hills and the Round Tops were ours. . . . .

To most of the officers and men of the Federal army the night of the first of July was an anxious, sleepless and tiresome one. The worn-out troops of the First and Eleventh corps lay upon their arms around the bend of the fish-hook, guarding the approaches from the direction of Gettysburg. The residue of the army was in march to join them. Would they arrive in time for the anticipated assault in the early morning? The positions of the Third and Twelfth corps were shown in the preceding paragraphs. The Second corps was still at Taneytown, fourteen miles away. The Fifth corps was near Uniontown, still further away, and the Sixth, the largest corps in the army, was at Manchester, thirty-four miles from the battlefield. But by-and-by the sound of thousands of hurrying feet, and the rumble of batteries and caissons, told to the anxious listeners the glad story of the inpouring of the Union army. The fight to-morrow would be a more equal combat; the repulse of to-day would surely be avenged. These boasting rebels,

who filled the streets of Gettysburg and recounted to its terror-stricken citizens their exploits of the day, should have a far different tale to rehearse on the coming night. Professor Jacobs, a citizen of Gettysburg and a spectator of and a listener to the things and conversations he speaks of, says: "The portion of Rodes's division which lay down before our dwelling for the night was greatly elated with the results of the first day's battle, and the same may be said of the whole rebel army. They were anxious to engage in conversation, to communicate their views and feelings, and to elicit ours. They were boastful of themselves, of their cause, and of the skill of their officers; and were anxious to tell us of the unskillful manner in which some of our officers had conducted the fight which had just closed. When informed that General Archer and one thousand five hundred of his men had been captured, they said: 'To-morrow we will take all these back again; and having already taken 5,000(!) prisoners of you to-day, we will take the balance of your men to-morrow.' Having been well fed, provisioned and rested, and successful on this day, their confidence knew no bounds. They felt assured they should be able, with perfect ease, to cut up our army in detail, fatigued as it was by long marches and yet scattered, for only two corps had as yet arrived. Resting under this impression, they laid down joyfully on the night of the first day."

General Meade arrived at Cemetery Hill about one o'clock on the morning of the second of July, and as soon as day began to break he was in the saddle, riding over the ground and giving orders for the positioning of his army. The Eleventh corps retained the position it assumed on the evening of the first; next on its right was Wadsworth's division of the First corps, extending into the fastness of Culp's Hill; next to Wadsworth was posted Slocum's Twelfth corps (excepting Geary's division, which was stationed in the neighborhood of Round Top, on the left) with its right resting on McAllister's Hill. On the left of Howard, and extending along the shank of the fish-hook, was Hancock's Second corps, with its right in Zeigler's Grove and its left thrown out toward Round Top. The Third corps, Sickles', had arrived in the evening of the first and was massed in rear of the left of the Eleventh corps. The

Fifth corps was placed in reserve in rear of Cemetery Hill, on its arrival, but on the afternoon of the second was moved over to the Round Tops, under circumstances hereafter narrated. The Sixth corps, Sedgwick's, which left Hanover on the evening of the first and made a forced march of thirty-four miles, arrived on the field at two o'clock on the second, and was posted in reserve in rear of the left flank. The divisions of Doubleday (General Meade had assigned General Newton to the command of the First corps) and Robinson were in reserve.

The road from Gettysburg to Baltimore, after passing through the Federal line at Cemetery Hill, continued southeasterly, along the rear of the right wing of the army. The Taneytown road ran through the left center of our line, and thence along the rear of the left wing; each road passing out between the Round Tops and McAllister's Hill. The Emmettsburg road ran close to the front of the left, until it passed Hancock's corps, and then diverged to the west, and disappeared over a wooded ridge a mile and a half west of Round Top. The ground in front of the left of the Federal line sloped gently for an eighth of a mile, and then, by a gradual ascent, reached the ridge over which the Emmettsburg road passed, and which is a prolongation of Seminary Ridge. The country between the Union line and this ridge is open, cultivated land, except in two small groves on the left, and Sherfy's peach orchard, near the Emmettsburg road, nearly opposite Little Round Top. The opposite ridge is wooded, and afforded a complete mask to the enemy's movements; while the position of the Federal troops, at the center and left of their line, could be distinctly seen from the ridge across the Emmettsburg road.

From early morning, until about four o'clock in the afternoon, no hostile demonstration was made. While the Federal commander was stationing his troops, the Rebel chieftain was engaged in a like occupation, and studying the ground and waiting for his entire force to assemble. At about that hour, General Webb, Colonel Sherrill, Colonel Hardenburg and myself, were sitting on our horses near Dilger's battery, overlooking the field toward the Seminary Ridge, when we were surprised to see a heavy column of Federal troops debouch from the extreme left of our line and

take its way across the open fields above described, toward the Emmettsburg road. Although no enemy could be seen in the woods beyond, no one doubted that they were swarming with rebel troops, and planted thick with Confederate cannon. It was supposed we had taken position to fight a defensive battle; and the initiation of an offensive by a single corps, and that corps advancing in column in mass, almost under the guns of the enemy, without skirmishers or any apparent preparation for immediate battle, was what spectators could not comprehend.

For ten minutes the column moved steadily forward; the spectators of this strange proceeding held their breath in suspense; all was quiet as death, save the murmuring sound of the tramp of those misguided men, and an occasional exclamation in our lines of astonishment and dismay. Colonel Sherrill, formerly an Ulster County man, suddenly exclaimed: "There it comes"; and a moment later the woods along the ridge were wreathed in smoke, while a hundred cannon thundered on the air. The Union guns answered this Rebel outburst, and for some time the artillery maintained a furious combat. General Meade now appeared on this part of the field, and, finding the battle thrust upon him unexpectedly, had no choice but to sustain the troops which had thus become engaged, and he ordered up re-enforcements to support Sickles. Longstreet, who held the right of Lee's line, and was, therefore, opposite Sickles, was directed to move out and meet him; while orders were sent to Ewell to attack the right of the Union line, and to Hill, to menace the center; so that the Union commander would not dare to withdraw troops from those positions to support the imperiled left. If the Third corps could be swept away, the Confederates could move upon the very key of the Union position—Round Top; and take the Federal lines in reverse. Longstreet sent Hood against Sickles, whose column was now deployed, with directions to strike it near Sherfy's peach orchard, while McLaws and Anderson were to throw their forces against Sickles' left, and, breaking through that flank, seize the Round Top. Troops from the Fifth and reserves of the First corps were sent forward to re-enforce Sickles; but the pressure upon his left was irresistible, and after the most desperate resistance the enemy forced his way

through, and Hood's Texans were climbing the ragged side of Round Top, on which as yet the Federals had only a signal station, when fortunately General Warren, the chief engineer of the army, and a soldier of quick and correct apprehension, chanced to ride to this point of the field, and, ascending Round Top, found it bare of troops, and even the signal officers were rolling up their signal colors to depart, seeing the enemy ascending the mountain side. Warren ordered them to unroll and display their flags, and then, detaching General Vincent's brigade and Hazlett's battery from Barnes' division as it was passing to the support of Sickles, succeeded in getting this force upon the mountain top while the Confederates were ascending the more difficult face from the opposite side. A fearful combat ensued for the possession of the commanding point. The bayonet and clubbed muskets were often resorted to, and for half an hour the struggle was almost unparalleled. At length a gallant charge by the Twentieth Maine, Colonel Chamberlain, swept the Texans from the hill and left the coveted position in the hands of the Federals. While the struggle was going on, both sides had been re-enforced, and among the Federals who had come to the aid of Vincent was General Weed, commanding the brigade of Ayre's division to which Hazlett's battery belonged, and among the dead of this sanguinary fight were Generals Weed and Vincent, and Lieutenant Hazlett.

On the plain and in the valley below, the combat was gallantly maintained on the Union side, but the left of our line was driven back upon the ridge north of Little Round Top, while the right division, Humphrey's, swung its left to the rear, still clinging with its right to the Emmettsburg road. Caldwell's division of the Second corps now moved out to the support of Humphrey's. The left of Sickles' line having been driven in, the Confederates turned in overwhelming force upon the right, while a part of Hill's corps, foregoing its menace against the center, joined in the attack upon Humphrey and swept him back to the Union lines.

"The Confederates, elated by their successes, dashed like turbulent waves up to the base of the ridge occupied by the Nationals, fighting most desperately, and throwing themselves recklessly upon supposed weak points of their antagonist's line. In this encounter

Meade led troops in person, and everywhere inspirited his men by his presence. Finally, just at sunset, a general charge was made, under the direction of Hancock, chiefly by fresh troops under General Doubleday, who had hastened to his assistance from the rear of Cemetery Hill. These, with Humphrey's shattered regiments, drove the Confederates back, and a portion of Doubleday's division, pressing up nearly to the opposite lines, recaptured four guns which had been lost. At twilight, the battle on the left and left center had ended, when a new line was formed by the divisions of Robinson and Doubleday, and troops from the Twelfth corps brought up by General Willliams who was in temporary command of it, Slocum having charge of the entire right wing."—Lossing, Vol. III., page 68.

About the time the fighting was concluded on the left, Johnson's division of Ewell's corps burst upon the Union line, at a low point between Culp's and McAllister's Hills. Some of the Federal forces had been withdrawn from this locality to aid their brethren on the left, and the watchful Confederates had noticed the fact. Just before dark the attack began with great impetuosity. For two hours the conflict was carried on with heavy loss to the assailants, but ended in their getting possession of a portion of the Union works near Spangler's Spring, at the southern extremity of Culp's Hill, but the darkness now prevented the further prosecution of their enterprise, or any attempt to expel them. So, holding this breach in the Federal line, the two armies gave over their struggles for the night.

Among the troops which were ordered to the left in support of General Sickles were the 151st Pa. and the "Ulster Guard," still acting as a demi-brigade, and when the fighting ceased they found themselves in the front line and immediately on the left of the Second corps. At ten o'clock comparative quiet reigned along the lines of the two armies, and the weary men threw themselves upon the ground to sleep. I took this opportunity to walk with some of my officers over that portion of the battlefield, in our immediate front, across which the Third corps had retreated. The enemy's pursuit was pushed close up to our lines, and the dead and wounded, of both sides, mingled together and covered the ground.

Our pickets for the night—the men who watch while the army sleeps—had been posted along the little valley I have mentioned, some six hundred yards in advance of our line of battle, and embraced a portion of the field where the combat raged fiercest in the afternoon.

The night was very dark, but the low moans of the wounded, as they broke upon the chilly air, guided us in our search. We found among them men from almost every State—loyal and disloyal—the fierce, half-barbaric Texan, side by side with the cool, unimpassioned soldier from Maine—the Georgian and New Yorker—the Mississippian and Pennsylvanian—who, a few short hours before, thirsted for each other's lives, now, softened by the anguish of wounds, and still more by the soothing spirit that pervades the night while its myriad stars are looking down upon you—all their fierce passions hushed and all their rancor gone—these wounded men sought to comfort and to cheer one another.

The stretcher-bearers, groping about for the wounded, move noiselessly over the field, carrying their human burdens to the ambulances within our lines, and these conveyed them to the hospitals.

One, among those wounded men—an officer of the 120th N. Y. Vols.—I had known long and well. He had grown up, surrounded by every luxury a refined and cultivated mind could demand and affluence could supply. His generous impulses—his social qualities—his ready wit—his bright intelligence—had made him a universal favorite. He had but recently exchanged the chevrons on his sleeve for the lieutenant's strap, and in the retreat of the Third corps was one among the hundreds left upon the field, wounded beyond recovery.

I can never forget his calm demeanor as he lay upon the damp earth, patiently waiting his turn to be cared for. While his young life was ebbing away, he was as composed as he could have been sitting by his mother's fireside. He was anxious only to give us no trouble, and shut up his anguish in his own breast. No external exhibition of suffering could have touched me as did his unmurmuring submission to the fate that had befallen him.

While I could imagine what he suffered—from his wound less

than from the consciousness that all his life-hopes and promises were thus cruelly blighted—I could not but envy the calm resignation of Lieutenant Cockburn.

Another severely wounded officer of the 120th was Lieutenant-colonel Cornelius D. Westbrook, of Kingston, formerly Captain of Engineers of the "Ulster Guard."

During the night some changes were made in the positions of our forces to meet the emergencies of the morrow, and our defenses were strengthened as much as possible. A strong column of infantry and several batteries quietly moved as near as practicable to the point on our right where the enemy had broken through, and every preparation made to drive them out.

To allow the enemy to retain his hold upon a section of the line which he had carried the night before was to give him an entering wedge with which he might possibly disrupt the entire right wing. The first thing to be done then was to expel him at any cost, and that too before he could take advantage of his position. At early dawn our artillery opened a terrific cannonade upon Johnson's men, which was kept up until half-past five, when the divisions of Williams and Geary, and the brigade of Shaler, advanced to the attack. The enemy had been greatly strengthened at this point during the night, and when our guns opened at four o'clock in the morning were themselves preparing to press on through our line and dash in between the wings of the army. The intruders made a desperate resistance, and for four hours the infantry struggle was fierce and deadly. At the end of that time Geary's division rushed upon the enemy with the bayonet and drove them out of the works, and the Union line was re-established.

The following narrative of the operations of the 151st Pa. and the "Ulster Guard" is taken from the official report of their commanding officer:

"About 5 P.M., on the 2d of July, the brigade was ordered to the left center to support the Third corps. Two regiments only of the brigade (the 20 N.Y.S.M. and the 151st Pa. Vols., the latter under command of Captain Owens) reached the front line, where they were halted on the last and lowest of the ridges, running nearly north and south between the Taneytown and Emmettsburg

roads. Some three hundred and fifty yards on our right was a bluff, on which were standing a few trees and a battery. The trees on the westerly face of the bluff had been felled to clear a range for the guns. A rail fence stood at the foot of the bluff and extended along the ridge southerly. A little in advance, and to our left, was a small grove. The ground in front descended gradually to a little valley, wet and marshy, and then by a corresponding ascent reached the Emmettsburg road and the position occupied by the enemy. Some three hundred yards in rear of me was a ridge running parallel to the one I was on, but much higher. On my right was one regiment of Stannard's brigade; on my left two others, and one in rear and partly to my left. Receiving no orders, and finding myself the senior officer of the brigade present, I assumed command of the two regiments, and in the course of the evening constructed a breastwork of the fence heretofore mentioned, and of such other material as could be found.

"About 5 A.M., on the 3d, the enemy opened with artillery, and for some time kept up a brisk fire upon our position. This finally ceased, and until about 1 P.M. no further firing took place on this part of the line. During this interval the Vermont troops threw up a breastwork to my left, and about one hundred feet in advance of my line, masked by the small grove before mentioned. The regiment of that brigade on my right took position in rear of this new work, leaving the space between my right and the bluff, on which the nearest battery was, uncovered. At one o'clock the enemy opened fire from his right center battery, which was soon followed by all his guns on his right and center, and the position occupied by my command was swept by a tempest of shot and shell from upward of a hundred guns for nearly two hours. Then the cannonading subsided and the enemy's infantry debouched from the orchard and woods on his right center, and moved in two lines of battle across the fields toward the position I have described. Our skirmishers (from the Vermont brigade) fell back before them, and sought cover behind the breastworks on my left. The enemy came forward rapidly, and began firing as soon as they were within range of our men. When they had approached within about two hundred feet of the bottom of the valley heretofore men-

tioned, the troops of my command opened a warm fire upon them. Almost immediately the first line faced by the left flank and moved at a double-quick up the valley and toward Gettysburg. The second line followed the movement. Reaching a position opposite the bluff, they faced to the right, and moved forward rapidly in line of battle. Perceiving that their purpose was to gain the bluff, I moved my command by the right flank up to the foot of the bluff, delivering our fire as we marched, and keeping between the enemy and the object of his enterprise. He succeeded in reaching the fence at the foot of the bluff, but with ranks broken, and his men evidently disheartened. Some succeeded in getting over the fence into the slashing, from which and behind the fence they kept up a murderous fire. The men were now within quarter pistol range; and as the fence and fallen trees gave the enemy considerable cover, I ordered the 20th N.Y.S.M. and the 151st Pa. Vols. to advance to the fence, which they did, cheering, and in gallant style, and poured a volley into the enemy at very short range, who now completely broke, and those who did not seek to escape by flight threw down their arms. Very few of those who fled reached their own lines. Many turned, after having run several rods, and surrendered themselves. We took a large number of prisoners, and the ground in front of us was strewn with their dead and wounded. During the latter part of this struggle, and after it ceased, the enemy's batteries played upon friend and foe alike. The troops engaged with us were Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps.

"Among the killed and wounded in my immediate front was Colonel Hodges, 14th Va., and seven line officers. Two colors were left upon the ground on our front by the enemy.

"This terminated the final and main attack upon our left center. It was now nearly six o'clock P.M., and my command was relieved by a portion of the Second corps, and withdrawn to the Taneytown road, where it remained through the night. It will thus be perceived that the two regiments I had the honor to command were either actually engaged with the enemy, or occupying a position in the front line, from the beginning of the battle on the morning of July 1st, until its close on the evening of the 3d, excepting only about six hours on the 2d.

"My loss in killed and wounded was two-thirds of my officers and half of my men. I have no report of the casualties in the 151st Pa. Vols. They behaved with the utmost gallantry; and their loss was very heavy." . . . . .

If, as General Lee says in his official report, "It became a matter of difficulty to withdraw through the mountains with our large trains," because he found the Army of the Potomac within a day or two days' march of him, it would seem that the difficulty ought to have been greatly increased after the concentration of the Army of the Potomac in his immediate front, and after his own army had been weakened and demoralized by a terrible defeat. But the tardy tactics of which we have before spoken as distinguishing both sides, characterized General Meade's operations after the battle; and the Confederate army, moving off under cover of the night of the 4th of July, reached the west side of the Potomac with little difficulty.

The losses during the three days' fighting were very great on both sides. General Meade reports his to have been 2,834 killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6,643 missing—making a grand total of 23,186. The loss among officers of high rank was unusually large. On the Union side, Major-general Reynolds and Brigadier-generals Vincent, Weed and Zook were killed. Major-generals Sickles (losing a leg), Hancock, Doubleday, Gibbon, Barlow, Warren and Butterfield, and Brigadier-generals Graham, Paul (losing both eyes), Stone, Barnes and Brooke were wounded. Field and line officers almost without number were killed and wounded. In the "Ulster Guard" two field and one staff officer were wounded, two captains and one lieutenant killed, five captains and eight lieutenants wounded.

As usual, in the Confederate army, General Lee says: "It is not in my power to give a correct statement of our casualties, which were severe, including many brave men, and an unusual proportion of distinguished and valuable officers." Mr. Samuel Weaver, who superintended the removal of the Union dead to the National Cemetery, says: "In searching for the remains of our fallen heroes, we examined more than three thousand Rebel graves. . . . I have been making a careful estimate, from time to time,

as I went over the field, of Rebel bodies on the battlefield and at the hospitals, and I place the number at not less than seven thousand bodies."

Mr. A. H. Guernsey, author of "Harper's Pictorial History of the War," investigated the subject of the Rebel loss at Gettysburg, and puts it at thirty-six thousand men. This includes the prisoners, whose numbers General Meade reported at thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-one. Mr. Guernsey says: "The entire loss to this army during the six weeks from the middle of June, when it set forth from Culpepper to invade the North, to the close of July, when it returned to the starting point, was about sixty thousand." The Federals captured three cannon, forty-one battle-flags, and twenty-five thousand small arms. Among the Confederates of high rank there were wounded Major-generals Hood, Trimble, Heth and Pender, the latter mortally; Brigadier-generals Barksdale and Garnett were killed; Semmes mortally wounded, and Kemper, Armistead, Scales, Anderson, Hampton, Jones and Jenkins wounded; Archer was captured on the first day, and Pettigrew was mortally wounded during Lee's retreat. The march of the two armies in parallel columns, on opposite sides of the Blue Ridge, after the battle of Antietam, was now repeated; and, after an attempt, on Meade's part, to force Lee to battle near Front Royal, and its failure, he moved leisurely to the Rappahannock, while his adversary established himself on the Rapidan. A campaign of maneuvers followed without material results; and, late in November, General Meade moved against the enemy at Mine Run. Finding him too strongly posted to justify an attack, he withdrew, without a battle; and the two armies went into winter quarters, with the Rapidan between them.

The winter of 1863–64 was very unlike its predecessor, in regard to the spirit and strength of the Army of the Potomac. Now, instead of having Confederate cavalry raiding at their own sweet will in rear of the Federal army, the latter's cavalry were performing this service between Lee and his capital, destroying his railroads and canals, and even riding into the outer line of fortifications around Richmond. Meantime recruits poured into the Union camps, and officers and men were busy in matters of picket, drills,

inspection, reviews and the divers other occupations that fill the hours of the soldier's life when in winter quarters. Over all, and infusing an air of animation and cheerfulness into the bronzed faces of our men, was a feeling of confidence in the leader of the army and in its success in the coming campaign. How much of this feeling was owing to the fact that Lieutenant-general Grant had established his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac I will not pretend to say, but the remark was frequent after this event, "Boys, the next campaign means business; Uncle U. S. is going to travel with the Army of the Potomac." Major-general Grant was nominated lieutenant-general and confirmed by the Senate on the second day of March, 1864, and eight days afterward the President assigned him to the command of all the armies of the United States. This gave him the direction of affairs over the whole broad theater of the war, and for the first time during its existence we were likely to have a general and co-operative movement of all our vast armies.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

BATTLING IN THE ADRIATIC

ITALY VERSUS AUSTRIA—THE FLEETS—ATTACK ON LISSA—REPULSE—ATTACK RENEWED AND AGAIN REPULSED—RAMMING OF THE "RE D'ITALIA"—IRONCLADS IN ACTION—ITALY'S DEFEAT

A. D. 1866

AT the end of April, 1866, Austria began to mobilize her army and prepare her fleet for action. She was threatened at once in the north and the south—in the north by the powerful Prussian kingdom, with its matchless army; in the south by the new state of Italy. An alliance bound these two powers together, and the end of that alliance, from an Italian point of view, was the recovery of Venice.

War was not declared by Italy till June 20th, but six weeks before that date she had commenced her naval preparations. Admiral Count Carlo Pellion di Persano was given command of the Italian fleet, though against his own wishes. His personal character was not inspiring, nor were his war services very remarkable, yet he was regarded in Italy as the only Italian admiral, the one man who was qualified to lead the Italian fleet in war.

Italy had devoted great attention to naval matters. Her expenditure on ships had been very large since 1860, amounting to $60,000,000, and the Italian fleet made a noble show on paper. The two finest ships, the "Re d'Italia" and the "Re di Portogallo" had cost $1,625,000 each, and had been built in the United States at Webb's Yard, New York. They were large vessels of 5,700 tons,* with seven inches of armor, carrying a most formidable armament; the first, two 150-pounders, with thirty 7-inch guns and four smooth-bores; the second, two 300-pounders, with twenty-six 7-inch guns. But they were built of green wood, and were weak in their scantling, while a great deal of filth had, during their construction, been thrown down inside their frames, which made them unendurably foul. They were not good sea-boats, lacking buoyancy and maneuvering power; moreover, their rudders were exposed, a fault which had grave results at Lissa. Next to them in power came the "Affondatore," a turret-ram of 4,070 tons, built at Millwall on the Thames. She carried 5-inch armor, and two 300-pounder Armstrong guns placed in two turrets. Her enormous ram, projecting twenty-six feet, and her powerful armament led Italians to consider her as their best ship, while Persano in particular put almost childish faith in her. Yet she too was a bad sea-boat, plunging very heavily owing to the great weight of turret and belt forward, and, through her length, did not steer well. The two small rams "Terribile" and "Formidabile," of 2,700 tons, had been built in France, and were handy vessels, carrying like all the other Italian ships, except those above-mentioned, four and a half-inch plating, and 6-inch rifles as their primary armament. The "Maria Pia," "Castelfidardo," "Ancona," "San Mar-

* Old measurement, in which all tonnages in this chapter are expressed.

tino" and "Principe Carignano" were broadside ironclads of over 4,000 tons, with an end-to-end belt of armor on the water-line. Two armored gunboats, the "Palestro" and the "Varese," concluded the tale of ironclads; they carried each two Armstrong 150-pounders, with some smaller guns. Behind these twelve ships, which formed the first line of the Italian fleet, were numerous wooden frigates and corvettes, steam-propelled, but of the older type, which armor had rendered obsolete. Nine such vessels were present at Lissa, carrying from fifty-four to twenty guns.

Of such a fleet Italy might well feel proud. As far as ships and guns went, it looked equal in quality, if not superior, to the fleets of France, England, or the United States, at that date the three leading naval powers of the world. The Italians had shown independence in adopting models which were then considered excellent, and the "Affondatore" might be said to embody the structural teaching of the American civil war. But though all seemed good on the surface, it is not enough to spend millions on a fleet; they must be well and judiciously spent. The Italians pinned their faith to material force, they neglected moral strength. They had forgotten the fact that it is not ships and guns which win battles, that the best of ships are useless without highly trained captains, and the best of guns without skilled gunners. They kept large squadrons in commission, but they did not train their men for war by constant practice in gunnery and steam tactics. The efficiency of a fleet depends primarily upon the efficiency of the seamen and officers who have to work it, and the inferior quality of the Italian *personnel* rendered vain the superiority of their *materiel.*

The Italians have always been a seafaring people. Their coast-line is long; they have considerable fisheries; and the history of Venice and Genoa is the history of naval states. Their past was not ignoble, and they were fired by a great idea. The freedom of Italy appealed strongly to every Italian; they had fought and suffered in 1848 and 1859 for that worthy cause, but in 1866 it was to be won by them ignobly and ingloriously, through the aid of their ally. History teaches that men fight best when they have a good cause behind them; here there was a good cause, which did not bring its devotees success. Incapable generals, irresolute

admirals, untrained officers, undisciplined sailors, explain their defeat. Nelson had won the victories which made England great, in part at least, by the harmony which he inspired among the "band of brothers" who served him. But here was great friction and jealousy between admiral and admiral, between captain and captain. There was none of that prompt and unquestioning obedience which is the preliminary of successful war. Neither faithfulness nor deference marked the relation of officers to one another, and so notoriously was this the case that an Italian writer has naïvely asserted that in all navies this state of things obtains, and more that it is an inseparable effect of life at sea. The gunners who were collected to fight the ships were mostly raw recruits, who, coming from an eager and excitable stock, stood greatly in want of discipline. Trained engineers were conspicuous by their absence, as the Englishmen who had hitherto attended to the machinery did not choose to fight; worst of all, the officers in the inferior grades were ignorant and inexperienced. Many of the ships wanted heavy rifled guns, and the engines in numerous cases had been badly kept and were not in good condition.

Such was the fleet of which Persano took command. An able and determined man might, even so, have done much, but Persano was neither able nor determined. On May 16th he went to Taranto, and was so much dispirited by what he saw that he wrote on the 22d, "I fear we shall go down." His behavior has been well described in the act of accusation. "Persano's acts, in one continued series, exhibit a true repugnance to taking any decisive step. Now he talks of waiting for steel shot; now he wants to transfer guns from one ship to another; now it is gun-carriages which are lacking; now ammunition for his Armstrong guns; now swift scouts; now store-ships; now doctors; now nurses; now engineers; now lieutenants; now speaking tubes; now pilots; now marines; and when he has the fleet at last *in perfect order*, for such was the opinion of all, and when he might with success have attacked the Austrians, he runs back to port to wait for the 'Affondatore.'" The words which are italicized are certainly an exaggeration, but, on the whole, this severe indictment is true. Amid incapacity and mismanagement, despairing of success, but

compelled by public opinion to enterprises which his judgment considered desperate, he lacked the ability to organize an efficient fleet, and the moral courage to refuse to lead forth to disaster an inefficient one.

On June 25 he brought such of his ships as were ready from Taranto to Ancona, and anchored there. The "Affondatore," which fills his dispatches to the Italian Minister of Marine, was on her way from Gibraltar, and till she came he felt that he could do nothing. He had a powerful squadron, but it was not powerful enough to his mind, though he knew that the Austrian fleet was far inferior in every respect. His first act on his arrival at Ancona was to telegraph to the Minister of Marine for four fast merchant steamers to serve as scouts, for five pontoons for use at Ancona, for doctors, for twelve powerful glasses, for as many guns as possible, and for two or three gutta-percha voice-pipes. Many of these requests were at once complied with, though the guns had not all arrived by July 7th. Meantime he was exercising his stokers and gunners, when, on the morning of June 27th, the dispatch-boat "Esploratore" steamed into port with the news that the Austrians were in sight. The "Re d'Italia" had the coal in her bunkers on fire; the "Re di Portogallo" could not start her engines; the "Terribile" had only half her guns; the "Ancona" was unready for battle; the "Varese" and "Palestro" had engineers who could not manage their engines; the "Carignano" had no heavy guns. The rest of the fleet was coaling confusedly. However, the "San Martino," "Maria Pia," "Castelfidardo," and "Carignano," the latter ship in spite of her missing battery, made ready and formed up in some sort of order. Outside the port lay Tegetthoff, to whose doings we must recur later, with six most indifferent ironclads and one old frigate. For three hours he steamed in line abreast slowly backward and forward, cleared for action, and waiting for the infinitely finer ships of the Italians to assail him. He waited in vain. Though Persano had described his intention as being "to entice the hostile fleet to offer battle, and to annihilate it if it makes the attempt," he failed to lead out his ships and annihilate the enemy now they were at hand. Instead, he went on board the "Esploratore," no fighting ship, ordered his four ironclads to

form line ahead, and after wasting much time, while the Austrians were waiting boldly for him in the offing, actually steamed out of harbor in the opposite direction, only to return an hour or two later, after holding a council of war on board the "Carignano" to decide whether he should attack. But in the meantime Tegetthoff had retired. It was an ill beginning for the Italian fleet, and there were murmurs against Persano, both among the sailors and on shore.

On July 2, Persano telegraphed to the minister, "Anxious to fight; I entreat you to send at once the 'Affondatore' and gunners." Once more his requests were granted, and the minister besought him "to do something," to sweep the Austrians out of the Adriatic like a second Tromp, for such was the talk of the Milan cafes. On the 5th he was again asking for the "Affondatore," but he went on to say, "Hope we shall not make peace without our fighting." For Custozza had already blasted the hope of Italy on land, and the whole nation was turning its eyes to the sea, where that disgrace might yet be retrieved. On the 7th, our dilatory admiral telegraphed, "Want two or three more days."

But his ceaseless complaints and unending procrastination at last roused Depretis to a stinging dispatch. "Would you tell the people," he wrote—"the people who in their mad vanity believe their sailors the best in the world—that, in spite of the twelve millions we have added to their debt, the squadron that we have collected is one incapable of facing the enemy? We should be stoned. And who has ever heard the Austrian fleet mentioned except with contempt?" "Do something," was the cry, "fight the Austrians, land on their coast, attack Lissa, only move." An impatient minister, a clamorous populace, an irresolute admiral, were between them preparing defeat.

On the 7th, this unfortunate commander received imperative orders to go out of harbor. "Go out of harbor," ran the telegram, "with your fleet; leave behind any of the ships which want guns. Act according to instructions." On the 8th, at last, the fleet did put to sea, though Persano was still without his longed-for "Affondatore." The admiral led his ships into the midst of the Adriatic, and there they steamed solemnly to and fro at wide intervals.

There was no attempt to discover the whereabout of the Austrians, to entice them out, or to drill the officers and sailors. Some exercise with the heavy guns—but no target practice—was the only fruit of the cruise. The admiral had no ideas and no plans, he neither consulted his officers nor instructed them, there were no conferences, no debates on the course to be followed, only absurd and useless evolutions. Deputy Boggio, a second Jean Bon St. Andre, was on board the admiral's flagship, as a volunteer member of his staff, and he was the only man in the fleet who had still any confidence in Persano.

On the 13th the fleet came back to Ancona, having done nothing and having attempted nothing—with officers quarreling and insubordinate, and sailors dispirited. Persano had his usual excuse. He wanted to wait for the "Affondatore"; when she came he would do wonders. But there was something more than discontent with him abroad in the country.

The impressionable and excitable Italians were wild with rage at what they secretly recognized to be disgrace. At last there came peremptory orders from the king and ministry for him to go to sea, "To attempt against the hostile fortresses or fleet what operations may be thought convenient to obtain a success." The unhappy man was urged by Depretis' reproaches to attack Lissa: having no judgment or will of his own, having neither information nor even maps, he resolved to follow this suggestion. He would attack Lissa and capture it.

Lissa is a rugged, well-wooded islet in the Adriatic, distant thirty miles from the Dalmatian mainland. It is nine miles long and four broad, and contained at this date four thousand two hundred inhabitants. It was a position of some strategic importance, and as such it had been fortified by the Austrians, having nine permanent works and eleven batteries, most of which were placed at a considerable height above the sea, mounting altogether eighty-eight guns. Of these, the heaviest were 24-pounder rifles, and 48-pounder and 60-pounder mortars and smooth-bores. The garrison was one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three men strong, of marines and coast defense artillery. Off this island a sharp engagement had been fought in 1811 between Hoste, the English

commander, and a Franco-Italian squadron, when Hoste made the famous signal "Remember Nelson."

Persano, on July 16, reluctantly gave orders to his fleet to put to sea. He had with him all the Italian ironclads already mentioned, with the exception of the "Affondatore," and as she was on her way he detached the dispatch-boat "Flavio Gioja" to order her to meet him off Lissa. His fleet comprised Rear-admiral Vacca's division, consisting of the "Carignano," which carried Vacca's flag, the "Castelfidardo" and "Ancona"; his own squadron, in which were the "Re d'Italia," his flagship, the "Palestro" and "San Martino"; Captain Ribotti's division, in which were the "Re di Portogallo," "Varese," and "Maria Pia"; the "Terribile" and "Formidabile"; Vice-admiral Albini's squadron of four frigates and one corvette; five dispatch-boats; three gunboats; a hospital-ship, and two transports. But he felt sure that his landing force was altogether insufficient, since he had but five hundred marines and one thousand soldiers. He had been promised an extra battalion of marines, two companies of engineers, and one thousand five hundred soldiers, who had not as yet arrived; but after his exhibition of procrastination and timidity he dared not wait longer. He and his chief of the staff, Captain d'Amico, had not the faintest idea of the strength of the place which they were going to attack. They did not know what the works were like, whether ships could assail them with any chance of success, or what guns were mounted. They never gave any consideration to the question whether it was safe or advisable to expose their ironclads to the risk of injury, and their soldiers and marines to the risk of capture, while Tegetthoff's squadron was yet at large, and they took no steps to mask the Austrian fleet.

At three in the afternoon the Italian fleet at last left Ancona. The "Messagiere" was sent on in advance to reconnoiter Lissa, a task which her captain accomplished under the English flag. She rejoined Persano with the news that Porto San Giorgio, Manego and Comisa were defended by strong works, but that, though they were placed high, they were within reach of the ships' guns. It was now the 17th, and Persano made his dispositions, intending to attack at dawn on the 18th. Vacca, with his three ironclads

and the "Guiscardo," was to bombard Comisa; Albini, with the unarmored ships, was to attack Porto Manego; Commander Sandri, with the gunboats, was to cut the telegraph cable which ran to the neighboring island of Lesina; the "Esploratore" was ordered to keep a lookout to the north, and the "Stella d'Italia" to the west; while the rest of the fleet, under Persano, assailed Porto San Giorgio, on which stands the town of Lissa. The troops were to land at Comisa and march thence upon Lissa, but, as they had not arrived, this part of the original project had to be modified. Thus if the Italian fleet were to be suddenly attacked, as it well might be, it would be found divided into four detachments, and might be destroyed in detail. So much time was lost in giving orders, which should have been given before the fleet left Ancona, that it was after ten in the morning before the ships were in their positions, and the Austrians had consequently had time to telegraph to Tegetthoff full details of the arrival of the Italians.

About ten the firing began. The "Garibaldi" had just come up with a certain number of men, and news that more were following. By three o'clock a magazine in Battery Schmidt at the entrance to San Giorgio harbor had exploded, and many of the guns were silenced. But the Italian expenditure of ammunition had been heavy; the "Re d'Italia" alone firing one thousand three hundred rounds. Boggio was on deck throughout—exposed, as he writes, "to a storm of projectiles" in the midst of "an infernal uproar." At this hour arrived the "Guiscardo" to inform Persano that Vacca could do nothing, as the forts were placed so high that his guns could not reach them. He was, thereupon, ordered to leave one ship before Comisa that the garrison might be kept busy, and to take the others round to Albini's support. On dispatching this message, Vacca had steamed round to meet Albini at Porto Manego. Albini had had but little success in his attack on the battery at Porto Manego, and as three shells had pierced his flagship, killing two men and wounding three, had jumped to the conclusion that his wooden ships could do nothing against the forts, and with a rare mixture of pusillanimity and disobedience hauled off. He had sent word to Persano that even an ironclad would be unable to reduce the forts. Albini's failure dumfounded Persano,

who had been told by his staff-captain, d'Amico, that the attack on Manego was quite easy. However, he accepted Albini's statements, and ordered him to join him, detaching one of Vacca's ships to watch Comisa, and to disembark his troops at Porto Karober, near San Giorgio. Albini was, however, already on his way to Lissa. On his arrival he was again directed by Persano to disembark his troops, an order which he promptly disobeyed by doing nothing.

Inside Porto San Giorgio, and at the head of the harbor, was a strong work called the Madonna Battery, which had not yet been silenced, and on the Telegraph Tower was a second battery as yet untouched. Vacca, with the "Castelfidardo" and "San Martino" steamed to San Giorgio, finding Albini helpless at Porto Manego, and attacked Fort George from the west. The ironclads "Formidabile," "Maria Pia," and "San Martino" meantime entered the harbor and maintained a vigorous cannonade on the inner forts. Toward seven o'clock, as the Italian gunners were thoroughly exhausted, and the Austrians had slackened their fire, Persano resolved to draw off and renew his attack next day. Characteristically, he sent off the "Fieramosca" at nightfall, to beg the dispatch of fresh re-enforcements from Ancona. At ten o'clock the gunboats returned from Lesina with the news that the cables had been cut, but not before Tegetthoff had received news of the Italian fleet from Lissa and sent off a reply: "Hold out till the fleet can come to you."

All the night the Austrians worked at their batteries, remounting guns which had been put out of action, and reconstructing embrasures. Persano's orders were that the "Terribile" and "Varese" were to attack Comisa, Albini to cover the disembarkation of the troops, the "Formidabile" to enter the harbor of San Giorgio supported by Vacca's three ships, while Persano's own squadron assailed the outer forts. At daybreak, the much-looked-for "Affondatore" arrived with the frigates "Carlo Alberto" and "Principe Umberto," conveying a body of troops, which raised the Italian landing force to two thousand six hundred men, or eight hundred more than the Austrian garrison.

About 4.30 o'clock, the "Formidabile" entered the harbor under

a very heavy fire, and engaged the Madonna Battery at a range of only three hundred yards. Vacca followed, but in the confined space found that he could not maneuver his ships or bring their guns to bear, since the Madonna work was completely covered by the "Formidabile." So he went in and came out again, doing nothing. At dusk, the "Formidabile" withdrew, having achieved little, though Captain Saint Bon, an exception to the general run of Italian commanders, had fought her with skill, spirit, and courage. He came on board the flagship to make his report, and a melancholy report it was. More than fifty of the "Formidabile's" crew were hors de combat; her funnel, and her upper works outside her armor, were riddled; rigging and bulwarks were cut to bits; and six port-lids had been shot away. Persano's fleet had lost one of its best ships, for the crew were so worn and exhausted that nothing more could be expected from them, even if the ship had been herself in fighting trim. A single shell bursting on one of the port sills had filled her battery with smoke, so that the gunners were nearly choked. Her armor had not, however, been perforated. She retired to the west, intending to transfer her wounded to the hospital ship.

Meantime, Albini, a subordinate, who in his own sphere showed as much incapacity as Persano, and coupled his incapacity with disobedience and contempt for his commander, had again done nothing. All the day he lay off Porto Karober, pretending that the surf prevented him from disembarking the expeditionary force. According to Persano, the sea was calm, and there was not the faintest oscillation on board the ships a few miles away, cannonading Lissa. Moreover, if there had been, Port Karober was sheltered. At night, however, there was a violent wind with a strong surf, so it was no longer possible, at the eleventh hour, to land the men. A council of war was held on board the flagship, at which Vacca strongly urged the renewal of the attack with day. Hereabout, Persano seems to have discovered that the Austrian fleet was still intact. What if Tegetthoff appears? he asked. We will sink him with our rams, was the brave reply of the Italian captains. Persano thereupon decided once more to assail the island, but to do it "carefully and warily." He had need of caution and wari-

ness. The Italians had lost sixteen killed and one hundred and fourteen wounded, and had effected absolutely nothing. But this caution and wariness were oddly displayed in dividing the Italian fleet. Albini was once more enjoined to land his men; Vacca was to cruise off the north of the island; the "Terribile" and "Varese" were again to assail Comisa, while Persano threw useless shells at the San Giorgio batteries. There was no plan of action formed against the event of the Austrians appearing. Neither captains nor admirals considered how they were going to use the rams in which they put such trust. Not a man knew what was to be done; everything was to be left to chance at the last minute.

The morning of July 20, a black day for Italy, rose dull and stormy. The "Piemonte" arrived with a fresh battalion of troops, and Albini at last got to work. Before eight o'clock he had disembarked a sumptuous iron lighter, which he left behind him as a trophy for the Austrians, and some troops. The ironclads were, in no order at all, scattered round the coast, when a thunderbolt fell on that unhappy and disorganized force. The "Esploratore" suddenly came racing into view, signaling, "Suspicious vessels in sight." A moment later, before precise information could be obtained, a heavy squall hid her from view. And in what plight was Persano's fleet? The "Re d'Italia," "Palestro," "San Martino," "Re di Portogallo," and "Maria Pia" were bombarding San Giorgio. The "Carignano," "Castelfidardo," and "Ancona" were three miles away to the northeast of the island. The "Terribile" and "Varese" were nine miles off to the west of the island; the "Formidabile" a league to the west transshipping her wounded, while the swell was so great that the water washed in through her open ports; Albini's squadron, encumbered with troops, boats, and stores, was in the midst of the process of disembarkation. The most terrible confusion prevailed, as well it might, for the caution and wariness of Persano had been only words. And so this fleet with its unready admiral, its incompetent officers, and its brave but untrained seamen, taken at the utmost disadvantage, tardily prepared to meet the onset of an opponent who knew his own mind.

At the outbreak of the war, Rear-admiral Freiherr Wilhelm von Tegetthoff had been appointed to the command of the Austrian

fleet. Born at Marburg in 1827, he was now in his forty-eighth year, after years of distinguished service in the Austrian navy. He it was, who, commanding the Austro-Prussian squadron in the North Sea, had in 1864 encountered a superior Danish force and come off, after a dogged fight, without having much the worst. He was a man of courage and decision, who knew how to inspire his subordinates with his own fiery spirit, and he stands forth in the long period from Trafalgar, as the one war-commander who can be matched with Farragut. He found the Austrian navy in evil plight. The hapless Archduke Maximilian, who met his fate in Mexico, had devoted great attention to it, and founded an arsenal at Pola, but he had been gone some years, and since the alliance between Austria and Prussia in 1864, the former power had neglected its fleet, believing that an age of peace was at hand. There were seven ironclads launched or ready, but of these, the "Archduke Ferdinand Max" and "Habsburg" lacked their heavy Krupp guns, which had been ordered and paid for, but had been detained in Germany, owing to the hostilities between Prussia and Austria. Their hulls and engines were complete, but their interior fittings were in a very backward state. The "Don Juan of Austria" wanted a great part of her armor forward. The "Novara," a frigate of the old type, had been set on fire on the stocks, by an incendiary it was suspected, and had been severely damaged. There remained ready for sea, the four ironclads "Drache," "Kaiser Max," "Prinz Eugen," and "Salamander," vessels of from 3,400 tons to 3,800 tons, carrying 4½-inch armor of Styrian iron; the steam line-of-battle ship "Kaiser" of ninety-one guns; the frigates "Adria," "Donau," "Radetsky," and "Schwarzenberg," one corvette, two imperial yachts used as dispatch-boats, and seven gunboats. One steamer was taken over from the Austrian Lloyd Company to serve as a scout; the ironclads "Habsburg" and "Ferdinand Max" were hastily completed, with jury-rigging and smooth-bore guns; the "Don Juan," where she lacked armor, was covered with stout planking; and the "Novara" was repaired. Comparing the materiel of the two powers, the figures are greatly against Austria. In ships the Italians had a proportion of 1·99 to the Austrian 1, in number of guns 1·66 to 1, in tonnage 2·64 to 1,

in horse-power 2·57 to 1. Judged by ships alone, Austria could have no hope of success. Nor if we look at men did her prospect appear more brilliant. Her sailors were Italians or Dalmatians; of the former nationality were 800 men from Venice itself, who might be supposed to be thoroughly untrustworthy; and by the date of Lissa Venice was all but ceded to Italy, so that Tegetthoff had serious scruples himself whether he ought to keep these men with his flag, and not to dismiss them. It was only when he had received positive assurances, by telegraph, that Venice was not yet Italian, that his doubts were ended. The Dalmatians were good material to work upon, but they, again, were not altogether to be trusted. So inspiring is a great personality, however, that Tegetthoff from the first had no difficulty with his men. They were ready to follow him even against their own kith and kin.

As Austria had only kept a very small squadron in commission in home waters—three frigates and three gunboats—it follows, as a matter of necessity, that the greater number of the sailors who were mobilized were untrained men. On April 30 the order had arrived to prepare a squadron for sea, and from that date Tegetthoff was constantly exercising his sailors, and striving to inspire his subordinates with his own ardor. While Persano was spending week after week in depressing inactivity, Tegetthoff, face to face with difficulties far greater, with unready ships and an imperfectly equipped arsenal, was yet building up a fleet. His crews were strange to ironclads and to rifled guns; he wanted engineers, for of the Austrian ships in regular commission some had hitherto been sailing vessels, which could consequently train no engineers; his guns were feeble in power. But everything which could be done, he did. He held constant conferences with his officers, like Nelson discussing with them plans for every emergency. He strove to make up for the weakness of his guns by concentrated broadsides; that is to say, it was arranged that all the guns which would bear in any one ship should be trained upon some particular portion of her opponent's hull, and fired simultaneously. In this way all the shots would strike simultaneously upon a small area, instead of being scattered up and down the enemy's side. Not only this, but remembering Farragut's saying, "Ships of wood, hearts of iron,"

and the achievements of the "Merrimac," he resolved to use his ships as rams: "Rush on the enemy and sink him," was the watchword. The wooden vessels were covered with chain cables in the way of the engines, a device which gave stokers and engineers confidence, if it did not add greatly to the strength of the hulls. Every day his fleet went to sea; the ships maneuvered together, while their captains gained experience. There was constant signaling, and practice for the gunners in firing concentrated broadsides. In the Fasana Canal, the entrances to which were mined, the Austrians had a safe sheet of water for evolutions. When they went to sea, dispatch-boats were held ready at Pola to give them instant notice of any Italian movement.

On June 24 Tegetthoff asked leave to be permitted to take the offensive. It was granted him with certain restrictions, and, on June 26, he put to sea with six ironclads, one frigate, four gunboats, and two dispatch-boats, hoisting his flag upon the "Ferdinand Max." He was under the impression that the bulk of the Italian fleet was still at Taranto, and hoped to meet its ironclads coming round one by one to Ancona from that port, and thus to capture them in detail. On the 27th, he reached Ancona, and looking into that port, saw that the Italians were there. His keen eye noted their disorder and irresolution, and thenceforward he understood that they were not to be feared. After challenging a battle with his inferior force, he retired at nightfall to Fasana, and for the next few weeks kept his ships with steam up, ready to move at a moment's notice. On the 6th of July, he went as far as Ancona with his squadron, but on this occasion did not offer battle to the Italians. His object was rather to exercise his fleet and give confidence to his men, than, as yet, to risk an engagement.

In these days of waiting, he added his last touches. The upper masts and sails were sent ashore; a new code of signals was drawn up, and the hulls of the ships were cleaned, a few at a time. Transports, meanwhile, went to and fro, distributing troops at vulnerable points. His period of inactivity was over at last. On July 17 arrived a telegram from Lissa, announcing "Warship reconnoitering the island under the English flag." Next day, in quick succession, came further telegrams. "Nine ships of war without

colors, making for the island." "Ten warships advancing under the French flag." "Ships signaled are moving to the northwest without colors; am alarming garrison." "Ships moving on Lissa, ten miles distant; the attack imminent." "Comisa attacked by twelve ships; Sardinian flag." "Port of Lissa attacked." "Fierce cannonade of Lissa; no casualties." At first, Tegetthoff had doubted whether Lissa was the real objective of the Italian fleet, imagining that this was only a stratagem to draw him away from Venice and Trieste. But when on the 19th a fresh telegram told him that the attack upon Lissa had recommenced that morning, he telegraphed to Vienna for leave to act, then summoned his officers to a final conference, and made known to them his intentions. A little later, he signaled to his ships "Get steam up in all boilers," and "As soon as under steam, leave." At 1.30 the admiral's ship joined the rest of the squadron, which had, in obedience to orders, assembled outside the harbor, and half an hour later the reply arrived from Vienna sanctioning action. Amid the cheers of the crews, and the inspiriting strains of the Austrian national anthem, the fleet set out to give battle and to save Lissa. Tegetthoff's preparations were completed. His instructions were precise. The ironclad division was to break the Italian line, to strive to ram their ships, to fight at close quarters, and to concentrate its fire. The wooden ships, according to the enemy's order, were to attack one or other wing of the hostile line, or to be employed by Commodore Petz as he saw fit. The gunboats, small handy vessels, were to divide into three groups, and in the action to support the wooden ships, and strive to rake the enemy's ironclads. Thus the Austrians had done all that could be done to insure success, and Tegetthoff's officers thoroughly understood their commander's designs. That he might not be taken off his guard, he sailed in fighting order. First came the seven ironclads, disposed wedge-wise—or, technically, in two bow and quarter lines—the flagship being at the apex of the wedge. On her left were the "Habsburg," "Salamander," and "Kaiser Max"; on her right the "Don Juan," "Drache," and "Prinz Eugen." The "Stadium," in advance of the flagship, fell back before the collision. A thousand yards behind the ironclads came the frigates, in wedge-

shaped line, the "Kaiser," with Commodore Petz's flag, leading. Before her was a repeater for signals, and behind her, after another thousand yards, the ten small craft. Thus the formation adopted placed the strongest ships in front, covered in no small degree the weaker vessels, concentrated the maximum of strength in the minimum of space, gave scope for the employment of the ram, and yet did not mask the broadside fire of the ships. Tegetthoff's intention, when he met the Italians, was to break their line, and, in the classic fashion, to concentrate upon the weaker section of it. He did not altogether foresee the difficulty which would be experienced in keeping his ships together. But as they had orders to support each other, his captains could be trusted to do their best.

At 6.40 on the morning of the 20th the lookout reported the Italians in sight. Immediately after, a squall came down and cut them off from view; but as the Austrian crews were at breakfast, and as Tegetthoff wished his men to enter the fight in the best of physical condition, he did not spoil their appetites by revealing the news. The storm was so violent that the speed of the ships had sunk to five and a half knots, and for a short time Tegetthoff doubted whether he could, with safety, engage. At nine o'clock, however, the wind moderated and the sea became calmer, though still heavy enough to disconcert the gunners of the smaller craft. After breakfast the men went to quarters quietly and in order. The signals "Close up" and "Full speed" were made, and finally, at 10.35, a few minutes before the collision, "Ironclads to charge the enemy and sink him." At their fastest speed, which may have been eight or may have been ten knots, the Austrians neared the Italian line.

When he first caught sight of the Austrians, Persano had made a multiplicity of signals. First he dispatched orders to the "Terribile" and "Varese" to join him, and then he proceeded to draw up his own ships and those of Vacca in single line abreast, facing northwest. He signaled to Albini to abandon the boats and men on shore, leaving to the gunboats and small craft the task of rescuing them, and at the same time ordered him to form up his wooden ships behind the ironclad line; an order which Albini averred he had never received and therefore could not obey. A few minutes

later, discovering that his line abreast faced in the wrong direction, Persano made the signals, "Steer for a minute to the northeast," and then "Close up," and "Attack the enemy." The ironclads came very slowly to their stations, and the "Re di Portogallo" and "Castelfidardo" signaled "Defects in engines." However, they made repairs, and at last took their places. The "Formidabile" at once steamed off to Ancona, after making Persano the signal, which he acknowledged, that she could not fight. She might not have been able to use her guns, but she had at least her ram. About nine in the morning the line abreast was formed, when an idea suddenly occurred to Persano. The battles of the past had been fought in line ahead; must not he, then, adopt this position? Accordingly, he made yet more signals; this time it was "Form line ahead."

In the face of the enemy's approach the change was accomplished, and the line was marshaled thus. First came the "Carignano," with Vacca's flag; then the "Castelfidardo" and "Ancona": next Persano's flagship, the "Re d'Italia," with the "Affondatore," "Palestro," "San Martino"; last of all Ribotti, with the "Re di Portogallo" and "Maria Pia." The "Terribile" and "Varese" were still leagues away to the south, so that the whole line covered a space of thirteen miles. Persano states that he had intended to fight his force in three groups: Vacca's of three ships, his own of five, and Ribotti's of four; but the absence of three ironclads upset his plans and left huge gaps. Yet he must have known at eight o'clock that the "Terribile" and "Varese" could not join him before ten, and that the "Formidabile" was a weak reed upon which to lean.

The fleet had just got into line for the second time when a fresh idea struck the admiral. He had read somewhere that the commander's place was on a swift handy ship, outside the line of battle, and supervising it. As the "Re d'Italia" was neither swift nor handy, he stopped her, throwing the whole line into confusion, and signaled the "Affondatore," which followed her, to come up. He knew, however, that the "Affondatore" was an unmanageable ship, since only the previous day her commander had complained of her; that she was a monitor and had very little rigging, so that

signals could only be made from her with difficulty, and worst of all that none of the other captains had any knowledge of his purpose. The ships in front and behind were a mile from the "Re d'Italia," and could only see that a boat had gone from the one vessel to the other.

Persano left his flagship with his flag captain and one staff officer, but Boggio, the deputy, though invited to go with him, stayed to his doom. As soon as the admiral was on board the "Affondatore" he commenced to race up and down the line, doing little fighting, but making numerous signals, among others, "Diminish distances between ships," and "Attack the enemy when within range." As nobody knew where he was, and as all the ships were so dressed with flags that signals could not be distinguished, nobody paid any attention to him, and the Italian fleet was left to fight in isolated units against a combined force; without leaders or orders against captains who could see their admiral and who knew his plans.

By stopping the "Re d'Italia" Persano had opened a tremendous gap between her and the "Ancona," leaving Vacca's squadron of three ships unsupported. For this alone he deserves the severest condemnation, since, in any case, if it was advisable for him to embark on board a fast vessel, he should have given notice of his intention beforehand to his captains, and not have waited till the Austrian fleet was almost on him. A quarter of an hour after he had left the "Re d'Italia" the Austrians in compact order passed through the gap. They had exchanged shots with Vacca's division, the "Carignano" opening fire when some cables off, but in the heavy swell the Italians shot so badly that most of their shells passed over the Austrian ships. Neither captains nor crews on Tegetthoff's fleet could believe that this was really a battle, and that they were under the fire of the terrible Italian Armstrongs. Whether because of the smoke from their own guns or because the Italians maneuvered well, no Italian ship was rammed at this first charge. As the Austrians came through, Vacca had wheeled his three ships to port, showing something of the intuition of a commander, and had endeavored to fall upon the weaker vessels in the Austrian rear. But he executed the movement very slowly, and

before he could turn the Austrians had passed. Commodore Petz, in the "Kaiser," now headed south to engage the Italian wooden ships, but found himself confronted by Ribotti's division, re-enforced by the "Varese." These did not, however, engage him at first, but placed themselves between Petz and Tegetthoff, while Albini was left to encounter the wooden ships. Though he had eight large vessels mounting four hundred and twenty guns, this commander had come to the conclusion that wooden ships had no business in an ironclad battle, and refused to stir. Ribotti's force, having interposed between Tegetthoff and his second in command, then proceeded to assail the "Kaiser" and her wooden sisters, while Albini looked quietly on.

Meantime, Tegetthoff had wheeled and re-entered the battle, falling upon what had been Persano's division. The whole seven Austrian ironclads had concentrated upon the "Re d'Italia," the "Palestro," and the "San Martino," and the first two ships fared badly. The action had now become a series of confused combats in the dense smoke, which only gave each combatant momentary peeps of the other. The Austrian ships were black, and the Italian, by a happy idea of Persano, were painted a light gray, so there was little risk of making mistakes. The Austrians had further colored the funnel of each vessel differently, so that they were easily able to identify their own ironclads, but the Italians had shown no such prevision. Tegetthoff's orders were clear and concise—"Ram everything gray." The Austrian ships ranged backward and forward in the smoke and uproar, always endeavoring to ram, and generally failing in their attempts. In particular, they were directing their assaults upon the "Re d'Italia," when the "Palestro" came up to her help. Concentrated broadsides, some of hot shot, were fired with the greatest rapidity into her stern, while her projectiles, as usual, went wide. Some minutes of furious cannonading succeeded, before the sailors in the tops of the "Drache" shouted that the enemy was on fire, and dense smoke was seen rising from her deck. The "Palestro" falling back, the "Drache" at once gave chase, but could not come up with her enemy, owing to her low speed, and the Italian passed out of sight, while the "Drache" returned to the attack on the "Re d'Italia." The "San Martino" next came

to the help of the former flagship, after exchanging fire with the wooden ships of Commodore Petz; seeing which, says the Italian account, the Austrians closed round the "Re d'Italia," endeavoring to ram her, and one vessel actually struck her sternpost, carrying away the rudder, and leaving her practically helpless. She was now in a most critical position, surrounded by Austrian ships. Her captain, Faa di Bruno, endeavored to go ahead and draw closer to the "Ancona," which was about this time on fire, though she easily extinguished it, owing to the foresight of her captain, who had made full provision against this risk. "Threatened on the bow by an enemy, the 'Re d'Italia' encountered another ironclad a little distance ahead, which was endeavoring to bar her passage. Abandoned, and reduced to her own momentum, without being able to use her rudder, she could not avoid the ram of the ironclad frigate which threatened her on the left. The captain had already summoned his crew to prepare to board, when his ship lurched heavily to port and went down." Thus the Italian version. Tegetthoff, as he came through the thick cloud of smoke which enveloped the ships, saw suddenly before him a great gray mass, stationary in the water. The orders, "Full speed ahead," and "Be ready to reverse engines," were given by Baron von Sterneck to the engineers, and at her full speed of eleven and a half knots the "Ferdinand Max" charged her hapless opponent. In front of the "Re d'Italia" lay a second Austrian ship, but Faa di Bruno, in spite of the brave words at the council of war, made no attempt to ram her. Instead, he stopped to go astern at the critical moment, when, had he steamed ahead, he would have avoided the blow. The "Ferdinand Max" drove her prow gently into the Italian ship, rising for a moment as she struck her, and then sinking again, as her ram, with a dreadful crunch, cut through the iron plating and wood backing of the luckless ship. The shock was exceedingly severe on board the "Ferdinand Max"; many men were thrown to the deck as she rammed, and the concussion was plainly felt in the engine-room, the engines being at once reversed, but no damage was done to the Austrian. The "Re d'Italia" heeled heavily to starboard as she took the blow; then, as the "Ferdinand Max" backed out, she lurched to port, showing a terrified crowd upon her deck. So close was she that an

Austrian officer exclaimed, "What a splendid deck." For a minute or two the battle paused, while all eyes were fixed on the doomed ship. Her second lurch was her last; she settled heavily in the water, and her crew with a last triumphant cry, triumphant even in death, "Venezia e nostra," went to their fate.

Before the "Ferdinand Max" dealt this successful blow she had rammed twice, ineffectively, because the angle of impact had been too oblique. By the loss of the "Re d'Italia" and the withdrawal of the "Palestro" the Italians found their ironclad squadron reduced to eight vessels. "Nevertheless," says Persano, "they continued, full of confidence, to fight twenty-seven hostile vessels." What a confession! The eight were fighting the twenty-seven because half the Italian fleet were malingering, or absent through the admiral's own folly. Where was Albini, with his eight frigates? Where the "Terribile"? Where even the "Affondatore"? If this was not the hottest corner of the battle, Persano strangely misunderstood the engagement.

The Austrians next assailed the "Re di Portogallo," "Maria Pia," and "Varese." This group of vessels had been fiercely engaged with Commodore Petz, to whose fortunes we must recur. Finding his squadron threatened on the flank by the Italian ironclads, Petz had turned his attention from Albini to them. The "Affondatore" appeared, heading straight for the "Kaiser," and for a minute it seemed as if the two must meet bow to bow and both go to the bottom. At such a minute it is the weaker man who flinches, and Persano was the weaker man. He swerved slightly as the "Kaiser" came on, then turned and disappeared in the press of ships. The "Re di Portogallo" had attacked the small and weak "Elisabeth" and "Friedrich"; to save them the "Kaiser" charged straight on her, pouring the while concentrated broadsides upon the Italian ironclads which were gathering round her. The "Carignano," "Castelfidardo," and "Varese" were formidable antagonists, but she survived the contest with them. The "Portogallo" lay in front of her, and with a tremendous crash the "Kaiser" rammed her. Her bowsprit was carried away, her figure-head left sticking in the "Portogallo's" bulwarks, her foremast fell and carried down with it the funnel, and the alarm of "Fire" was raised. The "Porto-

gallo" received small harm, as probably the projecting figure-head of the "Kaiser" broke the shock on her upper works, but so flustered were the Italian gunners, though they could have raked the "Kaiser" with ease as she lay end-on, that they either missed at this close range with their three-hundred-pound shells, or in the excitement loaded only with powder. The "Kaiser" ground sides with the "Portogallo" and received the broadside of her smaller guns. Then at last the Austrian got free, and went ahead, terribly mauled, with her rigging on fire and many of her gunners killed or wounded. At this minute the "Affondatore" appeared a second time out of the smoke, steaming on a course which intersected the "Kaiser's " at right angles. It seemed that nothing could save the unarmored vessel, already half disabled. The "Affondatore" came on as if to ram; her men were ordered to throw themselves flat upon the deck; the crash was imminent, when suddenly Persano for the second time gave the command to turn aside and to spare her. Perhaps he feared lest his enormous ram would be entangled in the "Kaiser's" hull, and his own ship carried down with her enemy.

The "Ancona" and "Varese" were preparing to make a fresh attack upon Petz's division, when they collided and remained for some minutes entangled. These minutes suffered the Austrians to get a start, and so to escape. The loss on board the "Kaiser" had been heavy. One of the "Affondatore's" huge three-hundred-pound shells had hulled her, killing or wounding twenty men. In all, she lost twenty-four killed and seventy-five wounded; but she had put Albini to shame by showing that a wooden ship can encounter even ironclads and escape destruction. The two fleets had now parted, and the Austrian ironclads were moving to the support of their unarmored ships, which were some distance from them. As the Austrians were threatening the "Palestro," which was now burning furiously, Persano steamed out to her rescue, and interposed between her and the "Kaiser Max," when the Austrian ship retired. The "Palestro" was taken in tow by the "Governolo," and the "Independenza" was also ordered to stand by her, and remove her crew if necessary. Returning to the Italian fleet, Persano made some pretense of leading it against the Austrians. He

had still nine ironclads, for if the "Re d'Italia" and "Palestro" were no longer to be counted upon, the "Terribile" had at last appeared. His wooden ships were untouched, and even as he was, he was stronger than the Austrians in ships. But coal was running low, his men were thoroughly dispirited, his officers were sullen, and little ammunition was left. He was not the man to inspire with audacity a beaten fleet, and ended by finding himself supported by only a single ship. Reluctantly he abandoned his intention, and drew up his ironclads in a single line, covering the unarmored vessels, on a course parallel to that of the Austrian fleet.

Tegetthoff had reached Lissa, finding, to his great joy, that the Austrian flag still flew there, and he, too, reformed his fleet, placing the seven ironclads in line ahead on the side facing the Italians. The unarmored ships and gunboats drew up on parallel lines, away from the Italians. He was ready once more to meet his opponents, but he had no wish to provoke a second engagement. He had already scored heavily, and he did not want to imperil his success. He knew that his was much the weaker fleet, and that, if it was defeated, Lissa was lost. His guns were useless against the Italian armor, and the ram, his only remaining weapon, had not proved so easy of employment as he had expected. If he had seen any reasonable chance of destroying the Italian fleet, his determination to end the battle at this point would have been culpable; but as he had no chance of even catching his enemy, since his slowest ironclad was much slower than the slowest Italian, he can only be praised for his discrimination. Had he carried heavy Armstrong guns, or had his ships been a couple of knots faster, he could, and probably would, have made an end of Persano. But with his indifferent smooth-bores and weak twenty-four pounders, with his eight or nine knot frigates, there was nothing to be done. The two fleets watched one another till nightfall, the Italians steaming a zig-zag course, but keeping at a respectful distance from Tegetthoff. At dusk Persano steered for Ancona, and Tegetthoff for Pola.

About 2.30 the luckless "Palestro" had blown up. She had been set on fire in the neighborhood of the wardroom, either by hand grenades or by an Austrian 48-pounder shell. Her captain,

Capellini, had flooded her magazines, but overlooked an emergency store of ammunition, brought up to enable the guns to be loaded quickly in the action.

If we inquire the part each of the ironclads played in the encounter, we have fairly full accounts of most of the Austrian vessels, and of the "Affondatore." The "Ferdinand Max" we have followed already: she rammed in all three times, and kept boarding parties ready on her deck, but steam has made boarding impossible—at least till engines or propellers are disabled. It was said in the Italian account that the "Max" especially hunted the "Re d'Italia," but this is untrue: she met her by chance. She fired one hundred and fifty-six shots. The "Habsburg" employed converging fire without any success. The "Kaiser Max" attacked the "Re d'Italia" fiercely at two cables' distance, when it was noticed that the Italians fired far too high. Her funnels, masts, and rigging were injured, not her hull. About eleven, she rammed an unknown Italian ship, but did her no great harm. It is possible that it was the "Re d'Italia," whose stern is said to have been damaged. After this charge she chased a small ironclad, probably the "Palestro." In all, she fired fifteen converging broadsides. The "Don Juan" followed Tegetthoff closely at the beginning of the fight, but quickly separated from him, and was surrounded by Italian ships, to be disengaged by the "Kaiser Max." During the whole of the engagement she only saw one signal from Tegetthoff, which was "Support the second division." For half an hour she was assailed by a large Italian ironclad, perhaps the "Portogallo," which unsuccessfully tried to ram her. She also exchanged fire with the "Affondatore," and one 300-pounder shot perforated her unarmored sides, doing no damage, as it passed right through her. A second struck her armor, but failed to perforate; and a third, her quarter-deck. The "Prinz Eugen" opened with her chasers at 10.40, and fired concentrated broadsides as soon as her guns bore. The "Affondatore" came past her, but, as usual, missed her with ram and shot. She was close to the "Ferdinand Max" while that ship was maneuvering to ram an unknown Italian, which turned and came between the "Prinz Eugen" and the Austrian flagship, eluding the blow. In her engine-room, the shot could be heard

striking upon the water-line, but no damage whatever was done. The "Drache" was very hotly engaged. Captain von Moll, who was on deck directing her, was struck by a shot which carried away half his head and instantly killed him; the steam-drum was injured; the mainmast fell; and a shell bursting on board set her on fire, but the flames were very quickly got under. Her crew did not suffer severely, as they were kept lying down as far as possible. She it was who set the "Palestro" on fire. The "Salamander" endeavored to ram, but did not succeed. Her conning-tower was struck by a shell, her commander, an officer, and a man wounded.

As for Persano, the impression among both Italian officers and Italian people was that he had taken one of the finest ironclads out of the fighting line, and made little or no use of her. The officers of the wooden ships saw him maneuvering backward and forward outside the battle-smoke, when the "Re d'Italia," hard beset, was fighting for her life. "After firing on the Austrian flag," says Persano, "the 'Affondatore' tried to ram, but failed; then traversing the hostile line at a distance of fifty yards, fired again on the flagship, and crossing the line, rammed one of the Austrian ships round the 'Portogallo.'" This appears to be an absolute fabrication. "Issuing from the smoke, she signaled to the wooden ships to attack, but they made no movement." She tried to ram the "Kaiser," but missing her blow, only scraped sides, and received from the line-of-battle ship a plunging fire which perforated her deck, while the riflemen in the enemy's tops played havoc among the men on her deck, who were trying to fix in its place one of the anchors, which had broken loose and was bumping violently against her side. Still keeping close to the "Kaiser," she tried to ram again, firing her 300-pounders at the Austrian, who again eluded her, and with a heavy broadside set her on fire. Perceiving that the "Kaiser" was in a bad way, Persano felt "he could no longer concentrate his attention upon a disabled ship," and retired. He complains that the "Affondatore" was a most awkward ship to handle and steered very badly.

The losses of the victors were extraordinarily small. Thirty-eight were killed and one hundred and thirty-eight wounded on board the Austrian ships, but on the armorclads only three were

killed. The "Kaiser" suffered far the most. The Italians lost five killed and thirty-nine wounded, excluding those who perished in the attacks on Lissa, and on board the "Re d'Italia" and "Palestro." These brought up the figure of their dead to about six hundred and twenty, and the total of their wounded to one hundred and sixty-one. They lost two ironclads in the battle, and a third, the "Affondatore," sank a few days after the fight in Ancona harbor, probably because of the severe pounding she had undergone. The damage done to the Austrian ironclads was very slight. The Italian projectiles in no case went through their armor and backing; with one exception the dents were insignificant. The "Ferdinand Max," which had a blunt, slightly projecting prow, not formed of a single steel or iron casting, but simply of armor-plates carried right forward and meeting at her cutwater, had lost her paint where her prow had penetrated into the "Re d'Italia." A few plates were started and she made a few inches of water an hour, but she was not seriously injured.

Turning next to the Italian ships, all the ironclads were much battered, but not one seriously harmed. The "Formidabile" had been disabled in her action with the Madonna battery. The "Maria Pia" had one plate shattered; a hardened-steel projectile remained stuck in another; and she had been on fire badly, the flames all but reaching her powder magazine. The "San Martino" was repeatedly hit, and once perforated where her armor was four inches thick, but the shot had not passed through the backing. In her collision with the "Maria Pia" her ram had been twisted, causing the ship to leak. She was on fire twice, but on each occasion the flames were got under, though not without difficulty. The "Castelfidardo" was set on fire in the captain's cabin by a bursting shell. The "Ancona" had many plates displaced, while one shell burst in her battery, coming through a porthole. The "Carignano" had one plate shattered, one gun had burst on board her, and a shell exploded below her conning-tower. The "Portogallo" had many of her armor-plates loosened or forced in by the "Kaiser's" attempt to ram. Lastly, the wooden frigate "Maria Adelaide" had been struck fourteen times, one shell entering her bunkers.

The defeat of the Italians can now be readily explained. The

battle was fought without a leader on their side: in the words of an Italian, Amico, "La battaglia di Lissa fu dunque combattuta senza capo, senza direzione, senza unità d'azione." * Except Vacca, the subordinate commanders showed either positive cowardice or irresolution. Albini, looking calmly on deaf to orders, while his comrades fought and perished, is no very heroic example. Persano's sudden change to the "Affondatore" threw the line into confusion at the critical moment, and left his captains ignorant of his whereabout. The gunnery of the Italians was wretched: while they suffered considerably from Austrian shells striking the portsills and exploding there, the Austrians did not lose a man in this way. It may have been that the Italian fuses were defective, for Boggio in a letter complains of them, or it may more probably have been the case that the gunners were inexperienced, and, handling very heavy weapons when the ships were rolling in the swell, fired on the upward roll. Yet of one thousand four hundred and fifty-two shot discharged by the seven Italian ironclads, which were hotly engaged and survived the engagement, perhaps a fourth hit the mark. If this seems a high proportion, there is the fact that the fight was at very close quarters.

We have now to consider the tactics of Tegetthoff. His purpose was to throw a mass of ships on one point, and by superior handling of his inferior force to neutralize his opponents' predominance in strength. He decided to break the line near one or other extremity of it, and chose the van rather than the rear, because, had he attacked the latter, he would have been exposed to the cross-fire of the wooden ships; perhaps, also, because he saw the gap between the "Ancona" and "Re d'Italia." His force had a front of under one mile and a half. He sought to produce a general melee, partly because his fleet was the best trained and best disciplined, and therefore, he thought, would be less likely to fall into disorder or confusion, and partly because he had no long-range cannon, and if he had engaged at a distance the Italian heavy guns would have crushed him. His ironclads were to attack and ram

* "The battle of Lissa was fought throughout without a leader, without orders, without unity of action."

the vessels in front of them, and thus to protect the feebler wooden ships. His formation was well adapted for the use of the ram, but was defective in two ways, it lacked elasticity, and there was some danger of friend firing into friend. He was, however, assailing a fleet in no order at all; a fleet so circumstanced as to give him the very best chance of using the ram; and yet he only succeeded in sinking one ship with this weapon. "Tegetthoff," says Admiral Page, "had a remarkable chance; the circumstances were extraordinary. In spite of the power of the ram, the gun is still the principal and dominating weapon of naval war." This was written in 1866, and shows singular insight. The Italian tactics should have been a rapid concentration upon the wooden ships when the ironclads had cleared the line. Again, the Italian divisions should have kept together. It is obvious, from the accounts of the battle, that the Austrians hunted in threes and fours, while the Italians fought individually and isolated. But there was no remedying the initial mistake of the attack on Lissa before the Austrian fleet had been crushed or masked.

On the return of the fleet to Ancona, it was at first asserted that the Italians had won a great victory, and sunk three Austrian ships. But the loss of the "Palestro" and "Re d'Italia" was a manifest fact, while news came from Pola that all the Austrian vessels were safe. Gradually it leaked out; first, that the battle had been a Pyrrhic victory, and then that it had been a disgraceful and dishonorable defeat. The rage against Persano was furious, and it was not diminished by a dispatch of his in which he mentioned the "Re d'Italia," "Re di Portogallo," "Palestro," "San Martino," and his own "Affondatore," as the ships which had most distinguished themselves, when, even by his own account, the "Affondatore" had done next to nothing. The Italians have been blamed for this exhibition of feeling; it has been said that they forgot the splendid resolution of the Roman Senators, when, after Cannæ, they went forth to greet the defeated Varro, because he had not despaired of his country.

[H. W. Wilson.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE BATTLE OF SADOWA

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION—THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS—THE FOUNDING OF AN EMPIRE

A.D. 1866

THE Seven Weeks' War between Prussia and Austria, which resulted in the defeat of the latter at the battle of Sadowa and indirectly in the establishment of the German Empire through the confederation of states then formed, originated in a dispute over Schleswig-Holstein. In 1863 a war had occurred between Denmark and Prussia on the same subject. It was terminated by the Treaty of Vienna, signed October 30, 1864, by virtue of which the direction of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenberg was handed over to Austria and Prussia, who took upon themselves their civil and military administration.

This occupation of the duchies by these two powers was openly announced as a temporary measure, and was so considered by the whole of Europe. Austria wished to resign her temporary trusteeship as soon as possible, and proposed to place provisionally the Duke of Augustenburg over the duchies, until the respective claims of that house and Oldenburg had been settled, and thus fulfill the object for which the war had been undertaken. But this did not suit the design of Prussia, which was evidently the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein. Bismarck declared in the Prussian chambers that Prussia would claim the whole of the duchies, and that, come what might, they would not give up Kiel. In August, active measures were taken with reference to the matter. The Emperor Francis and King William met at Gastein, a little town on the banks of the Achen, about forty miles from Salzburg, and here was

concluded the Convention of Gastein, by which it was agreed that Schleswig should belong to Prussia, Holstein to Austria, and that Kiel should be a federal free port under the guardianship of Prussia. Four months after, the emperor of Austria sold the duchy of Lauenburg, acquired by the Treaty of Vienna, to the king of Prussia for 2,500,000 Danish dollars (about $3,250,000).

These proceedings, as might have been expected, created the greatest indignation in England, France, and among the minor states. Earl Russell declared that all rights, old and new, had been trodden under by the Gastein Convention, and that violence and force had been the only bases on which this convention had been established, while utter disregard of all public laws had been shown throughout all these transactions. On the part of France, her minister said that the Austrian and Prussian governments were guilty in the eyes of Europe of dividing between themselves territories they were bound to give up to the claimants who seemed to have the best title, and that modern Europe was not accustomed to deeds fit only for the dark ages; such principles, he added, can only overthrow the past without building up anything new. The Frankfort Diet declared the two powers to have violated all principles of right, especially that of the duchies to direct their own affairs as they pleased, provided they did not interfere with the general interests of the German nation. Nevertheless, a Prussian governor was appointed over Schleswig, and an Austrian over Holstein, both assuming these duchies to be parts of their respective empires.

Early in 1866, it was evident that no real friendship could long continue between Prussia and Austria, and that these two great robbers would surely fall out over the division of the plunder; making it the ostensible cause for dispute, which was in reality their rivalry for the leadership in Germany. In June, the Prussians crossed the Eyder, and took possession of Holstein, appointed a supreme president over the two duchies which passed under Prussian rule, and settled, after a summary fashion, the vexed question. There were also other causes which tended to war. The weak side of Austria, weaker far than Hungary, was her Italian province of Venetia, one, indeed, that few can say she had any real or natural

right to hold, beyond having acquired it by the treaty of 1813. To recover this from German rule had been the incessant desire of Italy, and grievous was her disappointment when the emperor of the French thought fit to stop immediately after the battle of Magenta and Solferino, instead of pushing on, as it was hoped he would have done, to the conquest of Venetia.

In the spring of 1866, Italy was making active preparations for war, and Austria, on the other hand, increased largely the number of her troops, Prussia choosing, in defiance of all fair dealing, to assume that all these armaments were directed against herself; and, on this supposition, sent a circular to the minor states to tell them they must decide which side to take in the impending struggle. A secret treaty was made between Prussia and Italy: that Italy should be ready to take up arms the moment Prussia gave the signal, and that Prussia should go on with the war until Venetia was ceded to Italy. Angry discussions took place in the Diet between Austria and Prussia, which ended in Prussia declaring the Germanic Confederation to be broken up, and both sides preparing for war.

Austria began early to arm, for she required longer time to mobilize her army. Prussia, on the contrary, was in readiness for action. Every Prussian who is twenty years old, without distinction of rank, has to serve in the army, three years with the colors, five more in the reserve, after which he is placed for eleven years in the Landwehr, and liable to be called out when occasion requires. In peace everything is kept ready for the mobilization of its army. In a wonderfully short time the organization was complete, and 260,000 men brought into the field in Bohemia. In arms, they had the advantage of the needle-gun. The Prussian forces were in three divisions, the "First Army" under the command of Prince Frederick Charles; the "Second Army" under that of the crown prince; and the "Army of the Elbe," under General Herwarth. The supreme command of the Austrian army of the north was given to Feldzeugmeister von Benedek, that of the south to the Archduke Albert.

On June 14, Prussia sent a telegraphic summons to Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Saxony, demanding them to reduce their armies

to the peace establishment, and to concur with Prussia respecting the Germanic Confederation; and that if they did not send their consent within twelve hours, war would be declared. The states did not reply, Prussia declared war, and on the 16th invaded their territories. The occupation and disarmament of Hanover and Hesse were necessary to Prussia for a free communication with her Rhenish provinces, and she effected her purpose by means of well-planned combinations, so that in the course of a few days these states were overrun by Prussian troops, and their sovereigns expelled.

The rapid progress of events, and the Prussian declaration of war, had taken Hanover by surprise. Her army was not yet mobilized; Austria had evacuated Holstein, or she could have looked to her for support. To attempt to defend the capital was hopeless; so King George, suffering from blindness, moved with his army to Gottingen, with a view of joining the Bavarians. Prussia entered by the north, and, assisted by her navy on the Elbe, was by the 22d in possession of the whole of Hanover. Closed round on all sides by the Prussians, unassisted by Prince Charles of Bavaria, Gotha having declared for Prussia, the king of Hanover, with his little army, crossed the frontier of his kingdom, and at Langensalza, fifteen miles north of Gotha, encountered the Prussians, and remained master of the battlefield. But victory was of little avail; surrounded by 40,000 Prussians, the king was forced to capitulate. The arms and military stores were handed over to the enemy, and the king and his soldiers allowed to depart. Thus, through the supineness of Prince Charles of Bavaria, a whole army was made captive, and Hanover erased from the roll of independent states.

More fortunate than his neighbor, the elector of Hesse-Cassel saved his army, though not his territory, from the invader. His troops retired toward the Main, where they secured a communication with the Federal army at Frankfort. The elector remained in Hesse, and was sent a state prisoner to the Prussian fortress of Stettin, on the Oder. The Prussians overran his territory, declaring they were not at war against "peoples, but against governments."

Two bodies of Prussian troops entered Saxony—the "First Army" and the "Army of the Elbe"—and the Saxon army retired into Bohemia to effect a junction with the Austrians. On the 20th, Leipsic was seized, and the whole of Saxony was in undisturbed possession of the Prussians; Prince Frederick Charles issuing a most stringent order that private property should be respected, and every regard shown to the comfort of the inhabitants. His order was strictly observed, and every measure taken to prevent the miseries attendant on the occupation of a country by a foreign army.

The invasion of Saxony brought immediately open war between Prussia and Austria, and on the 23d the Prussian army crossed the Bohemian frontier—only a week since it had entered Saxony. It is needless here to detail the battles which immediately followed; suffice it to say, the Prussians were victorious in all—at Podoll, where the needle-gun did such terrible work; Munchengratz, which gave them the whole line of the Iser; Trautenan, Gitschen, and others. On the 1st of July, the king of Prussia arrived from Berlin and took the supreme command of the army. The following day brought news from the crown prince that he was hastening from Silesia with the "Second Army," whereby the whole of the Prussian forces would be concentrated. On the 3d of July was fought the decisive battle of Koniggratz, or Sadowa, as it is sometimes called, from the village of that name, a cluster of pine-wood cottages, inclosed by orchards, with a wood-crowned hill at the back, which was fiercely disputed by the contending parties.

On that day, General von Benedek had taken his position with the Austrian army in front of the frontier fortress of Koniggratz, on the right bank of the Elbe, about fifty-five miles east of Prague, to oppose the passage of the crown prince from Silesia. In his front lay the marshy stream of Bistritz, upon which Sadowa and a few other villages are situate. At half-past seven in the morning the battle began, and continued with great slaughter without any marked advantage on either side till the arrival of the crown prince decided, like the advance of Blucher at Waterloo, the fortune of the day. The Austrians were completely routed, and fled across the Elbe to save the capital. They lost 40,000 men in this san

guinary conflict, the Prussians 10,000. The forces in the field were 200,000 Austrians and Saxons, and 260,000 Prussians.

Immediately after her crushing defeat, Austria surrendered Venetia to France, and the Emperor Napoleon at once accepted the gift and gave it over to Victor Emmanuel. Italy had shown to little advantage in her part of the war. Austria, though unsuccessful against the Prussians, had completely beaten the Italians; on land at Custozza, June 24, and by sea at Lissa, as already described.

On July 26, preliminaries of peace were signed at Nikolsburg, and peace was finally concluded at Prague, August 23, between Prussia and Austria, and about the same time with the South German states. The Prussian House of Deputies voted the annexation of the conquered states, and in October peace was concluded with Saxony. By these arrangements, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Frankfort became provinces of Prussia, as well as the long-disputed duchies of Denmark. All the German states north of the Main concluded a treaty, offensive and defensive, for the maintenance of the security of their states. Prussia increased her territory by 32,000 square miles and her population 4,000,000; and in October, 1866, the whole of northern Germany was united into a confederation which lasted until the establishment of the present empire in 1871; which empire, in some respects, may be said to have been founded at Sadowa.

CHAPTER XL

THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE AND THE FALL OF SEDAN

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—PARISIAN ENTHUSIASM—THE OPPOSING FORCES—THE ENGAGEMENT AT SAARBRUCK—THE STORMING OF GEISBERG—THE BATTLE OF TROSCHWELLER—GRAVELOTTE—THE INVESTMENT OF STRASBURG—BAZEILLES AND BALAN—SEDAN AND AFTER

A.D. 1870—1871

ON July 4, 1870, the throne of Spain was offered to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. The fact created great excitement in France. Threatening speeches were made. On July 12th Prince Leopold declined the offer. On the morrow France demanded a guarantee that any future offer of the kind would be refused. The king of Prussia would not listen to the proposition. The French minister, through whom the demand had been transmitted, then asked for his passports. War was imminent.

At the prospect Paris grew mad with enthusiasm. Crowds assembled in the streets, shouting "Down with Prussia!" "Long live France!" "To the Rhine!" "To Berlin!" The papers abounded with inflammatory appeals, and, after the impulsive French fashion, glorified beforehand the easy triumphs that were to be won over the Prussians. Men told one another that they would be across the Rhine in a week, and at Berlin in a fortnight. The excitement in Prussia was not less than that in France. The people, with scarcely an exception, declared their readiness for war, and seemed to find a pleasure in the opportunity now presented for settling old quarrels. Like the people of Paris, the Prussians shouted "To the Rhine!" The French cry of "To Berlin!" had its counterpart in the German ejaculation of "To Paris!"

and Leipsic was as much talked about by the Prussians as Jena by the French.

Even before the declaration of war, Prussia began to mobilize her troops, and to make other preparations for the conflict. Meanwhile the French government was silently pushing forward its preparations, and at length the opening of the campaign drew near. The emperor, accompanied by the Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon, left St. Cloud, on July 28, for Metz, the base of the French operations.

The forces which the Prussian government was enabled to bring to the frontier not many days after the formal declaration of war were divided into three armies: the first consisting of 50,000 infantry, 6,600 cavalry, and 192 guns; the second comprising 190,000 infantry, 24,200 cavalry, and 672 guns; the third amounting to 172,000 infantry, 17,000 cavalry, and 576 guns. The three armies, taken together, formed a grand total of 412,000 infantry, 47,800 cavalry, and 1,440 guns. Of these armies the first was commanded by General Steinmetz, with Major-general von Sperling as chief of the staff; the second by Prince Frederick Charles, with Colonel von Stiehie as chief of the staff; and the third by the crown prince, with Lieut.-general von Blumenthal as chief of the staff: the entire forces being under the general command of the king of Prussia, assisted by General von Moltke, as chief of his staff. Stong reserves were formed at Coblentz, Maintz, Frankfort, and Hainau; and the north was defended by an army under General von Falckenstein. Taken altogether, and including the Landwehr and other resources, Prussia had at her disposal, for the purposes of war, a million and a quarter of well-armed and well-drilled soldiers. Of the forces actively employed, the first army reached the frontier some time before July 28, and proceeded to occupy the line of the Saar, resting its right on Saarburg, with advanced posts at that place and at Merzig, Saarlouis, Saarbruck, and Bliescastel, and massing the main body behind at Ottweiler, Neunkirchen, Homburg, and Landstuhl. The second army, with the royal headquarters, crossed the Rhine at Maintz and Mannheim, and, on August 1, took up its station to the left of General Steinmetz, occupying Zweibrucken

and Pinnasens, with its main body echeloned along the line of railway from Landstuhl to Landau. A day or two later the third army arrived by Mannheim and Germersheim, and formed to the left of the second army, with its main body at Neustadt, Spires, Landau, and Germersheim.

The men were perfect in drill, and so accustomed to combined action that they seemed to form parts of one vast machine, capable of being directed with the greatest facility and effect to any object that might be contemplated by the commanders, yet at the same time the intelligence and self-reliance of the individual soldier were not sacrificed to the completeness of the whole body. Arming, equipment, commissariat, transport, medical and surgical attendance, were all arranged in the best possible manner; and the rough test of war showed that what had previously held good in theory was equally excellent in practice. The forces were provided with a field-telegraph and a field-post, with the means of reconstructing railways that might be destroyed by the enemy, and with a corps of grave-diggers; and (by an arrangement characterized by a grim horror, yet unquestionably useful) every man was required to wear around his neck a label establishing his identity if killed, or, in case of his being wounded, supplying the surgeon with a form whereon to describe his case, for the instruction of the medical officers of the hospital to which he might be sent.

The directing intellect of all this vast mechanism was undoubtedly Count von Moltke, who was to the military system of Prussia what Bismarck became to its political system.

The French armies on the eastern frontier were supposed to present a grand total of 165,400 infantry, 18,400 cavalry, and 456 guns, with two corps of reserve, of 61,500 infantry, 12,350 cavalry, and 198 guns, commanded by Marshal Canrobert and General Felix Douay. A division was placed on the Spanish frontier to watch the policy of the governing party across the Pyrenees; and another body of troops was detailed for the Baltic expedition. The general command of the invading army was retained by the emperor in his own hands, assisted by Marshal Lebœuf (removed, for the purpose, from the Ministry of War) as chief of the staff; and the commanders of the several corps (five in number) into which

the whole was divided, were Marshal MacMahon, General Frossard, Marshal Bazaine, General de l'Admirault, and General de Failly. In addition to these corps was the Imperial Guard, under General Bourbaki. Like the German army, the French forces had the advantage of a highly elaborated railway system, by which they could rapidly concentrate on particular points, or establish communications between city and city. In connection with their line of operations, or in their rear, were the fortified towns of Strasburg, Metz, Bitsche, Phalsburg, Thionville, Toul, and other places of strength.

The less important operations of the war began even before the formal declaration of hostilities. As early as the 16th of July there was a Prussian reconnaissance at Landau; on the 17th the French were concentrating on the frontier at Metz and Thionville, while the Prussians, who were pouring into the Rhenish provinces, occupied a French village near Longwy. War, as we have seen, was formally declared at Berlin on the 19th. On July 23, an attack was made by the French on the open town of Saarbruck, just within the Rhenish-Prussian frontier, but it was repulsed. The attempt was renewed on August 2, and with success. Saarbruck is situated on the river Saar, which waters a country abounding in fortresses. The ancient and picturesque city of Trèves (or Trier, as the Germans call it) is situated some miles to the north of Saarbruck. The emperor Napoleon, seeing that the town was a station of some importance to the Germans, who had here the command of three lines of railway, on which troops and stores were being rapidly moved, determined to take the place by a vigorous assault. Between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of August 2, the French moved up large bodies of troops, and occupied the heights overlooking the town. A good deal of wood surrounded the place, and from this ambuscade the Prussian cannon was heard at intervals as General Bataille, of the 2d corps, advanced with his men. Suddenly a loud cheer burst forth to the right, on the road running from Forbach (in the French territory) to Saarbruck. The emperor had arrived, and was seen riding along the front of the columns.

Lieut.-colonel Thebeaudin, with two battalions of his regiment

(the 67th), in advancing to the attack of the village of St. Arnual, found it strongly occupied and defended by batteries of position planted on the right bank of the Saar. To demolish this artillery, General Micheler ordered into action a battery of the 15th regiment, which effectually opened fire on the Prussian guns. Supported by a battalion of the 40th regiment of the line, and by a company of sappers and miners of the 3d division, materially assisted by the flank movement of Colonel Mangin (who, with the remainder of the 67th regiment and the 66th regiment, descended the heights on the left), Lieut.-colonel Thebeaudin carried the village of St. Arnual, and occupied it with a battalion of the 40th regiment and the company of sappers and miners. The battalions of the 67th rushed up the slopes of the hillock of St. Arnual, and established themselves on the crest opposite Saarbruck. The 66th took possession of the heights up to the exercising ground, driving the enemy from all his positions. At the same time, General Bataille rapidly moved his 1st brigade to the rising ground on the left of the Saarbruck road, connecting his movement with that of the 2d brigade by advancing a battalion of the 33d regiment. Advancing in line, the battalions of the 23d and 8th regiments, their front covered by numerous skirmishers, carried the many ravines which run across the ground, which is very difficult and thickly wooded. One battalion of the 8th regiment, working its way across the woods, followed the railway as far as the village of Frotrany, where it effected its junction with the other battalions of the regiment, and together they attacked the exercising-ground on the right. On gaining the heights, General Bataille planted one of his batteries in front of the lines of the 66th regiment, and another on the exercising-ground, to fire on the railway station, and silence the enemy's artillery, which had taken up a position on the left of Saarbruck. This had the desired effect; and after some more artillery practice, a battery of mitrailleuses of the 2d division threw the German columns of infantry into disorder. Their effect was remarkable. Battalions were scattered with great loss, the remainder flying in all directions. When the French had gained the heights commanding the town, a battery of mitrailleuses was placed in position in presence of the emperor and the prince im-

perial. Shortly afterward a Prussian detachment marched over the railway bank at a distance of 1,600 meters. The mitrailleuses fired, and in a moment the detachment was dispersed, leaving half its number on the ground. A second detachment subsequently suffered the same fate, and the spirits of the French army were raised by the apparent excellence of the weapon, now first tried in active warfare.

Finding the position no longer tenable, the Prussians began to evacuate the town. The French entered before the evacuation was complete, and established themselves in the parade-ground, where they planted their artillery, and directed their fire upon the railway station and the intrenched places. The town was by this time on fire in three or four directions, and a running fight between the two forces was for some time maintained in the streets. All was over by about one o'clock, and in a little while men from either side came in under flags of truce to reclaim the dead and wounded.

The slight success obtained by the French on the 2d of August was quickly followed by serious disasters. Nothing of consequence occurred on the 3d; but on the 4th the crown prince of Prussia (in command of the 3d Army, forming the left of the German line) made a sudden attack on the French right. At daybreak the men of General Abel Douay's division were busy preparing their breakfast on a high hill, called the Geisberg, situated about three-quarters of a mile from the town of Weissenburg. The town itself it seated on the river Lauter, just within the French frontier, and a little to the southeast of Saarbruck. In the gray light of dawn, on the morning of that 4th of August, the French soldiers encamped on the Geisberg looked across a valley of no slight beauty, abounding in objects of pastoral peace and rustic comfort. It was soon, however, to be the scene of a sanguinary contest. Suddenly a storm of shells broke over the camp and the neighboring town, setting fire to the latter. The crown prince of Prussia had planted his guns on the heights of Schweigen, a village on the other side of the river, in Bavaria; and, although the French had prosecuted a reconnaissance in that direction on the previous day, and had not discovered the presence of the enemy, it was now evident that a very considerable force held the ground. In fact, the crown prince

had under his orders, in that commanding position, the greater part of the 5th and 11th Prussian corps, and the 2d Bavarian corps—the whole variously estimated at fifty thousand and one hundred thousand men.

The French division posted in the neighborhood of Weissenburg seems to have numbered no more than ten thousand. It had been stationed there in order to protect the march of MacMahon from Strasburg, on the right of the French line, to join the forces under de Failly at Sarreguemines and Bitsche, some miles to the northwest of Weissenburg. MacMahon, being too isolated at Strasburg, had been ordered by the emperor to close up to the left; but in so doing he was obliged to make his way through that portion of the French frontier-territory where the Rhine no longer forms the boundary, and where, in fact, there is no great natural line of demarcation. At this point the marshal's right flank was so much exposed to the possibility of an attack by the Germans that it was thought prudent to send General Abel Douay to cover the march of MacMahon's four divisions in the locality where they were most in danger of being surprised. The precaution was a very proper one; but it seems to have been forgotten that the protecting force was itself also liable to a sudden incursion. Nothing effectual was done to ward off such a result, and the consequences were seen in the action that took place on August 4.

The country on the Bavarian side of the Lauter is so thickly wooded that the approach of the crown prince's army was not perceived. Its advanced posts had been stationed a few miles off, at Bergzabern, and at Veuden Junction, on the railway from Treves. The troops, having been massed at these points during the night of the 3d, were ready to advance by dawn on the following morning. Suddenly confronted by an immense host of adversaries, who poured across the river at various points, the French did their best to defend the position they occupied; but the task was hopeless from the first. They soon found themselves attacked in front and on both flanks. The Geisberg was stormed and carried, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. Douay's troops rushed forward with great spirit, leaving their knapsacks and other impediments behind them. They had only three guns, while the

artillery of the Prussians was very considerable, and did so much execution that the French, after a while, took shelter behind some farmhouses near the town, from which, however, they were speedily dislodged by the terrible fire that rained upon them.

The Turcos are said to have fought with extraordinary courage and resolution, repeatedly charging the enemy at the point of the bayonet, and losing large numbers from the volleys of grapeshot. The two regiments of the line also greatly distinguished themselves, and lost many officers and men. In the course of the action a detachment of the line arrived by rail without knowing that a battle was going forward until they reached the scene of conflict. The soldiers at once jumped out, seized their muskets, and threw themselves into the thick of the fight. At about eleven A.M. General Voscan's division began to retire; shortly afterward, however, a new attack was ordered, and the Turcos again charged with the bayonet on one of the Prussian batteries. But no valor, however splendid, no determination, however persistent, no self-sacrifice, however heroic, could possibly have prevailed against such a vast superiority in numbers and in arms. At noon General Douay was himself struck down by a shell, and killed on the spot. General de Montmarie was wounded, and many other officers fell at the head of their men. By two o'clock it was evident that any further attempt to resist the Prussians would be attended by the utter destruction of the division. The French therefore began to retreat; but, being followed some way by the Prussian artillery, the movement was soon converted into a rout.

Both sides suffered severely in this action. The French are said to have had three thousand killed and wounded; while in officers alone the Prussians lost one hundred and fifty-eight either slain or disabled, and doubtless a proportionate number of privates. The German official accounts stated that upward of five hundred unwounded prisoners, including many Turcos, fell into the hands of the attacking force, which, it was admitted, suffered severely. The pursuit was not prosecuted very far. Some Baden troops, which had crossed the Lauter at Lauterburg, made a slight attempt to cut off the retreating force; but the flight was so rapid as soon to outstrip the victors. The crown prince had arrived without his

two Prussian cavalry divisions, and was therefore not in a favorable position for following up his success.

In this encounter the French soldier proved that his old courage and gallantry were as brilliant as ever. But he was badly led, and suffered from the faults of indolent, purblind, and incompetent commanders. Douay's situation was so exposed as to invite attack; a comparatively small number of men were placed at the mercy of a large army; and nothing was done to guard against surprise, or to ascertain the position of the enemy. Yet, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, the French held their ground with a tenacity that nothing could surpass. Overwhelmed with immensely disproportionate numbers, they maintained a desperate and hopeless fight for nearly half a day; and, though possessed of scarcely any guns with which to oppose the sweeping artillery of the crown prince, they nevertheless inflicted terrible reprisals. The Germans themselves acknowledged the splendid valor with which their opponents fought after the Geisberg had been stormed. As in other operations of the war, the French soldiers were at once outnumbered and outgeneraled; but in courage they were only equaled, not surpassed.

On the part of the Germans nothing could be more magnificent than the way in which they stormed the Geisberg—a feat requiring the utmost courage, resolution, and force. One of the battalions engaged in this exploit lost eleven officers and two hundred and forty-seven men. The French were stationed at the top with their chassepots. The Germans rushed up the slope amid a tempest of fire, without giving a single shot in response to the showers of bullets with which they were greeted, though numbers of men fell mortally stricken on the route. As soon as they gained the crest, they charged the French at the point of the bayonet, and bore them down by sheer weight.

Unfortunate and mortifying for the French as the defeat at Weissenburg undoubtedly was, it was of small moment compared with the blows which followed on the 6th of August. As soon as he heard of the defeat of Douay, MacMahon moved to Reichshofen, at the foot of the Vosges Mountains, and was there joined by the remnant of the discomfited division, who endeavored to persuade

him that the force advancing from Landau was so large that it was impossible to encounter it even with the whole corps which the marshal had under his command. An able and courageous general was not likely to listen to these arguments of fear; and MacMahon accordingly took up a strong defensive position fifteen miles to the southwest of Weissenburg. His forces certainly did not exceed 55,000 men, whom he disposed in a semi-circular line, looking for the most part to the northeast. The right wing, which was thrown back, and followed the line of the great road and railway from Weissenburg along the Rhine to Strasburg, occupied the summit of some neighboring hills, and extended from Morsbronn to Elsasshausen. From the latter place the center reached to the heights in front of Froschwiller, and, by reason of a jutting hill detached from the main line of eminences, was thrust out toward the enemy in the direction of Worth and Gorsdorf. The left terminated in a mound covering the village of Reichshofen, and was protected by a wood. It was also in proximity to a branch of the railway already mentioned, turning off from the main line at Haguenau, and traversing the Vosges by the pass of Bitsche.

Through this country the crown prince, coming in a southwesterly direction from Weissenburg, steadily made his way during the 5th, and on the evening of that day was close to the French position. He had 130,000 men under his command (140,000 according to MacMahon); so that the French were again greatly overmatched. The Prussian cavalry and some other detachments being still in the rear, the prince, notwithstanding his known superiority of numbers, would gladly have postponed giving battle for some little while, owing, probably, to the strength of the enemy's position; but a skirmish between his outposts and those of the French precipitated a general collision at seven o'clock on the morning of the 6th. At that hour the Prussians, together with two Bavarian corps and the Wurtemberg division, showed themselves in advance of the heights of Gorsdorf, coming along the hills which run east of Worth and of the rivulet called the Sauer. They at once commenced a cannonade, quickly followed by vigorous movements against the first and third divisions. MacMahon, fearing that the whole position of his army would be turned,

ordered his first division to effect a change of front in advance upon its right wing, thus acting upon Froschwiller as a pivot, and so altering his line of battle as to transform it from a figure describing two sides of a square, of which Froschwiller was the angle, to a figure consisting of only one side, stretched out nearly in a straight line.

Foiled in their attempts against the French left, the Germans now attacked the center, but were repulsed with great loss. At one time, about the middle of the day, MacMahon seemed likely to win; but shortly after twelve o'clock a tremendous attack was directed against his right by the 11th Prussian corps. This assault was aided by sixty guns placed on the heights of Gunstett. It was met by the French in a series of desperate infantry charges, and equally frantic endeavors on the part of the cuirassiers to ride down the force opposed to them. The work performed by the latter was, indeed, so terrible that, on a certain regiment being ordered to charge the Prussian infantry, which was stationed behind inclosures, the colonel solemnly took leave of MacMahon, being persuaded that he and the greater number of his men were going to certain death. The result proved, in all but one respect, the accuracy of his prevision. Three-fourths of the regiment were mown down; but the colonel himself escaped.

As the day wore on it became apparent that the French could not possibly maintain their ground. Their right was gradually outflanked, and at four o'clock Marshal MacMahon gave the order to retreat. The movement was begun from the right, and was protected by the left, which still occupied the positions of Froschwiller and Reichshofen. Owing to this local advantage, the main body, according to the report of Marshal MacMahon to the emperor, was enabled to retire without being seriously annoyed. Other accounts, however, state that, after quitting the field, the French troops, without being pressed to any great degree (for the Bavarian and Wurtemberg horse who went in pursuit did not penetrate very far into the hills), gave way to one of those unreasoning panics to which armies in retreat are frequently liable. They fled southward through Haguenau to Strasburg, where 3,000 arrived without arms, and were at once embodied in the rather small garri-

son of the latter fortress. The left and center were scarcely more composed; they could not be rallied by the utmost exertions of their officers; and it is said that only three of the infantry regiments kept their ranks. Nearly all the personal staff of MacMahon were killed, and he himself was greatly exhausted, having been fifteen hours in the saddle.

After his defeat, MacMahon continued to fall back—first on Saverne, then on Nancy, and afterward on Chalons. An attempt should undoubtedly have been made to defend the passes of the Vosges Mountains, those natural ramparts of eastern France. But MacMahon's army was thoroughly disorganized and disheartened, and all endeavors to rally and re-form it on its passage westward were in vain. Nancy is situated in the province of Lorraine, and is therefore on what may be called the French side of the Vosges, all the defiles of which were left open to the enemy. It was evident that MacMahon would not long be able to maintain himself so far east, for the Prussian crown prince was pressing him hard. Marshal Bazaine was in a critical position at Metz; and it became necessary to take some measures to save France, if possible, from entire subjugation. Accordingly, MacMahon and de Failly received orders to join Canrobert at Chalons, where the reserves were being organized. The former arrived at the camp on the 16th, and the latter on the 20th, of August.

Of the 38,500 men he originally possessed, MacMahon had now only 16,000; and the Gardes Mobiles, whom he found in training at Chalons, did not seem likely to form good soldiers in an emergency. Some days before the arrival of MacMahon, these militiamen had exhibited a very rebellious temper. This state of feeling among the Mobiles was not reassuring to the remnants of the beaten army, who required the support of fresh legions to help them to resist the advancing tide of invasion. For the present it was resolved to make a stand at Metz, where Bazaine had under him a force of 100,000 infantry, 11,000 cavalry, and 280 guns; or, according to some accounts, a total of 140,000 men.

Resigning the command, the emperor went to the camp at Chalons, where he seems to have consulted with MacMahon, without fulfilling any office. He had been doubtful of the success of

the war from the beginning, and appears now to have entertained the worst forebodings. Partly from popular compulsion, and partly from a blind feeling of personal pique, which urged him onward like Destiny, he had hazarded a great stake, and it was already pretty evident that he had lost.

Having completely shattered the French forces at Weissenburg, Worth, and Forbach, the Prussians disposed their troops in such a way as to insure their great object of driving the French more and more to the west, and striking at Paris itself. The crown prince followed up MacMahon with the army of the left; the right and center, united, advanced on August 7, and occupied St. Avold, Sarreguemines, and Haguenau. Two days later, the patrols from the first of these places extended to within two German (about nine English) miles of Metz. The pursuit of MacMahon by the Prussian left was exciting and rapid. When the marshal paused for a short time at Toul, the crown prince was so close behind him that for some little while it was hoped on the one side, and feared on the other, that the retreating French would be cut off from Chalons. Nancy (the ancient capital of Lorraine) had already been abandoned. On August 12, Prussian soldiers took possession of the city.

As the Prussian left advanced, the fortresses on their line were attacked or "observed." Strasburg was invested on the 10th; Lichtenberg, a little hill fort, capitulated on the 13th; Marsal, a fortified place on the main road from Saarburg and Metz, gave in after a short defense; and the small fortress of La Petite Pierre surrendered as soon as it was summoned. The surrender of Toul was also demanded, but energetically refused. Phalsburg and Bitsche were surrounded by detachments, and, together with Toul, long resisted with great heroism. The German army was now facing nearly due west, and the French continued to fly before its steady and terrible advance. The energy and daring of the Prussian scouts were remarkable, and the knowledge which the invading force was thus enabled to obtain of the features of the country, the disposition of the people, and the movements of the French army, was of the greatest value to the several commanders. The French were so ill-served in this respect that, if we may believe

uncontradicted statements, they were actually ignorant of the topography of their own country.

On the 13th Prussian scouts were at Pont-à-Mousson, on the Moselle, thus cutting off MacMahon's communications with Metz; and the headquarters of the crown prince were near Luneville. The same day found the king at Henry, a small town about fourteen miles southeast of Metz, where he prepared to attack the French under Bazaine. He appears to have had at his disposal about 250,000 men—a much larger number than the French, even if we accept the highest estimate of their strength. These forces consisted of the armies of the right and center (in other words, the first and second armies), commanded, respectively, by Prince Frederick Charles and General Steinmetz, and drawn up to the east of the river Moselle in a large semicircle. Metz, which now lay before them, together with the bulk of the French army, had always been accounted the strongest city in France, after Strasburg. It is situated on both sides of the Moselle, at the juncture of that river with the Seille, and is a very convenient place for a defeated army to use as a rallying-point.

Bazaine, however, did not feel safe there, nor did the Prussian commanders despair of dealing successfully with his regiments, notwithstanding the protection of the forts. It was therefore determined to send a portion of the army to take possession of the bridge and road through Pont-à-Mousson, situated some miles to the southwest, on the left (or western) bank of the Moselle, and on the railway running from Nancy to Metz. This was done on the morning of Sunday, the 14th. At the same time, in order to cover the movement, General Steinmetz made a demonstration against the French troops lying partly between him and the fortress, and partly under the immediate shelter of the walls on the eastern side. At the commencement of the action (which is called the battle of Longeville, or of Courcelles), half of the 7th corps attacked the French right, and, being afterward re-enforced, drove the enemy from a slightly intrenched position toward the fortifications.

The Prussians, pursuing their advantage, came under the fire of the outworks, and lost a great number of men; but they assert that they succeeded in pushing the French back into the town. On the

other hand, a telegram from the emperor alleges that, after a combat of four hours, the Prussians were repulsed. According to this account, the French army was beginning to cross over to the left bank of the Moselle, and, when half had effected their passage, the enemy attacked in great force. This must mean that the other half, still remaining on the eastern side of the Moselle, was attacked; for the corps which crossed at Pont-à-Mousson did not come into action on the present occasion.

The encounter of the 14th, however serious for the French in some respects, did not prevent them from continuing their retreat. The whole army had completed the passage of the river by night. On the following day (the Napoleonic fete day) nothing particular occurred. But at nine o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, August 16, Bazaine was attacked at Vionville, a little place some few miles to the southwest of Metz. A considerable part of the German army had by this time crossed the Moselle at or near Pont-à-Mousson, and had penetrated to the west and northwest of that town, so as to be almost between Bazaine and Paris. The line of the invading forces was thus very much extended; but the French generalissimo did not dare to make an offensive movement against it. He continued his retreat along the two high roads running from Gravelotte to Verdun. It was on the southern road that the advancing French column was attacked in flank by the 3d Prussian corps.

When the French had faced half round to meet the enemy, Vionville formed the right of their position, which followed the crest of a range of hills stretching in the direction of Metz, and presenting a convex line toward the Prussians, who were coming up from the south. The French army therefore covered the southern road to Verdun as far as Vionville, its front extending southward toward Gorze. The 3d Prussian corps, which commenced the battle, commonly called the battle of Vionville, was re-enforced, in about six hours, by the 10th corps, and subsequently by portions of the 8th and 9th corps under Prince Frederick Charles. The Germans fought with extraordinary courage until nightfall; but they were greatly overmatched in point of numbers, and, though they inflicted terrible losses on the enemy, and (if we may

so far credit their official accounts) took two eagles, seven guns, and two thousand prisoners, they were unable, in any material degree, to oust the French from their positions.

Both sides claimed the victory in this action; but it was in truth a drawn battle. Marshal Bazaine telegraphed to Paris that at eight o'clock in the evening the enemy was repulsed along the whole line, and that his own army retained all their positions. This is not strictly correct: the Prussians were so far successful that they prevented the marshal from continuing his retreat.

Bazaine, though still in the main holding his ground on the night of the 16th, felt that his position was not permanently tenable, and therefore partially withdrew on the 17th to a stronger one. It was the right wing which was thus shifted, the left remaining in its former line between Vionville and the Moselle. The two wings thus formed a rather sharp angle at Vionville, where the right wing turned in a northerly direction, with its front to the west, and extended across the north Verdun road to St. Privat, on the road from Metz to Briey. According to this arrangement, Marshal Bazaine had the river Moselle on his left, and St. Privat, a steep hill bare of cover and strongly fortified, on his extreme right; while Vionville, at the angle, formed the center of the position. The number of men he commanded has been stated at about 110,000, with 20,000 as a reserve; but the sum total is not known with certainty. The Prussians were equally active, and during the 17th transported from the east side of the Moselle, over several bridges which they threw across the river, the 2d, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 12th corps, with the guards and artillery of the 3d corps. The total force is stated at 190,000 infantry, 24,000 cavalry, and more than 600 guns. The Prussian position was on a line of hills between Rezonville and Gravelotte; and at 10 A.M. on the morning of Thursday, August 18, the German commanders recommenced their attack on the French.

Their design was to move a large part of their army across the front of Bazaine's position (the French marshal's left being too strong to be carried by direct attack), to turn his right wing, while the left was being occupied, and thus to break up the whole line, forcing the French off both the Verdun roads, and driving them

under the outer fortifications of Metz—the task which they alleged they had accomplished on the 16th, but which in truth they had not. The guards, followed by the 12th, 9th, 3d, and 10th corps, accordingly wound steadily round the angle formed by the French center at Vionville. The French, posted on their line of hills, which they had strongly fortified with intrenchments, rifle-pits, etc., received the enemy with a tremendous fire from their guns, and from eight mitrailleuses, which swept down the slopes and up the opposite side of the valley to Gravelotte, commanding every approach. At their back, Bazaine's army had the forts of St. Quentin and Carières, securing their retreat, and of course adding considerably to their strength. The Germans were impeded in their progress by woods and other obstacles, but they steadily made way. The French right and right center were attacked by swarms of the enemy, issuing from the woods and dashing up the heights with such fury as to threaten the road to Sedan, and almost to outflank Bazaine's army. The resistance was equally energetic; but in the course of the afternoon St. Privat was stormed by the Prussian guards. The French left, near Gravelotte, had in the meanwhile been furiously attacked, and the slopes beyond the village became the scene of a most frightful struggle.

The French posted in their intrenchments, or crowding in the adjoining woods, kept up from their ambush a devastating fire; while their artillery, sweeping every approach, mowed down the assailants literally in thousands. The hitherto hardly-tried mitrailleuse proved here a terribly destructive arm; and batteries of these engines, which had been so placed as to be out of the reach of shells, did frightful execution at short ranges. In vain the Germans endeavored to storm the fatal heights; the onslaught of infantry was in vain succeeded by the impetuous rush of masses of horse; the battle hung for hours in suspense, while, below, the plain was filled with the dead and dying; and it was not until an attack to the left drove the French out of the first line of their works that any impression was made on them. Even then the struggle raged fiercely, and, though the German guns enfiladed part of the enemy's position, hardly any ground was really won, and the resistance was as heroic as the attack. But, in the inter-

val, the great turning movement of the morning had produced its effect; the right of the French had been outflanked, and their center slowly compelled to give way. They fell back on Metz, fighting to the last; and it is calculated that they lost 19,000 men in the struggle. The German loss could hardly have been less extreme.

On the road to Verdun are six pretty little villages, situated only a few hundred yards apart, and called Mars-la-Tour, Flavigny, Vionville, Rezonville, Malmaison, and Gravelotte. The center of the fighting was at the last-named of these hamlets. The news of the favorable termination of the battle of Gravelotte was brought to the king as he was sitting under a garden wall in the vicinity of Rezonville.

Disaster had followed disaster with fearful rapidity since the opening days of the war at the close of July. Less than a month had elapsed, and France had been seriously defeated in several engagements; the army of MacMahon was broken, dispirited, and in retreat; that of Bazaine was held as in a prison within the works of Metz; the lines of the Saar, the Moselle, and the Meuse had been successively abandoned; the passes of the Vosges had been relinquished without a blow; the emperor was a fugitive, and the Ollivier government at an end.

On the 17th of August General Trochu was, by a direct decree of the emperor himself, signed at Chalons, appointed governor of Paris and commander-in-chief of the forces assembled for its defense. The general—who was destined to play a greater part than he perhaps then anticipated—issued on the 19th a proclamation "to the National Guards, the National Guards Mobile, the land and sea troops in Paris, and all the defenders of the capital in a state of siege," in which it is remarkable that he only says he has "been appointed" to the post, without making any allusion to the emperor or empress.

All this while the Germans were gaining a firmer hold on the country. On the same day that General Trochu was appointed to the command of the troops in Paris, the king of Prussia nominated General von Bonin to the post of governor-general of Lorraine and Lieut.-general Count Bismarck-Bohlen to the same office in Alsace.

Two days after the battle of Gravelotte, a large force of Landwehr reached Metz, to fill up the gaps in the army caused by the losses on that and previous occasions, and to set free a portion of the regular forces for other work. The crown prince continued to advance steadily westward, with the evident intention of marching on Paris. He was now supported by a detachment from Prince Frederick Charles's army, consisting of the 4th corps, the 12th (Saxons), and the guards. These were constituted as a separate, or fourth army, the command of which was given to the prince of Saxony. By the 22d of August they were traversing the country between Verdun and the Belgian frontier, and keeping parallel with the crown prince, who was proceeding along the great Nancy-Chalons road. On that same day the crown prince's headquarters were at Vaucouleurs. On the 24th they were at Ligny, a little further to the northwest; and the king of Prussia simultaneously established his headquarters at Bar-le-Duc, still further in the same direction, and therefore nearer to Chalons. On the 24th, also, Vitry, a small fortress seventeen miles southeast of Chalons, surrendered to a Prussian detachment. The main body of Prince Frederick Charles's army remained to keep watch over Metz, around which city strong lines of circumvallation were drawn, so that the investment was completely effected by the 23d.

It now remained for the emperor and MacMahon to decide whether they would fall back on Paris, withdraw to a flanking position such as might harass and obstruct the enemy, or break up from Chalons, march in a northeasterly direction, and so fall suddenly on the rear of the German army before Metz. It is understood that Louis Napoleon was himself in favor of a retreat on Paris. It is stated that at a military council held at Chalons shortly after his arrival, it was resolved that MacMahon should lead the troops back to the capital, together with the emperor. The ministers, however, objected, and strongly gave it as their opinion that the army of Chalons ought to go to the relief of Metz. MacMahon protested against any such project as that of a flank march on the city now so closely beleaguered by Prince Frederick Charles, and asserted that he had no chance of operating successfully against the enemy, excepting under the walls of Paris. The

government of the Count of Palikao insisted; Marshal MacMahon had no choice but to obey; and the emperor, though entirely dissenting from the proposed course, would not set himself against the advice of the empress-regent and her ministers. It was therefore determined to quit Chalons, and endeavor to relieve Bazaine.

The government assured MacMahon that his enterprise would be abundantly facilitated by the railroad from Mezieres to Thionville, which would carry his stores, and by which he would receive re-enforcements. It appears to have been thought that he might, by forced marches, push his way through the hills of Argonne, and so across the Meuse to Montmedy, Longuyon, and Thionville, from which an attack might be directed against the besiegers of Metz. Accordingly, the marshal broke up from Châlons on August 21st, destroying his camp, and marching toward Rheims. The attempt, however, was full of danger, as Metz was by this time strongly invested. The leading German columns entered Châlons on the 24th, on which day the news of MacMahon's departure reached the king of Prussia's headquarters at Bar-le-Duc. The French commander, in the first instance, sent forward his cavalry and a portion of his guns (450 in number) by Suippe and Vouziers toward Montmedy; the infantry and the rest of the guns followed. His march, however, was far from rapid; and this was an expedition in which exceptional celerity of movement offered the only chance of success.

The siege of Strasburg was by this time proceeding with great vigor. Strasburg, the capital of the department of the Bas-Rhin, and the chief town of Alsace, is situated on a plain at a distance of about two miles from the left bank of the Rhine. Its form is irregular, and in circuit it is about five or six miles. When it was ceded by Austria to Louis XIV., the defenses were so improved by the great Vauban that it became the strongest city in France, and one of the strongest in the world. It is entered by seven gates, surrounded by a wall strengthened by bastions, ditches, and outworks; and at the eastern extremity is a citadel with five bastions, the outworks of which extend as far as the Rhine, which is crossed by a bridge of boats connecting Strasburg with Kehl, a town in Baden on the opposite bank of the great river. The actual city

of Strasburg is watered by the river Ill. It is a picturesque place, with a magnificent Gothic cathedral, and several other public buildings of interest and beauty.

Previous to the opening of the siege, several of the inhabitants prepared for flight. A traveler in that part of France, who left Strasburg just before the investment, gives some interesting particulars. "Dark rumors," says he, "were spread by the German residents, and there were violent encounters at all hours of the day in the populous suburbs of Strasburg. To these rumors the vigorous proclamation of General Uhrich formed a reply. When the commander was seen to be thus determined, the weak and timid sought permission to leave. By the exertions of the military authorities, two trains were organized, one for Basle and the other for Belfort, to carry away those of the Strasburgers who sought to avoid the horrors of a siege. The garrison of Strasburg found itself re-enforced by the Garde Mobile of the department, infantry, and artillery, the regiment of pontoon artillery, the depots of two regiments of artillery, with the depots of the 13th battalion of chasseurs, and of two regiments of the line. A strong body of men was thus thrown into the town, which is well supplied, and, above all, well commanded. General Uhrich, who was born at Phalsburg, is an energetic officer, who knows Strasburg perfectly.

"If an idea were wanted of the spirit of the inhabitants, it would be found in the reception given to the envoy sent by the Prussian General de Bayer. From the Saverne gate, by which he entered, to headquarters, he was accompanied by the townspeople, who cried in German, so that he might understand, 'We will not surrender.' When he had delivered his message to General Uhrich, the latter, by way of reply, opened the window and showed him the people, who cried out, 'Down with Prussia! Long live France! No surrender!' " The garrison made a sortie in the direction of Ostwald on the 16th of August, but were driven back with a loss of men and of three guns. Previous to this, the ramparts had been armed, the *glacis* razed, and the approaches to the town barricaded. The regular bombardment of the city, however, commenced at seven o'clock on the morning of the 19th from the

direction of Kehl, and was answered by the garrison firing on that town.

Simultaneously with these operations against Strasburg, the siege of Phalsburg, in the Vosges, was vigorously prosecuted. On the 16th of August the Prussians in front of the town were repulsed with loss; but the advantage to the French was only very brief, and at daybreak on the 18th the bombardment of the place commenced.

It was against an army elated by continual victories that the ill-organized and dispirited French forces under MacMahon had now to contend in the execution of a most difficult and hazardous enterprise—the relief of Bazaine at Metz. Bazaine himself had received three staggering blows in the actions of August 14, 16, and 18; and it is calculated that his losses in dead alone on those days amounted altogether to between twelve and fifteen thousand men, or, adding the wounded and prisoners, to fifty thousand. MacMahon had also suffered great losses, and these had been hastily and not very effectually repaired by new levies. We have seen that he entirely disapproved of the scheme for going to the relief of Metz, instead of withdrawing on Paris; but when the former plan was finally determined on, he seems to have put the best face he could on the attempt.

The army of MacMahon was clear of Rheims by the 23d. It had lingered there more than appears to have been justified by the posture of affairs; and it lingered again at Rethel, which it did not quit until the 25th. Had the marshal pushed vigorously forward, he might possibly have got to Metz before the investing army could have been re-enforced; and supposing him to have succeeded in delivering Bazaine—in that case a very probable event—the whole character of the war might have been changed. But the delay which, from whatever cause, clung to all his movements, was fatal to the whole design.

On August 26th the third and fourth German armies were still proceeding westward to Paris; but on the following day, the intentions of MacMahon being now quite obvious, the forces under the crown prince of Prussia and the crown prince of Saxony faced northward, and at once began the pursuit of the French. The two

UNITED STATES AND CUBAN SOLDIERS BATHING ON THE BEACH NEAR SANTIAGO

Battles, Volume Two

MOVING WOUNDED FROM THE FRONT AT SANTIAGO, JULY 2

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TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO TO EMBARK FOR THE PHILIPPINES

Battles, Volume Two

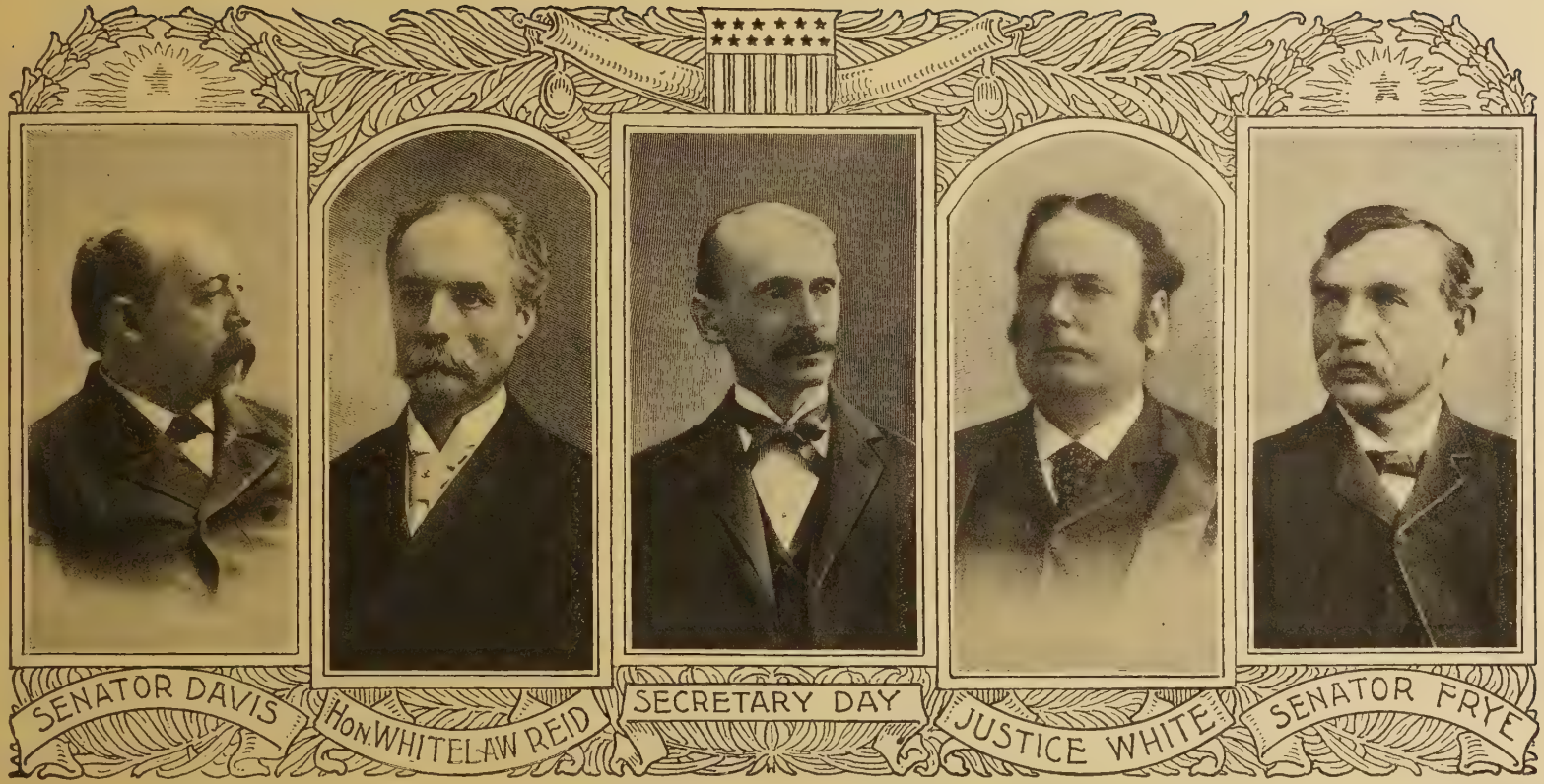
THE "ZEALANDIA" LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO WITH TROOPS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

Battles, Volume Two

THE PROTECTED CRUISER "OLYMPIA," ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP

AT CAMP WYKOFF CEMETERY
Battles, Volume Two

UNITED STATES MARINES FORMING A SKIRMISH LINE
Battles, Volume Two



THE AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSIONERS
Battles, Volume Two

Bavarian corps of the third army, joined to the 12th corps of the fourth, proceeded up the western bank of the Meuse; the guards and 4th corps of the latter followed the eastern bank; and the remaining corps of the third army, which were then at Rheims, Chalons, and Vitry, converged in the direction of Sedan. MacMahon and the emperor continued slowly to advance, with the prince imperial rather before them in his arrival at the several towns on the route. The marshal had divided his army into three bodies, one of which, consisting of about twenty thousand men, was sent by rail from Rethel to Mezieres, where it was to join an auxiliary corps sent from Paris under General Vinoy, and to close on the rear of the other two bodies when they had passed the Meuse. MacMahon himself advanced at the head of two great columns following parallel routes—one to the north by Stonne and Mouzon, the other more to the south by Vouziers and Buzancy, and both leading through the Lower Argonnes to Montmedy.

The crown prince of Saxony had reached Dun, on the eastern bank of the Meuse, by the 28th, and was prepared to dispute the passage of the river whenever MacMahon should attempt it. The next day he had possessed himself of both sides of the Meuse at Stenay. On the western bank the crown prince of Prussia was close upon the right column of the French army; and collisions of a minor nature took place on the 28th and 29th. Both German armies had moved with great rapidity, and MacMahon found himself caught in a species of trap, threatened at once in flank and rear, and hemmed into a narrow angle of the country, formed by the frontiers of Belgium and Luxemburg. On the afternoon of the 29th his army was concentrated beyond Stonne, and approaching the Meuse; on the morning of the 30th it began to cross the river, and the emperor telegraphed to Paris that a brilliant victory might be expected. Two corps safely reached the opposite side, and marched in the direction of Carignan, the next stage on the way to Montmedy. Before the others could cross, however, a Bavarian corps from the third German army, arriving at Beaumont through a wooded country, learned from its scouts that the enemy was in front. De Failly's corps had in fact been posted there to guard the rear of the main army while effecting the passage of the river.

The Germans made their dispositions under cover of the woods, and the French were again surprised. Being suddenly attacked, they were driven across the Meuse to Mouzon, and, as a consequence, the whole French army still remaining on the western bank was forced in hasty retreat toward the river. MacMahon for a time held the enemy in check while he conducted his men to the stream that lay not far off; and it is said that he masked this movement with his accustomed tactical skill. Another corps of the third German army, however, soon came into line; this was joined by the chief part of the forces of the crown prince of Saxony, advancing from Stenay; and on the French reaching the further side of the Meuse, they were fiercely attacked at Mouzon, and utterly routed with great loss.

At the same time the two corps which had already crossed and gone in the direction of Carignan were encountered at that place by another part of the army of the Saxon crown prince, and hurled back in great disorder. They retired across the Chiers (a small river which falls into the Meuse near Remilly, to the south of Sedan), and effected a junction with the main body, which, after its defeat at Mouzon, fell back along the eastern bank of the Meuse in a state of panic, throwing away arms and accouterments, and not stopping until it had put the Chiers between itself and the enemy. The whole army was collected behind that stream on the night of the 30th, and for the moment out of the reach of attack. On the afternoon of the 30th the emperor was at Carignan; but he retired with the rest, and took up a position with MacMahon around Sedan and the vicinity. A serious encounter took place on the 31st between Armigny and Douzy, on the road from Montmedy to Sedan, six miles from the Belgian frontier, but the result was indecisive.

Although the Germans were concentrating the great bulk of their forces for a prodigious effort at Sedan, they were not idle in other directions. The army besieging Strasburg succeeded, on the night of the 23d of August, in intrenching themselves within a thousand yards of the fortress, and at the same time captured the railway station without loss. This was done under cover of the field-batteries at Kehl. The headquarters of the besieging force

were then established at Lampertheim, five miles to the west-north-west of Strasburg; and on the following day an artillery engagement took place between the fortress and the enemy. It lasted during the whole day, became still more furious as evening advanced, and continued throughout the night until five o'clock on the morning of the 25th. The German fire told with such terrible effect that the right side of the citadel was burned down and the arsenal completely gutted. Several parts of the town were in flames, and one battery was silenced. On the other hand, the French inflicted considerable damage on the opposite town of Kehl, where several houses were burned down or knocked to pieces with shot. On the 26th the Prussian advanced posts were pushed forward to within eight hundred yards of the walls; the besiegers began diverting the river Ill, with a view to draining the moat; and matters began to look so serious that on the 28th the bishop of Strasburg (who died a few days afterward) made an attempt at mediation.

The attempted mediation came to nothing, and the bombardment was at once resumed. Parallels were opened on the night of the 29th, and forty-two new guns were placed in position without any endeavor on the part of the defenders to prevent it. The public buildings suffered severely during the progress of the siege. Although not substantially destroyed, the beautiful cathedral, celebrated all over Europe and America as one of the finest Gothic works of the Middle Ages, was a good deal damaged in parts; the astronomical clock, however, which, though constructed in 1571, is still regarded as one of the most astonishing pieces of mechanism in the world, escaped injury; and so did the organ. The library of the town was not so fortunate. By the 30th of August it was entirely destroyed, and presented nothing but a mass of tottering walls. This calamity was a serious one to the whole learned world, for the library contained one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, and was rich in rarities such as money cannot replace. Among these were the celebrated "Landsberg Missal, or Garden of Delights," full of Byzantine miniatures of the latter part of the twelfth century, and some of the productions of the early German printers. Other buildings were wholly or partially destroyed, and

entire streets were laid in ruins. Most of the people spent their nights in the cellars; horse-flesh was the only meat that could be obtained; potatoes were twenty francs a pound, and all other things in proportion. Yet the city continued to hold out, though some of the inhabitants urged its surrender.

Meanwhile, the Prussians continued to strengthen themselves before Metz, and the French did their best to render the position impregnable. The neighboring country was inundated, and the forces of Marshal Bazaine, strongly intrenched under the walls, awaited the assaults of the enemy, who was busy constructing a semicircular railway about the city, to enable him to use the Metz and Paris line before the capture of the place. In Paris, public opinion was agitated from day to day by the wildest reports of victories that had never been gained, succeeded by corresponding depression when the truth became known; and, although the government assured the people that they would put forward nothing but what they knew to be fact, it is to be feared that they sometimes lent themselves to the delusions of the hour. It should be recollected, however, that, owing to the state of the country, the presence of the Prussians in so many places, and the isolation of the French armies, it was often extremely difficult to obtain correct information. The preparations for the siege now clearly approaching continued to progress; and in the latter days of August the authorities expelled a large number of bad characters of both sexes, to relieve the city of superfluous mouths, and to assure the maintenance of order in case of the worst.

Sedan, the scene of one of the most tremendous events of modern times, is situated in that portion of France called the Ardennes. The department so designated belongs to the general region distinguished by the same term, which stretches across parts of France, Belgium, and the Prussian province of the Lower Rhine, from the Sambre to the Moselle.

The early dawn of Thursday, September 1, found MacMahon, in his position of defense, confronted by enormous masses of the enemy, who opened a vigorous fire shortly after daylight. The Prussians, during the night, had received re-enforcements, which occupied the heights of Francheville. The French also had been

strengthened by some fresh corps; but they were greatly outnumbered by the enemy, who had at his command nearly two hundred and forty thousand men, with from six hundred to seven hundred guns. The plan conceived by the Germans on the 31st of August, and carried out by them on the following day, was to envelop the whole French army, to hem it in upon Sedan, and so cut it off from every possibility of retreat. The crown prince of Saxony was ordered to turn the extreme left of the French, to assail their front at the same time, and, when these operations should have been crowned with success, to send a force round to the rear, which, meeting a detachment from the third German army, was to close upon the shattered and reeling lines of the adversary; at the same time, the crown prince of Prussia was to attack the right center of MacMahon at the projecting points of Bazeilles and Balan, to overwhelm the French right wing, and to effect a junction with the Saxon crown prince to the north. To insure the success of these movements, the whole of the 31st of August had been devoted to placing the various corps in the necessary positions: those of the crown prince of Saxony along the course of the Chiers, and those of the crown prince of Prussia beyond Remilly in the direction of the Meuse; with supports in other positions where they would be required to co-operate in the great turning movement that was to be the leading feature of the day.

When the French, on the early morning of the 1st of September, found themselves attacked by the Germans, they must have seen how desperate was their position. Partly by their own rashness and mismanagement, and partly by the admirable plans of the enemy, they found themselves caught in a trap—driven into a corner of the country, with no retreat open to them, except into a foreign land. Under cover of a thick fog, the advanced guard of the crown prince of Saxony crossed the Chiers, while the Bavarians, who had already crossed the Meuse, came into line with his left wing, and prepared to attack Bazeilles. By an extraordinary and culpable oversight, the French had neglected to break down the bridges over the Chiers, so that the advance of the Germans met with no obstacles. The forces of the Saxon crown prince proceeded toward Givonne, the Bavarians simultaneously ad-

vancing upon Bazeilles. The action did not fully commence until six o'clock A.M., and at nine a furious artillery fight at close range was going forward along the whole line. The troops stationed at Givonne—the least good under MacMahon's command, the position being considered too strong to be turned—were panic-struck at the approach of the Germans, and hastily gave way; their adversaries, after a brief combat, turning the French left wing. The beaten troops fled in a disorderly crowd into the woods, or fell back upon the center, which they incommoded and discouraged by their precipitate appearance on a part of the field where they were not wanted.

On the other hand, the victors, by about ten o'clock, were getting far to the rear of the whole French position, so that the junction with the Prussian crown prince was shortly afterward accomplished. Equal successes were obtained in other directions, and the French center began to recede, though the contest was still prolonged with desperate tenacity, the weaker side fiercely disputing every hill-slope and point of vantage, and inflicting as well as sustaining tremendous losses. Bazeilles and Balan were the two great scenes of carnage; for the French knew the importance of those places, and clung to them as long as it was possible to hold an inch of the ground—indeed, retained them for a while, even in spite of the murderous cross-fire which the Bavarians poured in from their supporting batteries. Headed by the emperor himself, who exposed his life with a courage which might be called reckless, the French at one time succeeded in driving back the enemy, and it seemed, even late in the day, as if they might possibly win.

The French right was in the meanwhile as hotly engaged. A railway bridge which crosses the Meuse had been broken down by MacMahon; but in the early morning the crown prince of Prussia had moved a division over the river on pontoon bridges. This was effected at the loop made by the Meuse in the rear of Sedan, and it enabled the prince to plant his batteries on the crest of a hill which overlooks Floing and the surrounding country. The French, suddenly attacked in the rear, were astonished by the position in which they found themselves; but, confronting the

enemy with all their available strength, they maintained a prolonged resistance. Their musketry fire was poured in with such deadliness and determination, that it was heard even above the deeper notes of the mitrailleuses, now playing with terrific effect upon the Germans. A correspondent of the London "Pall Mall Gazette" relates that General Sheridan, of the United States army, who was standing by him at the time, said he never heard so well-sustained and long-continued a small-arm fire.

By twelve o'clock, however, the Prussian battery of six guns, on the slope above the broken bridge over the Meuse, near La Villette, had silenced two batteries of French guns near the village of Floing. In another ten minutes the French infantry were compelled to retire from that position; and at five-and-twenty minutes after twelve large numbers of retreating French were seen on the hill between Floing and Sedan, their ranks shelled by a Prussian battery in front of St. Menges. At ten minutes to one another French column appeared in full retreat to the right of Sedan, on the road leading from Bazeilles to the wood of La Garenne. Then a third French column was observed moving up a broad grassy road through the same wood, immediately above Sedan. It seemed designed for the support of the troops defending the ravine of Bazeilles to the northeast of the town. A little before one the French batteries on the edge of this wood and above it opened a most terrific fire on the Prussian columns of the third corps, advancing with a view to gaining possession of the hill northwest of La Garenne. The batteries made so much havoc among these regiments that they were obliged to keep shifting their ground till ready for the final rush.

When the first skirmishers arrived at the crest of the hill, General Sheridan remarked to the "Pall Mall Gazette" correspondent that they were too weak to hold the position against so many French; and this proved to be the case, for the Prussians soon receded down the hill. At the bottom they were strongly reenforced, but were still inferior in numbers to the French. The French cuirassiers now dashed forward to charge the scattered ranks that were again straggling up the slope. Squares, it seems, are not used by the Prussians. On this occasion they did not even

form line, but received the cavalry with a fearful fire, at a distance of about one hundred and eight yards, reloading and firing as fast as possible. Men and horses were killed and wounded by hundreds; the others turned and fled, and the Prussians actually dashed after them at the double. The French infantry then advanced, firing hotly with their chassepots; but the Prussians waited until they were within about a hundred yards, when they replied so vigorously that the infantry, like the cavalry, retired behind a ridge on the road to Sedan.

Subsequently, another regiment of French cavalry made a renewed attempt to dislodge the enemy, who was now being reenforced every minute. This was as unsuccessful as the former, and shortly afterward it became apparent that the Prussians, by some extraordinary effort, had got a couple of four-pounders up the steep, and were using them with effect. The French infantry still greatly outnumbered their opponents; but they seemed paralyzed, and stood still without doing anything. Further cavalry charges followed; but, although they were executed with immense spirit and resolution, even to the extent of recklessness, they failed to shake the Prussians, who, forming line with the utmost coolness and self-possession, delivered volley after volley, and covered the ground with heaps of dead. Giving up the position for lost, the French rapidly fell back, though, on finding themselves pursued, the cavalry turned round, and charged desperately once more. Nothing, however, could then have changed the failure into a success. The French had lost the hill; the Prussians had gained it; and at two o'clock P.M. the latter received re-enforcements which made their acquisition still more secure.

The closing of the German line on the French rear, which took place at about one in the afternoon, cut off all hope of retreat. The contest in the Bazeilles ravine was no less bloody than that on the slopes of the hill to the northwest of La Garenne. In the ravine the Bavarian regiments suffered terribly from the mitrailleuses; but there, as elsewhere, the Germans continued to make way. At twenty minutes after three the Bavarians managed to get inside the fortifications of Sedan, and to maintain themselves there; at four the ridge above Bazeilles was carried by the attacking force,

and Sedan was swept on all sides by the German cannon. Battery after battery was opposed to the advancing armies; charge after charge was frantically directed against their ranks; but the French were steadily pressed back, till, losing all order and restraint, they were driven headlong into Sedan, under a scathing fire of artillery. The Germans had completed their circle of investment, and the French found themselves hemmed in on all sides—held in a grip of iron, and placed beyond all hope of escape.

Marshal MacMahon was wounded early in the day by a piece of shell or ball, which struck him in the back and hip; and the command of the army then devolved on General Wimpffen, who had arrived from Algeria only two days before, and who now had to assume the direction of affairs, without, it is said, knowing the marshal's plans, or even the disposition of the corps on the plateaus over Sedan, except through others. The battle was witnessed from a hill above Donchery by the Prussian king, accompanied by Moltke, von Roon, Bismarck, Generals Sheridan and Forsyth (of the United States army), and a numerous staff.

Bismarck discredited the idea of the French emperor suffering himself to be shut up in Sedan, where he would have no chance of getting away. Yet such was really the fact; and, indeed, having once embarked on the perilous and fatal enterprise, he could not have deserted his army without subjecting himself to damaging comments and odious imputations. He could have saved himself personally, had he thought only of his own freedom, and it is possible that, if he had been able to return to Paris, he might have averted the coming ruin of his government. But, on the other hand, it is at least as likely that the Parisians would have turned fiercely on the man who had failed, and, in the absence of the greater part of the army, have revenged upon him the fault which was equally theirs.

The French poured into Sedan, a wild and panic-stricken mob. This was about twenty minutes to five in the afternoon. Seeing no sign of a desire on the part of the enemy to capitulate, the king now gave orders that the town should be bombarded. Sedan was soon burning in several places, and at the same time the numerous villages scattered over the field of battle were wrapped in flames.

The king appears to have considered that a sufficient effect had been thus produced, and he accordingly directed that the firing should cease. He then sent Lieut.-colonel von Broussart, of the general staff, with a flag of truce, to demand the capitulation of the army and the fortress.

On being admitted into the town, and asking for the commander-in-chief, he was unexpectedly introduced into the presence of the emperor himself, who wished to give him a letter to the king of Prussia. Napoleon asked Colonel Broussart what his message was, and, on being informed, referred him to General de Wimpffen. The fallen emperor then sent off his adjutant-general, Reille, with the letter to King William.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when General Reille and Colonel Broussart arrived, the latter a little in advance; and it was through him that the king first learned with certainty the presence of the emperor in Sedan. General Reille, springing from his horse, handed to the king the letter of his sovereign, adding that he had no other orders. Before he opened the letter, King William said to General Reille, "But I demand as the first condition that the army lay down its arms." Upon being opened, this memorable letter—one of the most remarkable, considered with reference to the events to which it referred, and the issue to which it led, in all history—was found to commence with the words, "Not being able to die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your majesty." All the rest was left to the king. The victor wrote a brief reply, in which he deplored the manner of his meeting with the emperor, and begged that a plenipotentiary might be sent, with whom the capitulation could be concluded. The king gave General Moltke power to negotiate, and directed Count Bismarck to remain behind, in case political questions should arise.

The state of things within Sedan was terrible beyond words to depict. It is alleged by a member of the emperor's staff that Marshal MacMahon, on being wounded—which was as early as half-past six in the morning—had given orders, in the presence of the emperor, that General Ducrot should immediately mass the troops, and retreat on Mezieres, and that the general should at once occupy the heights which overlook Sedan. While measures were

being taken to carry out these directions, General de Wimpffen appeared on the scene, and, addressing General Ducrot, said, "I have undertaken the command of the army. Besides, I am an older general than you, and I hold the positions you are about to take to be entirely wrong. On the contrary, the troops must be commanded to advance directly."

When it became evident that there was no sign of Bazaine (whose approach may have been really believed by Wimpffen, as, if possible, it was to have formed part of the general operations of the day), all hope of victory departed. A council of war was called by the emperor, and it was almost unanimously acknowledged that there was no alternative but to submit. The town was surrounded by the Germans; batteries, planted on all the surrounding hilltops, dominated the place, and could lay it in ashes in less than an hour; the enemy was intoxicated with a prodigious success; and the French troops were in a state of dissolution—almost of mutiny.

General Wimpffen at first strongly opposed the capitulation. He declared he would die sooner than sign it, and argued that the situation was not so desperate as others represented. To remove these objections, maps were produced, and the position and force of the Germans and their batteries (of which, owing to his recent arrival, he was scarcely aware) were pointed out. Bitter as was the mortification, he had no choice but to give way.

When the French emperor surveyed the situation early on the morning of the 2d of September, it must have appeared still more obvious than on the previous night that further resistance was hopeless. Dense bodies of German troops were seen on the heights above the Meuse; the hilltops bristled with batteries in position; and the plains were covered, as far as the eye could reach, with regiment upon regiment. By noon the town was to be bombarded and the French army shelled, if the capitulation were not signed. Nothing but purposeless slaughter could have resulted from the determination to abide such an attack; and the emperor wisely and humanely resolved to see the conqueror, and endeavor to obtain a little better terms than those which had been already set down. Accompanied by a few of his staff, he started from Sedan at five o'clock in the morning, and proceeded in a carriage along

the road to Donchery, where the negotiations for the capitulation were to take place.

Count Bismarck was still in bed at Donchery when an officer entered in hot haste and announced that the emperor was coming to see him and the king. The count at once rose, and set off to meet the coming visitor. He encountered the carriage and its attendants just outside the town. The emperor alighted, and Count Bismarck, uncovering his head, stood with his cap in his hand. On the emperor requesting him to resume it, the count replied, "Sire, I receive your majesty as I would my own royal master." The emperor then returned to his carriage, and, followed by Count Bismarck on horseback, again proceeded in the direction of Donchery. Shortly afterward the emperor turned round in his seat, and requested Count Bismarck to halt at a small wayside house situated in the outskirts of the squalid little town they were approaching.

The carriage drew up; the emperor once more alighted, walked hurriedly to the rear of the house, presently returned, and, with the Prussian chancellor, went inside for about five minutes. It seems to have occurred to the two illustrious negotiators that, as the morning was bright and pleasant, it would be more agreeable to sit outside; so chairs were placed for them on a flat esplanade in front of the house and of its companion cottages, and divided from the road by a grassy slope of about twenty feet in extent. The generals who accompanied the emperor lay on the grass just out of earshot. Napoleon (who wore the undress uniform of a general, with a decoration on his breast, and the usual kepi) looked anxious and careworn, though not ill in health. He asked to see the king, and said that he placed himself at his majesty's disposal. He surrendered with his army, but added that he could not enter into any engagements of a political character, so as to hamper the French people, or the government of the empress regent.

This was in answer to some suggestion about bringing the war to a termination—a very natural point for Bismarck to urge, but one which Napoleon could not grant without acting treacherously to the country. The emperor told the Prussian minister he had no power to negotiate a peace; that he could not give orders to Mar-

shal Bazaine; and that with the empress and her ministers it must remain to decide on the future policy of the state. Count Bismarck hereupon remarked that it was of no avail to hold any further conversation on political matters, and that it would be equally useless to see the king. The emperor still pressed his desire to have an interview with his majesty; but Count Bismarck said that the capitulation must be signed first. The king preferred to arrange the terms of capitulation with the French generals, reserving all matters personal to the emperor himself for subsequent discussion with that potentate. But the surrender, as Bismarck reminded his visitor previous to their separating, must be complete, for the French were not in a position to demand any modification of terms.

At the conclusion of the interview, the count went to report to the king, and the emperor withdrew to consult his generals. The garrison of Sedan was furious at the idea of capitulation. But there, in grim black lines, on every bluff and knoll, on every ridge above the Meuse, on all the heights around, were drawn up the batteries which would rain a hail of fire on the devoted town. Some six hundred guns would burst into a sheet of iron against every house. The town—with a few old guns on the walls, with the French field artillery utterly crushed, completely commanded from three sides—could offer no resistance. The troops outside would have simply been turned into a mass of shattered bones and torn flesh in such a shambles as history has never recorded in its page of horrors. Count Moltke so clearly explained his plans to General Wimpffen, and made it so evident that nothing but a frightful massacre could result from any attempt at further opposition, that the French commander reluctantly agreed to sign the act of capitulation, as the only resource left.

The discussion took place, and the document was executed, at Frenois, a little village not far from Donchery. It was dated September 2, 1870, and was signed "Von Moltke, Wimpffen." The articles (five in number) provided that the French troops, finding themselves actually surrounded by superior forces, should give themselves up as prisoners of war; that in consequence of the brave defense offered by the army, all the generals and officers, and the superior employés having the rank of officers, who pledged

their word of honor in writing not to bear arms against Germany, nor to act in any manner against its interests, until the close of the existing war, should be allowed to retain their arms and personal effects; that all arms, materiel, flags, etc., should be delivered at Sedan to a military commission; that the town and fortified works of Sedan should be given up, at latest, on the evening of the 2d of September; and that those officers who should not have accepted the engagements previously set forth should be marched out, together with the disarmed troops, to the districts bordering upon the Meuse, near Iges, to be handed over to German commissaries by their officers, and the chief surgeons to remain behind to attend the wounded.

While the emperor and Count Bismarck were discoursing at Donchery, the Prussian king was waiting at Vendresse to hear news of the capitulation being either accepted or rejected. At length, having received no intelligence, he drove to the battlefield, according to agreement, at eight o'clock, and met General Moltke, who told him that the emperor had left Sedan at five o'clock in the morning, and was coming to speak with his majesty. The king appointed as the place of meeting the Chateau Bellevue, a country house situated at the village of Frenois, on a wooded knoll sloping down to the Meuse. This was the residence in which the capitulation was being settled. He then rode on to the height above Sedan, where Counts Moltke and Bismarck appeared at twelve o'clock with the capitulation signed. At one o'clock the king started for the chateau, accompanied by his staff and by the crown prince, and escorted by cavalry.

Shortly after the arrival of the king, the emperor reached the chateau, accompanied by his personal followers, his staff, and an escort. The interview between the two sovereigns took place in a little boudoir opening off the library. At the commencement of the interview the emperor was perfectly calm; received the king with grave politeness; spoke with him for a few moments in an outer room, and then withdrew with his fellow sovereign into the little boudoir. The crown prince stepped to the door, and closed it; and for a quarter of an hour the two remained closeted together.

When they came out, the emperor was visibly affected, and in

talking to the crown prince said, with much emotion, that the king had treated him with great kindness and generosity. As he spoke, he brushed the tears away from his eyes with the gloves he carried in one hand, and was overcome for several seconds. The king had appointed for the place of his detention the Palace of Wilhemshohe, in Cassel, a house which had once been the residence of his uncle, King Jerome, of Westphalia, and which was at that time designated Napoleonshohe. The emperor expressed great anxiety not to be paraded before his troops, to pass as little as possible through French territory, and to travel very quietly. These points were at once conceded, and he was allowed to take with him his personal luggage, his servants, and his carriages, together with a few officers of his household. General Boyen, of the Prussian army, and Prince Synar, formerly Prussian Secretary of Embassy at Paris, were attached to his majesty as aides-de-camp.

On the morning of September 3d the emperor started for the place of his captivity. The streets of Donchery were cleared for a short time, a little after nine o'clock, of the crowds of soldiers, teamsters, wagons, and horses that blocked the way, in order that the imperial carriages might pass to the northern road round the great bend of the river. It was raining heavily at the time, and the streets were thick with mud. The carriages were preceded by a troop of Black Hussars, in full uniform, and without cloaks. The emperor rode in a brougham, and wore the undress uniform of a lieutenant-general. He looked pale, anxious, and worn, with dark lines under the eyes; but the face was firmly set, and he was evidently observant of everything passing around. After the brougham came a *char-à-banc* filled with French and Prussian officers; then several more imperial carriages, with superb horses; then some French officers on horseback; next, a long string of saddle and other horses, ridden by grooms; and finally a second troop of Black Hussars.

To avoid passing through French territory, the Prussian king and the emperor applied to the Brussels government for permission to proceed through Belgium. This was granted, and the party arrived at noon on the 3d at Bouillon. Proceeding by rail along

the Liege route to Germany, the train was delayed for an hour at Libramont, where the emperor walked for some time up and down the platform, conversing with Count Montholon and other gentlemen, and also with one of the engineers of the railway. At Jemelle, Prince Pierre Bonaparte had a brief interview with his unfortunate relative.

When the imperial train arrived at Liege, there were about one hundred and fifty persons already waiting on the platform to see the vanquished of Sedan, though it was not generally known that he was coming that way. They remained perfectly silent; and Napoleon, it is alleged, did not seem at all embarrassed. At five o'clock in the evening of the 3d they arrived at Verviers. There the emperor slept at the Railway Hotel, and on the following morning (which was Sunday) resumed his journey. The train passed through Cologne without stopping; indeed, all the way from the German frontier to Wilhelmshohe, the driver (in accordance with orders considerately given by the king of Prussia) avoided stopping at the stations.

Wilhelmshohe was reached on the 5th, at half-past nine at night, and it was found that a military guard of honor was stationed there. On leaving the carriage the emperor went up to the right wing of the company, which presented arms, and passed in front, several times taking off his cap and saluting them. At three paces distant followed Generals von Plonski and Graf Monts, governor of the city of Cassel. Napoleon III. had arrived as a prisoner at the palace which his uncle had formerly occupied as a king.

The interview with the emperor, on the 2d, having come to an end, the Prussian king rode through the ranks of his army stationed round Sedan and met with a most enthusiastic reception. This occupied from half-past two to half-past seven—five hours of prodigious excitement, such as might have overcome a younger man.

The army in Sedan was in a terrible state on hearing that the capitulation had been concluded. Several of the men were so dispirited as to be ignobly glad that they had escaped from further peril and disaster; but the greater number were convulsed with grief and frantic with impotent rage. They cursed the emperor

and MacMahon, and declared that the country had been betrayed. They cursed the Prussians, and vowed that they would take vengeance on them in any way they could. They cursed their own officers, and threatened them with assassination. Some wept passionately and ceaselessly; some destroyed their arms and trampled them under foot; others stood apart, sullen and despairing.

After the signing of the act of capitulation on the 2d, some seven thousand French troops, with several pieces of artillery, crossed the Belgian frontier at different hours of the afternoon and evening, and laid down their arms. They were followed by twelve thousand on the following day. Three hundred German wounded also crossed the frontier and demanded an asylum.

The conquerors of Sedan took possession of the town on the morning of the 3d, and the march of the captive soldiers then commenced. Many of the officers refused to promise not to fight against the enemy, and preferred to go into captivity. It is said that there was actual danger of bloodshed when the prisoners began to move out of the ill-fated place. The officers in command, however, displayed great tact and firmness; the Germans showed themselves as little as possible; and a collision was fortunately avoided. The prisoners taken in the battle had already been sent off in strong detachments, guarded by German troops. The passage of the men handed over by the capitulation was a longer affair. Altogether about ninety five thousand men, with an immense number of horses, and guns that covered acres of ground when parked, are stated to have fallen to the successful army as the result of the battle of Sedan. These men were dispatched to Germany at the rate of about ten thousand a day.

While the great struggle was going on at Sedan, Bazaine was anxiously expecting at Metz the result of MacMahon's attempt to relieve him. By some mysterious means—probably an underground telegraph—the two marshals were for a time enabled to communicate with one another. A subterranean aqueduct, providing Metz with water, was found out by the besiegers, and destroyed; and the secret telegraph may really have existed. It seems certain that Bazaine knew of MacMahon's enterprise, and he endeavored to second it by a sortie. On the 31st of August he

made a desperate attempt to break through the lines of the investing force, reckoning on those lines having been weakened by the withdrawal of troops to meet the movement of MacMahon. With his whole army he attacked the first army corps of the Prussians, the division of General Kummer, and the fourth Landwehr division, on the east side of Metz.

The battle lasted through the day and night, and extended some way into the 1st of September; but it ended in the French being driven back at all points. The Germans had, indeed, by this time so strongly intrenched themselves before the fortress, and had so blocked and guarded every road leading up to it, that the success of a sortie became each day less likely. On this occasion they were enabled, by means of the telegraphic communication which they had established all round the fortress, rapidly to concentrate large re-enforcements on the weak point selected by Bazaine for his assault. They were thus in a position to hold their ground until the arrival, at the end of five and six hours respectively, of two additional corps from the western side, which were carried over pontoon bridges at Argancy and Hanconcourt.

The siege of Strasburg was continued with great vigor, and encountered with much heroism. Sorties of the garrison took place on the nights of the 1st and 2d of September; but the French were repulsed, after penetrating to the second parallel. The losses on both sides were severe, and the besieged had the mortification of finding themselves no nearer their object. At one time, however, they seized on the railway station; but from this they were dislodged, after a sharp encounter. The sufferings of the inhabitants grew more and more extreme as the siege progressed. For ten days the civilians remained day and night in their cellars; but even this resource was temporarily denied them, as a flooding of the Rhine inundated the basements of the houses with water. Those whose houses had been destroyed took refuge in the churches. Burials were no longer performed outside the town, but in the botanical garden. The supply of gas was soon exhausted, and every householder was required to place a lighted lantern at night in front of his dwelling. In addition to the public library, the Prussian shells destroyed the Temple Neuf (the largest

of the Protestant places of worship in the city, renowned for its fine organ and its mural paintings), the Museum of Art, and the best houses in the best quarter of the city. The damage done to the cathedral has been already noticed.

During the progress of these events the government of Paris continued to put the best face it could upon matters. The wildest reports of victories were circulated, and received for a time the sanction of the ministers. That they lent themselves willingly to the delusions of the hour is to be feared. It was only on Saturday, the 3d, that the government first gave the Parisian public some idea of the overwhelming disaster of Thursday, the 1st, and even then the truth was but partially revealed.

In the Corps Legislatif a Bill was introduced, calling to arms all citizens, married or single, between twenty and thirty-five years of age, and authorizing the government to call out all former officers and subordinate officers up to the age of sixty.

The news of the capitulation at Sedan produced frightful excitement in Paris. The walls were placarded with a proclamation issued by the Council of Ministers, which stated that a great misfortune had befallen the country; that, after three days of heroic struggles against three hundred thousand enemies, forty thousand French soldiers had been made prisoners; that Marshal MacMahon had been grievously wounded, and that General Wimpffen had signed a capitulation. A singular quiet was observable in the streets; but it was the hush that precedes the storm.

Very few persons were abroad in the earlier part of the day, and most of the shops were closed—an unusual circumstance in the French capital on Sunday morning. Suddenly the streets broke into life. At about eleven o'clock an immense body of National Guards was seen marching along the Boulevard Montmartre, followed by a large mob of private citizens of all classes. The civic soldiers were fully armed, the officers in their proper places, and the men evidently calm and determined. Some were in uniform, some only in their private clothes, as if they had hurriedly obeyed a call to join in the execution of some important duty. Not one, however, had forgotten his musket and bayonet; and the long line of steel glittered and bristled into the far distance, with a menac-

ing and ominous brilliance. The crowd stirred blindly under the influence of a powerful emotion. Cries of "Deposition! deposition!" "Long live France!" "Long live the Republic!" arose every moment, and to these the National Guards responded with much enthusiasm.

General Trochu had issued an order to the National Guards, directing them to muster in force around the Chambers, and this was the duty they were now about to perform. On they marched amid the gathering excitement of the city and the threatening cries of the constantly augmenting mob. When the first band arrived at the bridge leading into the Place de la Concorde, they were forbidden to cross it by the officer in command of a large body of mounted Gardes de Paris, drawn up before the bridge. For a moment the situation looked serious. The officer of the mounted troops ordered his men to draw their swords. The National Guards responded by shouting "Forward! forward!" and a collision seemed imminent. After a short parley, however, the Gardes de Paris sheathed their swords, and the National Guards marched over the bridge, shouting "Long live the Republic!" When the whole body had passed over, the men took up a position near the Assembly, which was then sitting. A body of regular troops was stationed outside.

Within the garden of the Tuileries, also, a few soldiers were on guard; and it was at one time feared that the people would force their way in and attack these men; but the crowd, which increased every moment, and must have numbered many thousands, was remarkably good-tempered. Exclamations of "Long live the Republic!" "Down with the emperor!" were shouted again and again, and revolutionary songs were chanted in unison.

In the midst of shouting and singing the sunny September morning wore away. There are allegorical statues of the principal French cities stationed about the Place de la Concorde; and the figure representing Strasburg was decked out with flowers, in the midst of which hung a large placard, bearing the words, "Honor and glory to General Uhrich!" A number of orators mounted the parapet at the foot of this statue, and harangued the crowd on the certain victory which the Republic would bring. At twenty min-

utes past three in the afternoon the tricolor flag over the central tower of the Tuileries, betokening the presence of the empress, was lowered, and it became evident that her majesty was no longer there. The hauling down of this symbol was the visible fall of the dynasty.

On the Chamber endeavoring to renew the debate that had been suspended earlier in the day, it was found impossible to proceed. The mob had obtained possession of the tribune, of the seats of the deputies, the ministers, and the president, and of the floor of the House. M. Gambetta, M. Arago, and some others, entreated the mob to retire, or at any rate to be silent. They might as well have spoken to the walls. The people shouted, gesticulated, grimaced, and sang the "Marseillaise."

The president tried several times to take the chair, but was violently prevented. Deliberation being impossible, he declared the sitting at an end. He left the Chamber, followed by all the members, excepting those of the Left, who proceeded to draw up a list of a Provisional Government. Some seven or eight names having been determined on, the persons so nominated adjourned to the Hotel de Ville, where they again "constituted themselves a Government," and at once began to appoint various individuals to the different Ministries and offices of State. Before the departure of the members of the Left for the Hotel de Ville, a cry had gone forth to the people outside the Chamber that the deposition of the emperor had been pronounced, and that the Republic had been proclaimed. The army undoubtedly made common cause with the National Guards and the mob, and all fear of armed collisions was at an end.

The people forced their way into the Tuileries gardens; but the doors of the palace itself were closed in time, and they made no attempt to burst them in. Of the Hotel de Ville the mob soon became masters. In the streets the symbols of the empire were cast down and broken, and eagles that could not be at once removed were covered with paper. A great discussion was held at the Hotel de Ville about the choice of a flag. Some workmen advocated the red; but Messieurs Gambetta and Schœlcher, with a few officers of the National Guards, reminded them that the

tricolor was the flag of 1792 and 1793—the only really national flag of France. "It is a bastard flag," shouted several voices; "it has the color of the Bourbons." "No," was the reply; "white was the color of old France." "It is a tarnished white," said some. "Then we will wash it," rejoined the other faction. So the tricolor was decided on.

On the following morning, the official journal—now converted into the "Journal of the French Republic"—published the annexed proclamation: "Frenchmen!—The people have disavowed a Chamber which hesitated to save the country when in danger. They have demanded a Republic. The Republic vanquished the invasion of '92. The Republic is proclaimed. The Revolution is accomplished in the name of right and public safety. Citizens! watch over the country confided to you. To-morrow you will be, with the army, avengers of the country."

The Ministry thus formed was called "The Government of the National Defense."

At this time M. Gambetta was in the prime of life, and since his entry into the political world he had acquired a distinguished position as one of the Republican deputies in the Corps Legislatif. He was a magnificent orator—a man of a passionate, fervid, southern temperament, gifted with a splendid voice, in spite of a consumptive habit, and possessing, together with a boundless capacity of work, that power of infusing his own enthusiasm into others, which, in times of great national disaster, is worth all the rest.

A decree of the Ministry dissolved the Corps Legislatif, and abolished the Senate and the Presidency of the Council of State. The manufacture and sale of arms were declared absolutely free. A complete amnesty was proclaimed for all political crimes and offenses. As early as September 5th the seditious papers which had been suppressed reappeared under their old titles; and Victor Hugo, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and other illustrious exiles, were soon back in France. The Republic was speedily accepted by all the French towns. On the 8th the new Government was officially recognized by the United States, which were followed by Italy, Portugal, Switzerland, and Spain. England held back.

We must now turn our attention to the fate of the empress. It

is said that in the early hours of Sunday M. de Lesseps, the celebrated projector of the Suez Canal, waited on her majesty at the Tuileries, and tried to persuade her to sign a general abdication. The Council of Ministers, however, represented that such an act on her part would exceed her powers, and be only a nullity, as, indeed, was obviously the case. She afterward hurriedly left the Tuileries, on its becoming evident that the revolution had already commenced; and on her table was found a dispatch from M. Pietri, the imperial prefect of police, announcing that the situation was grave, that the National Guards were hostile, and that the troops would not march. According to one account, it was in a small coupe, undistinguished by any regal adornments, and accompanied only by a few officers of her suite, that the empress escaped from Paris. On arriving at the Channel, in the neighborhood of Trouville, she was received on board the yacht of Sir John M. Burgoyne, and conveyed to England.

On the 6th of September General Trochu issued a proclamation in which he said—"The enemy is marching on Paris. The defense of the capital is assured. Instructions have been given to organize the defense in the neighboring departments, and the government reckons upon the courage and patriotism of all." Some, however, were so deficient in these qualities that they fled from the threatened city, and repaired to England, or went to Belgium. For some days the railway stations in Paris were almost blocked up with the numbers of fugitive families and their luggage. The hope indulged in by Paris for a few hours, that the Prussians would at once fraternize with the French Republic, or recoil awestruck before the majesty of the Provisional Government, like the Gauls before the Senate of Rome, soon proved to be fallacious.

Following up their prodigious success at Sedan with that alacrity which distinguished all their movements, the Germans immediately set their faces toward Paris. The advanced guard of the army at the captured fortress started on their grand expedition as early as the 3d of September. Others, belonging to the third and fourth armies, followed in the course of a few days, leaving in their rear the fortresses of Strasburg, Metz, Thionville, Mezieres, Longwy, Montmedy, Verdun, Toul, and Soissons. The crown

prince of Saxony proceeded by the valley of the Marne, and the crown prince of Prussia advanced by Montmirail, Coulommiers, Charmes, and Brie-comte-Robert.

On the 5th the invaders occupied Rheims. On the 10th of September the Prussians approached Crespy and Compiegne, northeast of Paris, and two battalions of the Mobile Guards at the latter place fell back upon Beauvais. A camp of between 5,000 and 6,000 Germans was on the same day pitched at Clermont-les-Fermes, north of Paris, and scouts were reported at Montmirail, la Ferte-sous-Jouarre, and Vailly-sur-Aisne. On the 12th the invaders were in force at Crecy, and some Uhlans, arriving at Provins, southeast of Paris, announced the approach of 20,000 troops; next day, a body of Uhlans appeared at Senlis, to the north of Paris. By the 15th 10,000 Prussians were marching on Joinville, three miles southeast of the fortifications; on the 17th there was a great movement of the Prussians toward the heights of Binoy, southeast of Paris; and on the 18th the headquarters of the crown prince of Prussia were at Chaumes, five-and-twenty miles from the outworks of the city in the same direction.

The king's headquarters had by that time been established at Meaux, on the Seine, about the same distance to the east of the capital. When Corbeil was reached, it was found that the stone bridge across the Seine had been blown up, and many of the houses were chipped or otherwise injured by the explosion. The mine was sprung just as the advance-guard of the Prussian Lancers came in sight. In about an hour's time, however, the pontoon train had thrown a temporary bridge across, and the German army passed the river, which was then the only barrier of importance lying between it and the fortifications of Paris. The city was completely invested on the 19th of September, and on the 20th the crown prince of Prussia, in command of the third army, set up his headquarters at Versailles, where 2,000 Gardes Mobiles were captured. The Prussian soldiers found plenty of accommodation in the barracks of the Imperial Guards, and immense stores of hay and oats were discovered, on which the cavalry horses were enabled to feed sumptuously.

The siege of Paris began on the 15th of September, and lasted

until the city capitulated, January 28, 1871. In accordance with the terms of the treaty of peace, accepted by the National Assembly on March 1st, and ratified May 18th, France ceded the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and agreed to pay an indemnity of five milliards of francs ($1,000,000,000). The losses of the French during the war amounted to about 350,000 men, while the German loss was but 25,000, with 100,000 additional wounded.

CHAPTER XLI

THE BATTLES OF IQUIQUE AND MIRAFLORES

CHILI VERSUS BOLIVIA AND PERU — FLEETS IN ACTION — THE "COVADONGA" AND THE "INDEPENDENCIA" — CHILIANS' DEADLY FIRE — PERU'S DEFEAT

A.D. 1879—1881

TOWARD the close of 1878 difficulties arose between the South American republics of Chili and Bolivia in regard to the nitrate districts, to a portion of which Chili laid claim. As Bolivia was supported by Peru, and would not grant the required concessions, Chili declared war upon both states on February 5, 1879.

Bolivia possessed no fleet at all, and Peru had only six serviceable ships besides some transports. Four of these were ironclads: the "Huascar," the "Independencia"—armored broadside vessels of about 3,500 tons, protected by four and a half-inch armor, with a battery of two 150-pounder, twelve 70-pounder and four 30-pounder muzzle-loading rifled guns; to which on the outbreak of war were added one 250-pounder (8-inch, 9-ton) gun and one 150-pounder—and the "Manco Capac" and "Atahualpa," the two latter monitors of the "Passaic" type built in the United States. Their armor was five inches thick on the side, and ten inches on the single turret, which mounted two smooth-bore 15-inch 440-

pounder guns. The "Union," an unarmored wooden corvette of 1,500 tons, had received new boilers just before the war, and carried twelve 70-pounder muzzle-loaders. Lastly, there was the gunboat "Pilcomayo," of 600 tons and six guns, 70-pounders and 40-pounders.

The Chilian fleet included two fairly modern and powerful ironclads, the "Blanco Encalada" and "Almirante Cochrane." They were ships of 3,500 tons, protected by armor eight inches thick on the battery, and nine inches amidships on the belt which completely encircled the ship. They were armed each with six 9-inch 12-ton guns, two of which fired right ahead, two right astern, and three on the broadside. Each also carried one 9-pounder and one 7-pounder gun. All these weapons were rifled muzzle-loaders. The "Blanco Encalada" had two 1-inch Nordenfelts, and the "Cochrane" one. Their crew was 300 men, and they carried 254 tons of coal, or sufficient for one week's work at a constant speed of ten knots. The hulls of both ships were in a bad condition; the "Blanco" was very foul, having never been docked since she came out, and the "Cochrane" was not much better, as there was no dry dock on the Chilian coast where they could be cleaned. The trial speed of the two had been from twelve to thirteen knots; it is doubtful whether they could either of them exceed nine knots in 1879. The "O'Higgins" and "Chacabuco" were wooden sloops of 1,100 tons, each armed with three 115-pounder, two 70-pounder, and four 40-pounder muzzle-loaders. Their boilers were in very bad condition, and their speed was only eight or nine knots. They carried crews of 160 men. The "Abtao" was a similar vessel, with a similar crew, but carried only three 115-pounders and three 30-pounders as her armament. The "Esmeralda" was the worst ship in the squadron; an old wooden vessel with boilers in the most shaky condition, and a speed of only six or seven knots. She was armed with fourteen 40-pounder muzzle-loaders. The "Magallanes" was a gunboat of 775 tons, carrying one 115-pounder, one 68-pounder, and two 20-pounders. The "Covadonga" was a steamer of six knots speed and armed with two 70-pounders.

The Chilian fleet was, on the whole, very much stronger than the Peruvian, but it had one most fatal defect at the begin-

ning of the war. Whereas three of the Peruvian vessels—the "Huascar," "Independencia," and "Union"—could steam more than ten knots, there was not a Chilian vessel which came within a mile of them. This lends great interest to the strategy of the initial period of the war. The Peruvians suddenly appeared off the Chilian ports, captured transports and merchantmen, and committed numerous depredations. The Chilians saw themselves helpless; they could not redress the balance of speed by cleaning the bottoms of their ships, since, at Valparaiso, they had no dock which could take their ironclads. The Peruvians, on the other hand, had accommodation for the "Huascar" at Callao, and could keep her in good condition, while the Chilian ships grew slower and more foul. This weakness of Chili had serious consequences, as the physical configuration of both Chili and Peru made both singularly dependent upon the sea. Whichever power commanded the sea must inevitably reduce the other to submission.

Chili's difficulties were increased by the facts that she was unprepared, while Peru was ready, and that she had no fortified naval port in which to shelter her ships. Valparaiso was poorly defended, and little more than an open roadstead. Callao, the Peruvian base, was well protected by fortifications.

The first action of any note is of importance, as showing what may be effected by a resolute man with odds overwhelmingly against him. In May, the Chilian admiral Rebolledo was blockading Iquique with the greater part of the Chilian fleet, when the news reached him that General Prado was sailing south from Callao to Arica with a number of transports and warships. On this, Rebolledo at once went to intercept the Peruvians with his ironclads and sloops. He left his two slowest and most worthless ships, the "Esmeralda" and "Covadonga," at Iquique to continue the blockade, but failed to capture General Prado or to bring him to action, owing to a three days' fog, which enabled the Peruvians, sailing without lights, to pass the Chilians. Having reached Arica in safety, General Prado heard by telegraph that there were only these two feeble vessels off Iquique, and, wishing to destroy or capture them, he sent his two best ships, the "Huascar" and "Independencia," south, to do the work. The "Huascar" was

commanded by Captain Grau, and the "Independencia" by Captain Moore.

By daylight on the 21st of May the two were off Iquique, and were seen by the "Esmeralda." This vessel was commanded by Arturo Prat, an officer of the most determined courage and of great professional ability. He was thirty-one years of age, and the idol of his crew. Upon the approach of the enemy, he saw that to escape with his two slow ships was hopeless. He decided then to fight to the last, though had he scuttled his ship and surrendered no one could have blamed him, so terribly were the odds against him. The "Esmeralda" and "Covadonga" cleared for action, while a Chilian transport in the harbor was sent off southward for safety.

At 8 A.M. the "Huascar" fired her first shot, which dropped between the two Chilians. A few minutes later the fight began, the turret-ship attacking the "Esmeralda," and the "Independencia," the "Covadonga." Nothing could exceed Prat's skill. He had placed his vessel close to the Peruvian town, so that, if the "Huascar" fired carelessly at her, shot and shell must fall into it, and cause the Peruvians damage. He was supposed to be surrounded by mines on the strength of information brought by the captain of the port, who had put out in a small boat to the "Huascar" before the engagement. The "Huascar" could therefore use neither her ram nor her guns with effect upon her small opponent. After an hour's desultory fighting, the "Covadonga" began to steer south, keeping close inshore and almost on the breakers, while the "Independencia" followed on her heels. Meantime the Peruvians ashore had brought down a field battery to the beach and opened at a range of 300 to 400 yards upon the "Esmeralda" with this artillery and with small-arms. Boats also were putting off and endeavoring to board her and the "Covadonga." So hot and galling was the fire of the guns on land that the "Esmeralda" was obliged to leave the protection of the shoal water, where she was safe from the "Huascar's" ram, if not from her guns. At this point two of her boilers burst, and her speed sank to three knots. Three had been killed and three wounded on board by the fire of the field battery, but not one as yet by the "Huascar."

Soon after ten o'clock she had moved from her position, and at once the "Huascar" tried to ram her, as Captain Grau found that his fire was most ineffective, and would not be likely of itself to disable her. Indeed, during the four hours which the action lasted the "Huascar" fired forty rounds from her heavy turret-guns, of which only one shot struck the target. This passed through the "Esmeralda's" side, and, bursting in the engine-room, killed all the engineers and disabled the engines. The lighter guns were more effective. The Chilians in reply fired with great steadiness and accuracy, their feeble 40-pounder shells striking their enemy's turret and side repeatedly, but failing to do the slightest damage owing to the "Huascar's" armor. About 10.30 the "Huascar" rammed for the first time. At the rate of eight knots, steering northeast, she struck the "Esmeralda," which was nearly motionless, on her port quarter. One length off the Chilian ship the "Huascar's" engines were stopped, but either because of this, or because the "Esmeralda" veered as she was struck and only caught a glancing blow, little damage was done. For an instant the two vessels were in contact: Arturo Prat's moment had come. In the din and confusion his voice was heard crying, "Children, on board her," and he himself leaped on the "Huascar's" forecastle, followed by only one man, a sergeant of marines. The rest of his crew did not hear what he said, or could not follow him before the ships separated. Sword in hand Prat rushed aft, but just as he neared the turret a bullet struck him and killed him. By fortune's will he fell fighting against heavy odds on the "Huascar's" deck, where months later his antagonist Grau was also to die, also with odds against him.

The "Esmeralda's" decks were covered with dead and wounded, but she still fought on. The "Huascar," having backed clear, rammed her again, heading southward; but this time the "Esmeralda" succeeded in presenting her bows to the enemy, who came on, and, stopping too soon, struck her a glancing blow on the starboard bow. The crew of the "Huascar" were demoralized by the steady fire of the "Esmeralda." One solid shot had entered a turret port and flown round the interior without harming any one; had it been a shell the result would have been very different.

The tripod mast had been hit and was in danger of falling, when it would probably jam the turret. The Chilian rifle-fire was so rapid and well maintained that it was taken to be from machine guns. The "Independencia" had vanished to the south; a few more minutes and the "Huascar" might find herself helpless. But her ram had done the "Esmeralda" great damage, though the heavy guns had effected little. The magazine in the Chilian ship was flooded and there were no cartridges left; the rudder had been shattered by a shell, and the interior of the vessel was like a shambles. The doctor and all the wounded had perished by the projectile which burst in the engine-room. It was a sinking ship which the "Huascar" rammed for the third time, going full speed. Her engines were stopped when only twenty feet off, and, striking squarely the "Esmeralda's" starboard beam, her ram plunged into the Chilian ship's side. When she backed out the "Esmeralda" went to the bottom with colors still flying. Of her crew, which numbered 200 officers and men, only sixty-three were saved.

While the "Esmeralda" was fighting to the death, the "Covadonga" had been maneuvered with great skill and coolness. Her pilot led the pursuing "Independencia" as close inshore and as near the breakers and reefs as he could. The Peruvian gunners were raw and untrained; though often only 200 yards off the target, they could not hit it. The Chilian gunnery was admirable: the bow pivot of the "Independencia" was dismounted after it had only fired one shot, but that one shot, striking for a wonder, had raked the little gunboat. The Chilian small-arms' men poured in a hail of bullets upon all on their enemy's deck, and in succession wounded three helmsmen. The captain of the "Independencia" began to fear that, in spite of his superiority in speed, his nimble foe would escape him. He decided, therefore, to ram, and trying, twice failed. A third attempt was made off Punta Gruesa. The "Covadonga," now but 100 yards from the shore, had touched a reef, but, owing to her light draught, came off without damage. Steering south-south-east, her heavier antagonist ran at her, aiming a blow at her starboard quarter, missed, and struck the rock with great violence. At the critical moment the fire from the "Covadonga" had killed the man at the "Independencia's" wheel, and

prevented him from porting the helm. Once fast on the rock the Peruvian ironclad was helpless. The "Covadonga" instantly steamed round her, and taking up a position astern where the Peruvians could not bring a gun to bear, plied her hotly with 70-pounder shells. In a few minutes the ironclad's stern was on fire, and it is asserted by the Chilians that a white flag was displayed. Fortunately for the Peruvians help was at hand.

The "Independencia" had struck at 11.45; the "Esmeralda" sank about midday. The "Huascar" picked up all the Chilians who could be found in the water, and then proceeded in search of her consort. The "Covadonga" sighted her at a distance of ten miles, and at once made off southward, as she had no wish to encounter a second ironclad. Seeing the "Independencia" inshore, Captain Grau ran in to speak her, and the delay necessary to effect this gave the "Covadonga" a start which saved her. Ascertaining that the grounded ship stood in no need of immediate assistance, being indeed past help, Grau continued the chase along the coast till dusk, when the "Covadonga" was still ten miles away; but as smoke was reported in the offing to the northwest, and as the arrival of the Chilian ironclads was apprehended, the chase was then abandoned. Returning to the "Independencia," Grau took off her crew and burned her, since she could not be moved.

The brilliant audacity of the Chilians had thus reaped a great reward. The "Esmeralda," it is true, was at the bottom, but she was an old tub, worth very little, and in any case she had not been transferred to the Peruvian fleet. In sinking her, the "Huascar" had received very considerable damage, as her bow plates, with their backing, had been broken, and the turret was out of the center line. Worst of all, the "Independencia," the second best ship which the Peruvians possessed, was now a mere wreck. Had the gunnery of the Peruvians been accurate, their two ships, with their superior speed, must have easily destroyed their opponents. The disproportion of strength between the two sides was ridiculously great, but here the unexpected happened, and it was the weaker, the beaten side which scored the victory.

The "Huascar," in spite of her injuries, did not directly return to port, but cruised down the coast next day, and off Antofagasta

exchanged shots with the "Covadonga," which was lying under the guns of a Chilian battery. The "Covadonga," since she received two shots in her coal bunkers, besides the projectile which raked her in the action of the 21st, showed no inclination to come out for the "Huascar's" gratification, and the latter then retired. The news of the battle was received with great discontent in Peru, and Captain Moore, of the "Independencia," was placed under arrest.

The next incident of the war was an attempt of the "Huascar" to ram the "Magallanes" in Iquique harbor, on the night of July 9–10, 1879. The "Magallanes" was lying off the town, blockading it, when the "Huascar" suddenly steamed in, about 2.30 A.M., and attempted to sink her. Three times she endeavored to strike the Chilian vessel, which each time eluded her, though at least two knots slower. Meantime, the two ships were firing at each other, the "Huascar" invariably missing. Just as the "Magallanes" had hit the "Huascar" with a 115-pound shell on the water-line, the latter made off, having sighted the "Almirante Cochrane" in the offing.

The next three months of the war, the Peruvians harried the Chilian coast, and practically cut off the Chilian army in the north from its base, since transports could not be sent without the escort of the two ironclads, and, these gone, there were no ships left to protect the Chilian littoral. None of the Chilian vessels were fast enough to overtake the turret-ship, and the Peruvians had given Captain Grau strict injunctions on no account to risk an action. Among other prizes, the "Huascar" captured a transport, the "Rimac," with a regiment of cavalry on board. Besides the cavalry, she was carrying a large quantity of arms, ammunition, and provisions, with 500,000 dollars. At last, finding the want of speed intolerable, and dissatisfied with the conduct of the war, the Chilian government recalled Admiral Rebolledo, replacing him by Commodore Riveros. The "Cochrane's" commander, who also had not given satisfaction, was replaced by Captain Latorre, of the "Magallanes." The "Cochrane" was taken to Valparaiso, her engines overhauled, and placed in thorough order, while her bottom was cleaned by divers. This consumed over a month, but,

when it had been done, her speed was eleven knots, a knot faster than the "Huascar."

On August 28th, the "Huascar" visited Antofagasta, and found there the Chilian warships "Magallanes" and "Abtao," under the shelter of the guns of the forts. The "Huascar" had just been fitted with the Lay torpedo, and proceeded to use it against the "Abtao." On entering the water, however, it turned and came straight back on the "Huascar." The turret-ship was in imminent danger, when Lieutenant Canseco leaped into the water and guided the treacherous weapon aside.

The "Cochrane" was ready for sea at the end of September, and joined the fleet under Riveros immediately. The ships at his disposal were arranged in two divisions. The first was composed of the slower vessels, the "Blanco," "Covadonga," and "Mathias Cousino," under Riveros himself; the second, of the faster "Cochrane," "Loa," and "O'Higgins," under Captain Latorre. The two divisions proceeded first of all to Arica, where the "Huascar" was supposed to be lying. Torpedo boats were sent in advance to attack her there, but returned with the news that she was not to be seen, and that the only Peruvian vessels in the port were the gunboat "Pilcomayo" and the old monitor "Manco Capac." Riveros very wisely decided not to impair the efficiency of his squadron by attacking two vessels which were ill-armed and useless for work at sea. His business was with the "Huascar," and, till she was captured, they might wait. He obtained some useful information from fishermen, to the effect that, on the previous day, the "Huascar" and "Union" had been seen steaming south. South, then, he turned, and, reaching Mejillones, coaled there on the 6th. At midnight, October 8, he was ready again, and the following plan, which had been prepared, was put into execution. The slower ships of the first division steamed down the coast, looking into all the bays; while, fifty miles from them, followed the fast second division on their starboard quarter, much further out. If the "Huascar" and "Union" were sighted, the slower ships were not to chase, but rather to endeavor to get between the Peruvians and the shore; and then, circling, to drive them northwest into the arms of the second division. The plan was not, however, executed quite as

had been intended, as, at the last minute, orders were received by telegraph for Latorre's division to cruise off Angamos Point, where the "Huascar" was to be expected.

At 3.30 A.M., October 8, the weather being fine and clear, the lookout of the "Blanco," which was now some miles south of Angamos Point, and near the shore, reported the smoke of two vessels six miles off, approaching from the south. It was not light enough to recognize them, but at daybreak they were seen to be the "Huascar" and "Union." On discovering his enemies, Captain Grau, who had been promoted rear-admiral since the action with the "Esmeralda," had changed his course from due north to southwest and had ordered full speed. With a speed of nearly ten and a half knots, the turret-ship rapidly left the "Blanco" and "Covadonga," which could only do seven and a half knots, behind. The old "Mathias Cousino" had been sent inshore, since she was a craft of no fighting value. Distanced as he was by the Peruvians, Riveros held steadily on, not so much in the hope of overtaking them with his ships, though there was just a possibility that the "Huascar's" machinery might give way, as trusting that the second division might put in an appearance and head them off. Grau might perhaps at this period have attacked the "Blanco" with success, as he had two fast vessels, one an ironclad, against one ironclad and one small gunboat, both very slow ships. But his orders were peremptory, forbidding the hazard of an engagement, and thus the strategy of the *guerre des cotes* which had enabled him to score his successes, also brought about his defeat by preventing him from availing himself of his only opportunity.

Finding that he was easily running away from the Chilians, Grau changed his course toward the north at 5.40, and eased his engines down to fifty-three revolutions. As he had been on deck all night, he turned in for some sleep, trusting that his dangers were past. At 7.15, however, the lookout reported smoke on the horizon to the northeast, and at once summoned the admiral. Simultaneously the "Huascar's" smoke was seen on board the "Cochrane," and the "Loa" was sent southeast to reconnoiter, while the "Cochrane" steamed due east. The "Huascar" meantime had turned a point or two to the west to discover what the

ship was that was approaching. At 7.30 it was made out to be the "Cochrane," and at the same time the "Huascar" was recognized by the Chilian second division. Grau still had good hopes of eluding his enemy: he does not appear to have been aware of the "Cochrane's" refit, and though his position was awkward, with hostile squadrons ahead and astern of him, it was not desperate, if he could outsteam the "Cochrane." He stood on toward the "Loa" for some minutes; then, as it became evident that the "Cochrane" was crossing his course with unexpected rapidity, he ordered full speed and headed again to the north. At 7.45, either on her own initiative or at an order from Grau, the "Union" dashed off at full speed and succeeded in getting away to the north, though closely pursued by the "Loa" and "O'Higgins." At 9 A.M. the three ironclads, "Huascar," "Cochrane," and "Blanco" were distant from each other 8,000 yards, and the "Cochrane" was coming up so fast that it was evident that she would cross the "Huascar's" bows. Grau's hope of escape was gone, and it was now necessary for him to fight two ships, both better armed and armored than his own, and one faster. At 9.10 the men were sent to quarters, and the admiral entered the conning-tower alone.

The first shot was fired from the "Huascar's" turret at 9.25. It missed as did two others, but a fourth shell ricochetted from the water and struck the "Cochrane" forward on the unarmored part of her bow. As it did not explode there was no damage done. The "Cochrane" did not retaliate until she was 2,000 yards off.

One of the "Cochrane's" first shots came through the "Huascar's" 3½-inch armor on the port side, and, entering the turret chamber, just below the base of the turret, exploded, set the woodwork on fire, killed or wounded twelve of the men at the winches which revolved the turret, drove fragments of iron and wood into the turret roller-way, and temporarily jammed the turret.

The "Huascar" found herself in difficulties. Almost all her armament was concentrated in one turret forward, but, as she had a forecastle, the heavy guns could not fire ahead, and of course the funnel and works aft prevented them from being trained astern. So if the Chilian ship was either much ahead or much

astern she was out of their arc of fire. The "Cochrane," on the other hand, could bring at least one heavy gun to bear in any direction, and by maintaining, as far as possible, a position well astern of the "Huascar," was out of the arc through which the Peruvian's heavy guns would bear.

The two ships were now steering an almost parallel course, when a 9-inch shell from the "Cochrane" struck her opponent's conning-tower, which was protected by 3-inch armor, and of hexagonal shape. Admiral Grau generally directed the ship from the top of it, as it had no cover, standing inside with his head and shoulders exposed. The shot must have struck near the top of the tower, probably about Grau's waist. He was blown to pieces, and the tower was terribly shattered. The steering gear was disabled by this shot, and it is doubtful whether after it the "Huascar" was ever really under control. The conning-tower was quite useless, and the steering had to be done from the turret. A few minutes later a shell perforated this also, striking it, to the left of the right gun port, and bursting against the right trunnion of the right gun. The roof of the turret was damaged, and almost all those in it were injured. The gun was disabled by the breaking of its right compressor and injury to its cap-squares. A relief crew was sent, however, and the fight went on, the left gun being fired from time to time. Shaken by heavy losses and the terrible fire which was being concentrated upon the turret, the "Huascar's" men became demoralized and lost heart.

About this time the "Cochrane" made an attempt to ram, but missed and passed five yards astern. As she passed, a broadside from her struck the "Huascar," and one shell entering that vessel's starboard quarter, exploded, and disabled the steering-gear once more. The "Huascar's" head was now pointing almost due east, and the ship was again quite out of control. A shell perforated the 4½-inch armor on her starboard side, and exploding, killed the surgeon and many of the wounded. The steering tackle was, however, once more put into working order, and Commander Aguirre conned his ship from the sighting-hood of the turret, his orders being passed aft by a string of men. At 10.10 the "Cochrane" made a second attempt to ram, but again missed.

The "Blanco" had at last arrived on the scene of action, and her first act was to all but ram her consort. She now found herself engaged by the "Huascar," which headed boldly

at her, as if to ram, whether by accident or by design is uncertain. The "Blanco" easily eluded her blow, and poured a most destructive fire into her stern. Exploding shells killed all the

men at the improvised steering tackle and killed many of the wounded.

The "Huascar" was now heading northeast. Several shots struck her funnel, driving soot, fragments of iron, and smoke down into the stoke-hold, and rendering it quite impossible to see the water gauges. In consequence the water in the boilers fell too low, and some tubes having burned through, there was a great escape of steam, which led the Chilians to believe that they had hit the boilers. At 10.25 there was a lull in the engagement, as the "Huascar's" colors were shot away, and it was thought that she had surrendered. A gun-loader went aft, and hoisted another flag. At once the Chilians resumed firing. Once more they hit the turret, and the shell, bursting inside, killed or mortally wounded every one in it. Commander Aguirre, upon whom the charge of the ship had devolved, was killed. He was standing a little to the left of the breech of the left gun, at the sighting-hood, when the explosion came. Lieutenant Palacios, who was in the turret, was horribly wounded. The command had passed to Lieutenant Garezon, once fourth officer. The ship was no longer manageable; she was on fire in more than one place; all the trained gunners lay in mutilated fragments in the turret, or were grievously wounded: but still the fight went forward. The engines were kept going, and a third crew, manning the left turret-gun, fired it at intervals. But the end was near. The "Cochrane" made an attempt to ram, when, as so often, a chance movement saved the "Huascar." Both Chilian ships were now close upon her, still maintaining their overwhelming fire. The "Covadonga" too came up, and as if to claim a share in the fight, fired one gun at the turret-ship. It was now that a shot, fired probably by accident from the "Blanco," struck the "Cochrane," and entering her unarmored stern, wounded ten men, two mortally.

The "Huascar's" plight was desperate. She could scarcely move, as her fires had fallen through the choking of the funnel. Lieutenant Garezon therefore determined, at 10.50, to sink her. He sent orders to the chief engineer to open the valves and let in the water. But meantime some of the crew, who were not minded, having fought with such gallantry, to lose all, had gone

forward and waved towels. On this both the "Cochrane" and "Blanco" had sent boats with surgeons and engineers. Boarding the "Huascar," they found her engineer engaged in opening the main injection valve, and at once stopped him. Their next work was to get the fires out and attend to the wounded. The interior of the ship was in a horrible condition. On the main deck the wardroom and stern cabin were quite destroyed; there was hardly a trace of the bulkhead; the contents of the staterooms were strewn about the flooring, and the upper deck ceiling was one mass of powder and disintegrated human remains. The engines and boilers, and the turret-winches were untouched. One hundred and forty prisoners, thirty-five of whom were English, were taken on board the "Huascar." The Peruvian killed and wounded numbered sixty-four.

The "Huascar," after her capture, was patched up by the Chilians and taken to Valparaiso, where she was repaired, and received two new 40-pounder Armstrong breech-loaders. Her transference to the Chilian fleet destroyed Peru's chance of facing Chili at sea, and gave the latter power the command of the sea—a command which was used with judgment and skill. Henceforward the Chilian towns were freed from the risk of bombardment, and operations were transferred to the northern waters of Peru. Though between them Peru and Bolivia had armies of 88,000 men in the field, a Chilian expeditionary force of 30,000 was enabled to strike at their isolated detachments, and destroy them in detail.

The land engagement at Miraflores, which was fought on the 15th of January, 1881, decided the fate of Peru. In this battle the Chilian losses were about 1,200 and the Peruvian 6,000. Peace was then made between Chili and Bolivia, the latter agreeing to surrender her coast provinces and to terminate her alliance with Peru. In the following year Peru ceded to Chili her southern provinces and paid a war indemnity, which left her in a crippled condition.

CHAPTER XLII

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

BRITISH BROADSIDES AND EGYPTIAN FORTS—HOW ADMIRAL SEYMOUR SPIKED THE GUNS

A. D. 1882

EARLY in May, 1882, Egypt, a province of the Ottoman Empire nominally, but practically independent, was found in a state of revolution. The khedive informed the representatives of the foreign powers that Mahmoud Pasha, President of the Council of Ministers, had used language of a most insulting nature with reference to their consuls, and uttered threats against all European residents. On being questioned by the consuls, Mahmoud denied the accusation, and proposed to resign; thus a split in the Cabinet appeared imminent, and the name of the now well-known Arabi Pasha became prominent as his probable successor.

Goaded on by him, the Egyptian Ministry attempted to override the authority of the khedive, and to usurp his supreme functions, with the view, it was believed, of replacing Mohammed Tewfik Pasha by himself (Arabi) on the khedivial throne. Arabi had the boldness to summon an assembly of the Notables by his own order—an act which was competent for no one save the khedive himself.

Such was the commencement of the Anglo-Egyptian war; but other issues were involved, particularly that of the Suez Canal, which England desired kept open for the benefit of her Indian commerce. There was then no direct evidence to show that Arabi contemplated serious interference with it. Yet he had inscribed on his banners: "Egypt for the Egyptians!" and ere long a plot for the complete destruction of the Suez Canal was discovered—the plan of a Russian officer.

On June 11, the populace of Alexandria, one of the most turbulent in the world, broke into savage riots. Matters went from bad to worse: the khedive became the puppet of Arabi, Europeans in hundreds fled the country, while a powerful British squadron, under the command of Admiral Seymour, looked on.

Meanwhile—says H. W. Wilson, in the following excellent account of the bombardment which ensued—it was noticed from the ships that the fortifications which line the southern shore were being strengthened by the Egyptians, and that numerous guns were being mounted. These works bore on the ships, and threatened the ships. Thereupon a polite communication was addressed to the Egyptian government, requesting the stoppage of all defensive works, under penalty of bombardment. In reply, the admiral was assured that no such works were being constructed, and profuse appeals were made to his humanity. These were backed up by the foreign consuls, with the warning that a bombardment would be certain to destroy neutral property. Admiral Seymour was by no means convinced by these assurances; the works could be seen progressing night after night; and very wisely he kept a sharp lookout upon the Egyptians, making quiet reconnaissances during the day on land, and using his searchlights after dark. The arming of the forts was continued with the frankest impudence, and by the "Alexandra's" projectors soldiers could be seen busily employed on the works. The matter came to a head when Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien, while ashore on leave, noticed two guns being mounted upon Fort Silsileh. He submitted an affirmation to the admiral, on the strength of which a council of war was held on board the "Helicon," and the decision to forward an ultimatum to the Egyptians was arrived at. The Egyptians were therefore warned that unless the batteries on Ras-el-Tin and the south side of the harbor were "temporarily surrendered for purposes of disarmament," the British squadron would attack them. To this, with more virtuous protestations, Ragheb Pasha replied that he would dismount three guns on the batteries named. An exodus of foreigners who yet remained in the city began at once.

Admiral Seymour was not the man to be cajoled with delusory assurances. Finding that the Egyptians had no intention of com-

plying, on July 10 he informed them that if the works were not given up at once he would bombard on the 11th. All that day neutral shipping was leaving the harbor, while there was a bustle of preparation on board the English ships. In the course of the morning Ragheb Pasha came off to the "Invincible" to ask, indignantly, what all this meant. He was informed of the English demands and departed disconcerted. The British ironclads began to take up their stations, and one by one the foreign men-of-war present left the harbor, while the British ships' bands played them out. The telegraph ship "Chiltern," which was in port, had picked up the submarine cables to Malta and Cyprus, establishing an office on board.

The English fleet off Alexandria was a formidable one. The flagship "Alexandra" could fire ahead two 25-ton and two 18-ton guns, and on the broadside, one 25-ton and five 18-ton guns. The weight of her broadside was 2,592 pounds. She had a complete armor-belt on the water-line and good protection on her central battery. She was fully rigged. The "Inflexible" was marked by extensive unarmored ends, while in a citadel in the center of the ship all the protection and armament were concentrated. She mounted four 81-ton guns in two turrets, placed *en échelon*, so that all four could fire ahead or through a limited arc on either broadside. She was the first ship in the British navy to carry compound armor. Her broadside weighed 6,880 pounds, and her guns and turrets were worked by hydraulic power. The "Sultan" was an inferior "Alexandra," firing ahead two 12½-ton guns, and on the broadside four 18-ton and two 12½-ton guns. The weight of one discharge from these was 2,152 pounds. The "Superb" was in general outline similar to the "Sultan," and, like her, was fully rigged. She brought eight 18-ton guns to bear on the broadside, firing projectiles of the weight of 3,280 pounds. The "Temeraire" was a ship of remarkable design, combining the central battery with barbettes fore and aft. In each of these barbettes was mounted a 25-ton gun on the Woolwich disappearing carriage, which brings the gun down out of sight by the force of the recoil, after it has been fired. Ahead, she brought to bear three 25-ton guns, and on the broadside three 25-ton and two 18-ton guns. The

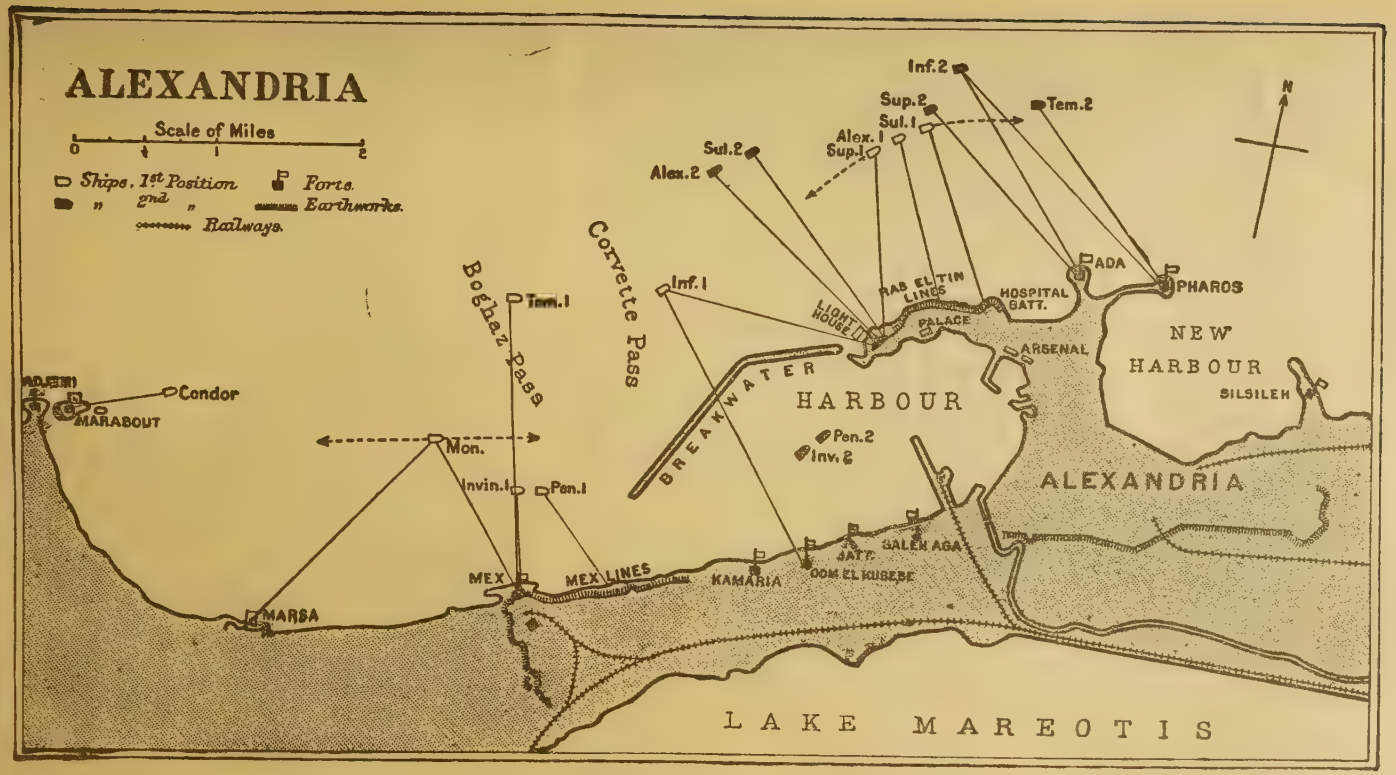
weight of her broadside was 2,438 pounds. She was fully rigged. The "Invincible," carrying Admiral Seymour's flag, was a smaller vessel than the preceding. She fired ahead two 12½-ton guns and on the broadside five, while the weight of metal thrown was 1,280 pounds. The "Penelope," the smallest ironclad engaged, fired four 9-ton guns, and 716 pounds weight of metal on the broadside. Her armor was only 4½ inches thick on the battery. She was masted and rigged like the "Invincible." The "Monarch" was a seagoing masted turret-ship, mounting four 25-ton guns in two turrets placed on the center line. In her forecastle two 12½-ton guns were mounted, and in her poop one of 9-tons. Her broadside weighed 2,887 pounds. The armor carried by the ships ranged from 24 inches thick on the "Inflexible," to 4½ inches on the "Penelope." The guns were muzzle-loaders of the Armstrong pattern, though these were supplemented by numerous 20-pounder breech-loaders, small quick-firers of Nordenfelt make, and Gatling machine-guns. From their great draught of water, the ironclads were not well suited for operations off the shallow Egyptian coast. Five drew twenty-six feet or over, and only the "Penelope" less than twenty feet. In all, they brought to bear on the broadside, four 81-ton, eight 25-ton, nineteen 18-ton, eight 12½-ton, five 9-ton, and numerous smaller guns. The weight of one discharge on the broadside from the heavy guns was about 22,500 pounds, divided among forty-four projectiles.

Assisting the ironclads were five unarmored gunboats, the "Beacon," "Bittern," "Condor," "Cygnet," and "Decoy," mounting 4½-ton and 64-pounder muzzle-loaders, with small breech-loaders. The "Helicon," a dispatch vessel, completed the tale of English ships.

The forts which were to be attacked extended from east to west, in a direct line eight miles. First came Forts Ajemi and Marabout, which were not engaged by the ironclads. Then succeeded Marsa-el-Khanat, Mex, with its extended lines, Kamaria, Oom-el-Kubebe, and Saleh Aga, all to the south of the harbor. To the north, the anchorage is inclosed by the splendid breakwater completed in 1874, and the T-shaped peninsula, of which Ras-el-Tin forms the eastern arm. On this was a formidable series of works,

beginning with the Lighthouse Fort, to which succeeded the Ras-el-Tin lines. Further along came Fort Ada, on a small island connected with the mainland by a causeway, and then Fort Pharos, a fine castellated structure, of most imposing appearance. Between this and Fort Silsileh lies the New Harbor, which can only be used by vessels of light draught. Fort Kamaria took no part in the action with the fleet, and Fort Marsa received not a shot. With the exception of Fort Pharos, the works were low and of irregular trace. The parapets of the heavy rifled guns had regular embrasures, but the smooth-bore guns fired *en barbette*, over the parapet, that is to say, and consequently their crews were very much exposed to the English shrapnel. Behind all the forts, or inside them, were buildings, such as shell-stores and magazines, showing above the parapets, and offering an excellent target to the ships. The older forts were built of very soft limestone, which could easily be cut with sharp tools, and the mortar used was lime with a superfluity of sand. This masonry, if such we may call it, was backed with sand, and the parapets were of sand, sloping at an angle of thirty degrees. The magazines were mere shell-traps, abominably constructed, with open ventilators, down which any projectile could drop, conspicuous lightning conductors, and iron floors. The total number of guns mounted reached forty-four rifles, 211 smooth-bores, and thirty-eight mortars. The rifles were mostly Armstrong muzzle-loaders, and included five 10-inch (18 ton) guns, eighteen 9-inch, fourteen 8-inch, and four 7-inch weapons, with three 40-pounder breech-loaders. The weight of one discharge was about 9,400 pounds from the rifles, in forty-four projectiles. The smooth-bore guns were antiquated weapons, on most indifferent carriages, and could not under any circumstances be expected to perforate the thinnest armor afloat in the English fleet.

The Egyptians had abundance of ammunition, though from the way in which their shells dropped short of the English ships or flew over them, it is probable either that their powder was not in good condition, or that the charges were carelessly weighed out. They had plenty of submarine mines, but owing to the presence of the ironclads inside the harbor, and the vigilance of Admiral Seymour, had not been able to lay any down. Thus one complica-


ALEXANDRIA
Scale of Miles
0
1
2
Ships, 1st Position
2nd "
Forts.
Earthworks.
Railways.
N
Inf.2
Sup.2
Tem.2
Sul.1
Alex.1
Sup.1
Sul.2
Alex.2
Corvette Pass
Inf.1
Boghaz Pass
Tem.1
RAB EL TIN LINES
HOSPITAL BATT.
ADA
PHAROS
LIGHT HOUSE
PALACE
ARSENAL
NEW HARBOUR
SILSILEH
BREAKWATER
HARBOUR
Pen.2
Inv.2
Condor
MARABOUT
Mon.
Invin.1
Pen.1
ALEXANDRIA
SALEH AGA BATT.
MEX
MEX LINES
KAMARIA
OOM EL KUBEBE
MARSA
LAKE MAREOTIS

tion was absent, and the English ships could come and go freely, without the risk of being disabled by any submarine defenses. As the supply of ammunition was limited, the reserve stores not having as yet arrived from Malta, and as it was possible that the forts would not be silenced by one day's bombardment, the ships had to be careful not to waste a shot.

On July 10 the ships were cleared for action. At nightfall the ships took up their allotted positions. The "Alexandra," "Sultan," and "Superb" lay off the Lighthouse Fort, on which they were to fire; the first being distant from it 1,500 yards; the second, 1,750 yards; and the third, 1,950. Line ahead was their formation. At the entrance to the Corvette Pass, one of the deep-water channels leading to the harbor, was the "Inflexible," 3,750 yards from Mex, with one turret ready to bear on the Lighthouse Fort and the other on Oom-el-Kubebe. Outside the Boghaz Pass the "Temeraire" had run aground, 3,500 yards from Mex, upon which she was to fire. Inshore, 1,000 yards from Mex, were the "Penelope" and "Invincible," while 300 yards further out was the "Monarch." These three ships were to make the main attack upon Mex. Those ships which were maneuvering in company were two-and-a-half cables apart.

The morning of July 11 was clear and bright. The sea was smooth, and the wind a light one from the north and west, blowing the smoke inshore and hiding the target, thus preventing the gunners from seeing where their shots struck. As they could not tell whether the range was correct, good shooting was made difficult, and the difficulty was not diminished by a strong sun in the English sailors' eyes. If these circumstances were unfavorable, the other conditions were promising enough, the absence of a swell or rough sea compensating for sun and wind.

At four o'clock steam was up, and the men, having breakfasted, were piped to quarters. All were in the highest spirits, and the only anxiety was lest the Egyptians might at the last minute give way. But the ardor of the seamen was reassured by the news from the tops that the enemy could be seen grouped round the guns in the forts. In absolute silence the minutes slowly passed. The discipline was perfect on board the ships, and the stillness of

the morning was only broken by the tingle of the engine-room bell and the sound of orders given in a low voice.

At 6.30 the order, "Load with common shell," was heard. Again followed minutes of waiting. At last, at 7 o'clock, the long-looked-for signal came from the "Invincible" to the "Alexandra," ordering her to fire a shell into Fort Ada, by way of informing the Egyptians that the fleet was ready. Hardly had the boom of the gun died away when the signal for general action flew out at the "Invincible's" fore, and was instantly responded to by the crews.

The Egyptians were not slow to reply to the fleet. Their forts at once opened, and soon their projectiles began to reach the ships, tossing showers of splinters when they struck the unarmored parts, but falling idly into the sea where they encountered armor. It was a holiday for the seamen of the fleet, who, behind armor, which was not penetrated, and which gave thorough protection, were firing at men almost unprotected. The gallantry of the Egyptians was quite unexpected. Amid the hail of shells, of shrapnel, of Nordenfelt, and Gatling bullets, their officers could be seen leaping upon the parapets, and encouraging their gunners by their brave example. As the heavy shells exploded they threw up a dense cloud of yellow dust and smoke, hiding the Egyptians from view. But when the cloud cleared away, instead of the gun being silenced, the gunners could be seen still steady at their posts.

At 7.10 all the ships were firing, and all the forts within range were replying. The weight of the English broadsides and the mass of machine-gun bullets hurled upon the works soon began to tell. At 8.30 a guncotton magazine, to the rear of Fort Marsa-el-Khanat, was exploded by the "Monarch's" fire. Soon afterward Lord Charles Beresford, in his little gunboat, the "Condor," noticed that the fire of Fort Marabout was greatly annoying the inshore squadron, as shell after shell came sailing up, dropping thirty to forty yards short. Accordingly, he stood in toward the fort, under the muzzles of its 9-inch guns, till he himself was within easy range. Then selecting a position where the enemy's guns could only reach him with great difficulty, he dropped his anchors, and by warping his ship to and fro, paying out or hauling in cable,

kept her in motion, and eluded the Egyptian projectiles, playing vigorously upon the fort all the time with his muzzle-loaders and machine guns. Thus he completely drew off the fire of the Egyptians from the fleet, and at the same time avoided the heavy shells from the fort, any one of which would have been sufficient to sink his weak, unprotected vessel.

The "Sultan," "Superb," and "Alexandra" had been at first kept in motion, and had steamed twice past the Ras-el-Tin batteries. But it became evident that, with the constantly changing ranges, their fire lost in accuracy, while the gain in protection was not worth considering. Therefore, about nine o'clock they anchored off the Lighthouse Fort, and at once began to improve their practice. About this time, a 10-inch round-shell from a smooth-bore passed through the "Alexandra's" unarmored side and lodged on her deck. With great gallantry and presence of mind, one of her gunners, Israel Harding, who had from below heard the shout, "There is a live shell just above the hatchway," rushed up the ladder, and taking some water from a tub near at hand, flung it upon the burning fuse, then seized the shell and placed it in the tub of water. For this act he was awarded the Victoria Cross. At 10.30, the Lighthouse Fort, which had been very severely handled by the guns of the "Inflexible" and the offshore squadron, ceased fire. The guns then began to play upon Pharos and Ada, while the offshore squadron was re-enforced by the whole fire of the "Inflexible," after she had, with the inshore squadron's help, silenced Mex, and by the "Temerarie," which had got off the shoals. The two forts could not resist the powerful fire which was poured in upon them, and great gaps quickly began to show in the brickwork face of Pharos. At 1.30, the "Inflexible" appeared to have blown in the whole face of Ada, and two minutes later a shell from the "Superb" struck a magazine in the fort. There was a terrific explosion, like the pent-up rush of fire from a volcano, hurling timber, bricks, and men in all directions. On this, Ada was evacuated, and a little later Pharos, though in the Hospital Battery one 7-inch gun still fought. It was invisible from the ships, and the utmost difficulty was experienced in silencing it; at five o'clock it was still firing at intervals of ten minutes.

The fire from the Egyptian works on the Ras-el-Tin and Pharos promontories had now ceased with this exception, and henceforward the English ships used their guns mainly to scatter any groups of men who gathered from time to time in the battered forts.

Further to the west, Lord Charles Beresford had fought unsupported, off Marabout, for an hour and a half. At ten, the other gunboats were sent in to his aid by the admiral, and following the tactics of the "Condor," they took up positions where they could not be touched, and used their machine-guns from their tops with great effect. It was their light draught which enabled them to do this. The "Invincible," "Penelope," and "Monarch," which were attacking Mex, each maneuvered to keep their broadsides bearing. Further still from the coast were the "Temeraire" and "Inflexible," co-operating with the inshore squadron, and linking it to the offshore division. At 12.45, however, these two ships ceased their fire on Mex, and went round to bombard Pharos. At 2 o'clock, as it could be seen from the tops of the ships that the gunners in the lower battery of Fort Mex had abandoned their guns, volunteers were called for to land and destroy the guns. Twelve men were selected for this dangerous mission, and under the command of Lieutenant Bradford safely reached the fort. Two heavy muzzle-loaders were disabled by exploding gun-cotton inside their muzzles, and six smooth-bores were spiked, after which the landing party re-embarked, without any other casualty than the loss of the "Bittern's" dinghy. The "Condor" was recalled with the other gunboats.

The bombardment was now practically over. From the sea the forts appeared to be a mass of ruins, and their fire was very intermittent. It was fortunate that the task of the English fleet had been so successfully accomplished during the forenoon, for soon after midday the heavy swell made the ships roll, and diminished in some degree the accuracy of their fire. At 5.30 P.M. the signal to cease action was made; if the firing had continued longer shot and shell might have run short, as the "Inflexible ' had only ten rounds apiece left for her heavy guns and the "Sultan" not enough ammunition for more than another hour's bombardment. Pharos, the last fort to be silenced, held out till 4.30.

The night was spent by the ships in making necessary repairs, in view of a renewal of the engagement next morning. The town was in darkness, as Arabi had caused all lights to be extinguished, but the glow of a great fire could be seen. A sharp lookout was kept on board the squadron, to prevent the Egyptians from using torpedoes or rebuilding their forts, and the shore and harbor were constantly swept with the searchlights of the ships. At daybreak, in heavy, gloomy weather, the dead were committed to the sea; but a rising wind prevented any immediate action. The "Achilles" had now arrived to re-enforce the fleet, and on the weather moderating, the "Temeraire" and "Inflexible" were directed to renew the attack upon Pharos and Ada. A few shots were fired, when a flag of truce was hoisted; but, on sending Lieutenant Lambton on shore to receive the surrender of the forts, Admiral Seymour heard that the Egyptian governor would not give them up. The governor on this was informed that the bombardment would be recommenced, and at 4 P.M. a shot was fired at Pharos, after which the white flag was once more hoisted by the Egyptians. It was decided by Admiral Seymour to postpone further action till the next morning, as the day was now advanced. On the 13th a reconnoitering party discovered that the forts had been abandoned. Parties were landed from the British and American ships to protect the Europeans in the town, and the guns in the forts were spiked. It is worth our while to recall the fact that the American sailors, on the close of the bombardment, loudly cheered the British ships, and that at the landing they gave the readiest support, thus emphasizing Captain Tatnall's saying, "Blood is thicker than water."

CHAPTER XLIII

THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

FIGHT IN THE DESERT—STORMING OF THE FORTRESSES OF THE PASHA—ARABI'S FLIGHT

A.D. 1882

THE Anglo-Egyptian conflict which, as related in the last chapter, began with the bombardment of Alexandria, after resulting in several minor engagements, culminated in the great battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and was concluded by the surrender of Arabi Pasha and of the fortresses and troops under his command.

The site of the battle was in what is known as the Wady Tumilat, a depression of the border of the Libyan Desert, asserted by those learned in ancient Egypt to have been, in times prehistoric, once a branch of the Nile, traversing Timsah and the Bitter Lakes to the Red Sea. Under the Pharaohs here lay a canal, by which the river recovered its connection with the latter sea. The line of the valley itself partakes of the nature of the adjacent desert. Along the shores of the canal are traces of an ancient town of vast extent, and of a once high cultivation that has passed away. At Tel-el-Mahuta there still remains a mighty block of granite, bearing on one side—enthroned between the divinities Thum and Ra—a representation of King Rameses II., the alleged conqueror of Ethiopia, Libya, and Persia, and, according to Pliny, the contemporary of Priam; while Rameses—the railway station—is the site of the scriptural town of that name in the Land of Goshen.

Westward of Tel-el-Kebir lie the ruins of the ancient Pithom, where the Israelites burned bricks, and where, as we are told in Exodus, they had taskmasters set over them "to afflict them with their burdens; and they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Rameses."

Zagazig, which was ere long to echo to the pipes of the Black Watch when seized by that regiment, is the ancient Bubastis—the site of a magnificent temple of Venus—where cats were held in high veneration, because Diana Bubastis transformed herself into a cat when the gods fled from Egypt.

"Such," says Mr. James Grant, "was the Biblical and classical ground over which the fight was to be waged."

Appended is his account of the battle. It should be noted that Mr. Grant is an Englishman and that, in consequence, his recital is from a British standpoint:

On the 11th and 12th of September Sir Garnet Wolseley reconnoitered both sides of the enemy's position, accompanied by the principal officers of his staff, and Lieutenant Goodrich, of the United States Navy. They saw before them a line of intrenchments some four miles long, extending from the canal toward El Karain, in the desert; on its other bank soft earthworks, with hurdle revetments, which in fortification mean supports outside of a rampart or parapet, to prevent the soil from rolling into the ditch.

These works, on which numbers of fellaheen had toiled for so many weeks, had a frontage of 6,600 yards, and the intended inundation by Arabi south of the position did not seem to have been carried out. At intervals along the line were redoubts armed with cannon, which were so pointed as to deliver alike a front and rear fire, and these redoubts were connected by trenches.

Supporting the front line were other redoubts, which, toward the right center of the position, were especially strong: alike because they crowned eminences that were natural, and were strengthened by art and skill. Similar works covered the flanks —an intrenched line and armed redoubts. They were supposed to be unassailable by cavalry.

In rear of all these works lay an Egyptian force, which can be estimated correctly only by the fact that 18,000 rations were issued the day before for the regular troops and 7,000 for irregulars; but the strength of the enemy was known only vaguely to Sir Garnet Wolseley. The practical facts before him were: the works,

the knowledge that they were fully occupied, the knowledge also of a detachment at Salahieh, and the certainty that the enemy would be informed of all his movements by spies. His experience of an Egyptian sun also told him that although British troops could fight and conquer in the heat of the day, the rough task before them would be better and more easily achieved in the cool dark hours of the early morning.

After Sir Garnet had explained to all his generals and brigadiers the plan of attack, and given each a sketch of the intended operations, he was seen with his staff reconnoitering the position, but the enemy's cavalry issuing from Tel-el-Kebir put an end to the reconnaissance, and he was back to camp by seven A.M.

The pontoons were now all to the front, to enable Graham's force to cross or recross the canal at will in the work of turning Arabi's lines. During the day the advanced guard was pushed forward four miles, while the Indian infantry followed for two miles, and when the evening of the 12th of September came, all knew that the hour of battle was drawing nigh.

The orders were issued for a general advance; they were brief, but significant. By half-past six all tents were struck and packed, and all baggage was piled up along the railway. No bugles or trumpets were allowed to sound after sunset. No fires were permitted; and the utmost silence was ordered to be maintained throughout the operations of the night. At half-past one in the morning Sir Garnet Wolseley gave the order to advance, and the 1st and 2d divisions moved off. The total strength advancing to the attack was given in the "Times" at 11,000 bayonets, 2,000 sabers, and 60 guns—"about half that of the enemy, excluding the Salahieh detachment."

In moving over the desert at night there were no landmarks to guide the movements, and their course was directed by the stars, which was well and correctly effected, and the leading brigades of each division both reached the enemy's works within a couple of minutes of each other. There were a few temporary halts, to enable the regiments to maintain touch and cohesion of order, and to allow the guns and wagons, the jarring wheels of which seemed to sound strangely loud, to keep up with the columns.

When dawn was nigh the troops were within 1,000 yards of the enemy, and then a final halt was made for a brief space to enable the fighting line to be perfected, and last preparations to be made.

"The attack began on the left," says the correspondent of the "Standard," "and nothing finer could be imagined than the advance of the Highland Brigade. Swiftly and silently the Highlanders moved forward to the attack. No word was spoken, no shot was fired until within 300 yards of the enemy's works (a distance since lessened to 200 yards), nor up to that time did a sound in the Egyptian lines betoken that they were aware of the presence of their assailants. Then suddenly a terrific fire flashed along the line of sand heaps, and a storm of bullets swept over the heads of the advancing troops. A wild cheer broke from the Highlanders in response; the pipes struck shrilly up, bayonets were fixed, and at the double this splendid body of men went steadily forward. The first line of intrenchments was carried; but from another line of intrenchments, which could scarcely be seen in the dim light, another burst of musketry broke out. For a few minutes the Highlanders poured in a heavy fire in exchange, but it was probably as innocuous as that of the unseen enemy, whose bullets whistled overhead. The brigade again moved rapidly forward. Soon a portion of the force had passed between the enemy's redoubts, and opened a flanking fire upon him."

A front attack could not succeed, it would appear; the ditch was too deep, the ramparts too high. Filing off on each side, the Highland Light Infantry endeavored to force a way in at the flanks of the works, and here one of the bloodiest struggles of the day ensued—a long and stern hand to hand fight, which was not ended till Sir Edward Hamley had re-enforced that regiment—the old 74th—by part of the Cornwall regiment and the 60th Rifles.

On the other flank of the brigade the Black Watch was compelled to tarry in its wild rush, in order to storm a redoubt, the heavy guns of which, in the now breaking morning light, had begun to play heavily on Graham's brigade and our advancing artillery; and thus it came to pass that, from both flanks of Alison's brigade being delayed, the charge straight to their front of the Gor-

don and Cameron Highlanders caused them to become the apex of a wedge thrust into the heart of the Egyptian army.

The best fighting by the troops of the latter took place here, when their First Guard Regiments fell back silently and sullenly before the Highlanders, even while the latter were under a flank fire.

Meanwhile, fighting had begun vigorously on the other flank. Dawn was faintly stealing over the eastern sky, when the crest of a ridge some 500 yards in front of the Egyptian left became covered with moving objects, that told darkly against the pale light. It was the brigade of Graham coming on. A single shot from the Egyptian lines rang out, and after that the storm of the battle burst forth.

The Royal Horse Artillery shelled the enemy's extreme left, where the Egyptians are said to have been more prepared than they were for the attack on their right, and for a time held their ground, till the first jets of fire that spirted out in the darkness became one long blaze of musketry over the top of the parapets. Under the guidance of Major Hart, a staff officer, the Royal Irish were sent to turn the enemy's left, and with a wild yell, and all their national and characteristic valor, they went "straight at the works," carried them at the bayonet's point, and completely turned the flank of the position. Then crowded masses of the Egyptians began to rush across the open, suffering heavily from our fire, which mowed them down in hundreds.

Next to the Royal Irish came the old 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, and next them the old 94th, now termed the 2d Battalion of the Connaught Rangers. These regiments advanced by regular rushes; but it would seem that the rest of the troops in the shadows of the plain had not been perceived, and thus the fire that at first opposed them was of that involuntary kind which tells of want of discipline; but ere long it became a steady fringe of fire sparkling out amid the gloom.

Here our troops had been seen fully by the enemy, who poured upon them a hail of bullets. Thick as bees, the Egyptian infantry clustered on the parapets of the redoubts, and were forced down the slopes of these into the deep trenches in front of them. Hundreds

of them, lying down, smote the head of the advancing brigade with their fire; but our soldiers deployed with splendid steadiness, and advanced by sections, making rushes that were short and sharp toward the enemy's position.

As they drew near the trenches, they gathered themselves in groups, and leaped down into the midst of the enemy; then a hand to hand fight ensued with butt-end and bayonet, and the Egyptians fell in scores; thus, when the second line came on, they found the trenches full of dead.

The first line of the Egyptian intrenchments, with all the redoubts, was now fully captured, but the stronger lay within, armed with twelve heavy guns, while line after line of shelter-trenches lay beyond. The troops, cheering with glorious enthusiasm, again went storming up the slopes without the hesitation of a second, won the inner parapets, and bayoneted the gunners before they had time to abandon their cannon.

About twenty minutes after, the first rush on the left and that on the right sufficed to put the carefully constructed intrenchments and the redoubts, with all their flank-firing and formidable artillery, in the hands of the victorious British troops. Those of the enemy who were able to fly, fled, followed by the withering and searching fire of the victors in the captured positions: and those other redoubts that were yet unattacked, and the shelter-trenches lay beyond; all these availed them not, as the dread of the cavalry and horse artillery sweeping round upon their flank and rear caused the Egyptians suddenly to abandon them.

From the moment that Graham's brigade on the right and the Highlanders on the left were through the inner line of redoubts, the actual resistance of the Egyptians ceased, and the battle was virtually won. Mingled together in bewildered mobs, hurried into wild and disastrous retreat, the Egyptian regiments had no rest given them—no chance of rallying even for one brief moment.

Arabi was put to flight. Tel-el-Kebir was taken. Egyptian losses were enormous, prisoners were plentiful. Through the latter it was learned that prior to the British advance spies reported to Arabi full particulars of the coming event. Midnight came, and the vedettes reported there were no signs of an advance as yet, and

this statement produced a certain slackness of watch among the soldiers of Arabi, who turned into their tents. An alarm was certainly given when an Arab pony in the British lines neighed a response to another half a mile distant, but still the men of Arabi thought nothing of it. Soon after this an artillery colonel reported that he heard the clank of accouterments at a distance. A picket that was ordered out to reconnoiter refused to do so, and a vedette who had lost his horse, thinking he could see it, crept out from the earthworks and saw the British army lying down!

He had barely time to report this circumstance when the roar of battle burst over all the trenches. Believing themselves to be invulnerable and impregnable, the enemy stood firm for a considerable time, blazing hard, till their rifle-barrels became heated with the fierce rapidity of their firing.

CHAPTER XLIV

BATTLE OF KASHGATE AND FALL OF KHARTOUM

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—THE MAHDI—DEFEAT OF HICKS—NILE EXPEDITION AND DEATH OF GORDON

A.D. 1883—1884

BELED-ES-SOUDAN, or "the Land of the Blacks," is the name given by Arabian geographers to that part of the African continent which stretches to the south of the Sahara, from the Nile on the east to the Atlantic on the west. Khartoum (which signifies "the point") is the capital of this country, the sovereignty of which was first seized by Egypt in 1819, when Mehemet Ali, on becoming aware of the anarchy existing there, conceived the idea of introducing civilization, and of providing occupation for his troops at the same time. He according sent his son Ismail with a large force to invade the country. Ismail reached Khartoum, which is situated at the delta where the

Blue and White Nile unite their waters to form the great river of Egypt; but he and all his followers were burned alive by a native chief, who first made them drunk at his own table and then set fire to the house which held them. For this, terrible vengeance was promptly taken, and Egyptian sovereignty was established over Kordofan and Sennaar.

Khartoum is about equi-distant—between eleven hundred or twelve hundred miles—from the northern frontier of Egypt, the Mediterranean, and the southern boundary of the khedive's equatorial dominions, the Lake Nyanza, and the principality of Uganda. The actual extent of the Soudan is sixteen hundred miles in one direction and thirteen hundred in another, and from first to last this almost inaccessible country has never paid the cost of its government.

After various revolts had been quelled, Sir Samuel Baker, in September, 1869, undertook the command of an expedition to Central Africa, under the auspices of the khedive, who placed under his orders fifteen hundred chosen Egyptian troops, with four years' absolute and uncontrolled power of life and death; and he conquered the Equatorial Provinces, of which Colonel Gordon, now so well known to fame, was appointed governor-general in 1874. In the following year Darfour was annexed in the west, and in the extreme east, southward of Abyssinia, Harrar was conquered.

When Colonel Gordon became absolute governor of the Soudan, he warned the khedive "that he would render it forever impossible for Turks or Circassians to govern there again." Gordon was as good as his word. By treating the people with a justice hitherto unknown to them, by giving attention to their grievances, by repressing without mercy all who defied the law, he accustomed the Soudanese to appreciate a purer and gentler—yet firmer—form of rule than had ever prevailed in that part of the world before; and during his term of office he kept the Soudan free from interference by the venal ministry at Cairo.

After his departure, a horde of Turks, Circassians, and Bashi-Bazouks were let loose in the territory, where they worried the unfortunate people, reversed his entire policy, and made marked men of all his old officials, and armed revolt was the result.

It was in July, 1881, that the Mahdi first took the field, but was defeated at Sennaar in the spring of the following year, the May of which saw Egypt in that state of revolution which led to the British conflicts with Arabi Pasha. Retreating up the Blue Nile, he gathered fresh followers as he went, and, crossing the White Nile, invaded the country watered by the Bahr-el-Gazelle, a river the shores of which are generally bordered by reeds, and in July, 1882, six thousand Egyptian troops, led by Yussuf Pasha, were surrounded by his army and massacred nearly to a man.

In August, 1882, he advanced against El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, but was defeated at Bara, and was twice defeated again in assaulting the former place, without apparently injuring the supposed sanctity of his mission. After various turns of fortune, the February of 1883 saw nearly the whole of the Egyptian forces in the Soudan almost isolated in Kordofan, while the neighborhood of Suakim was swarming with exultant followers of the Mahdi, five thousand of whom were defeated on the 29th of April by the Egyptian forces, under Colonel Hicks, formerly of the Bombay Army, with the loss of five hundred men, including the False Prophet's lieutenant-general. At the battle of Kashgate, however, which was fought on the 5th of November, the army of Hicks was annihilated by the forces of the Mahdi, after three days' hard fighting.

General Hicks charged at the head of his staff. They galloped toward a sheikh, supposed by the Egyptians to be the Mahdi. General Hicks rushed on him with his sword, and cut his face and arm; this man had on a Darfour steel mail shirt. Just then a club thrown struck General Hicks on the head and unhorsed him. The horses of the staff were speared, but the officers fought on foot till all were killed. General Hicks was the last to die. The Mahdi was not in the battle, but came to see his body, through which, according to an Arab custom, every sheikh thrust his spear.

Baker's forces behaved with less resolution than those of Hicks, when attacked on the march to Tokar. They refused to defend themselves, but lay on the ground groveling and screaming for mercy. No efforts of Baker and his British officers could induce them to face the enemy. They abandoned him, and he, with

Colonel Burnaby, Colonel Hay, Major Harvey, Mr. Bewlay, and others, had to hew their way out through a forest of Arab lances. Captain Giles, writing to the "Graphic" from the scene of action, described a charge of some Turkish cavalry on a body of mounted men, whom Baker thought it advisable to disperse, and continued thus:

"After rallying and getting them together, and while returning to get in rear of the square, which Baker had attempted to form on the enemy's attack, we found that a furious fire had been going on. For a moment we thought all was well, but in closing, saw that the force had broken up, a stream of soldiers, camels, and horsemen making off. . . All around us the fugitive Egyptians had thrown away their arms, and had not even the pluck to attempt any self-defense, but allowed themselves to be slaughtered like sheep. The shooting, too, of the Egyptians, both cavalry and infantry (while they had their arms) was most dangerous, as they blazed off their rifles without putting them to their shoulders, and without the smallest care which way the shot went. Numbers of our men were killed by them. The conduct of the Egyptians was simply disgraceful! Armed with rifle and bayonet, they allowed themselves to be slaughtered, without an effort at self-defense, by savages inferior to them in numbers, and armed only with spears and swords."

In concert with the Mahdi's revolt against the Egyptian government in the Western Soudan, the tribes of the east broke into open rebellion, surrounding the garrisons at Sinkat and Tokar, and cutting off the communications between Berber and Suakim, where they were kept at bay only by the appearance of our gunboats in the harbor. In the beginning of November a force was sent to relieve Tokar, but was surrounded by the rebels and destroyed.

A month later an attempt to relieve the starving garrison at Sinkat met with an equally disastrous fate, and for a time it began to seem as if the Mahdi, whose forces were at times stated to be three hundred thousand strong, were carrying all before him, and would ere long menace Cairo, though garrisoned by our slender army of occupation. Thus, more than ever did many of the ignorant Soudanese believe in the holiness of his mission.

Immediately after the destruction of Hicks and his army the Mahdi's forces advanced to Khartoum, where General Gordon was blockaded, and laid siege to it.

We have not the space here to detail the circumstances that led Gladstone's government to undertake what is known as the Nile Expedition, one of the most remarkable and interesting of military history. Suffice it to say that, on January 18, 1884, General Gordon was dispatched to Khartoum, to withdraw all the Egyptian garrisons from the Soudan, and make the best arrangements possible for its future government.

General Gordon entered Khartoum on February 18, and at first all went well, and he declared Khartoum was "as safe as Kensington Park"; but the Mahdi continued to gain successes, Khartoum was invested, and, on May 26, Berber fell. Lord Wolseley conjured the British government to dispatch an expedition to the relief of General Gordon in May; but doubts were entertained by the Ministry as to his inability to extricate himself, and no determination was come to until August 5. The loss of these three months was fatal to success, and the desert column, under Sir Herbert Stewart, arrived at Khartoum too late by two days.

Lord Wolseley, Adjutant-general of the Horse Guards, left for Egypt on August 31, to assume supreme command. On his arrival at Cairo he called for volunteers from the regiments of Guards and cavalry stationed in the United Kingdom, to form a Camel Corps, consisting of sixty-five officers and one thousand one hundred and eighty-seven rank and file, each regiment and battalion contributing two officers and forty-three men, the whole being organized into three distinct corps, called respectively the Guards, and Heavy, and Light Camel Regiments. This chosen body of troops embarked from England on September 26, and the sagacity that dictated the formation of the Camel Corps was amply justified by its success in the famous desert march to the Nile, the probability of which Lord Wolseley had in view.

For four months the Nile presented the most singular spectacle that even "the father of rivers" has shown throughout the centuries during which some of the most striking episodes of history have been enacted on its banks. For many hundreds of miles of

its broken and tortuous course, a British army of nine thousand men, with the necessary impedimenta, were toiling at the oar in eight hundred boats, and transporting stores, or dragging pinnaces and steamers by main force over the cataracts. Lord Wolseley left Wady Halfa for Sarras on October 29, and arrived on November 3 at Dongola, where the mudir, or local governor, had kept the Mahdi's troops at bay, though his loyalty was long a subject of doubt. On December 16 Lord Wolseley arrived at Korti, twelve hundred and fifty miles from Cairo, and as from private advices Gordon's position was known to be critical, on December 30 Sir Herbert Stewart was dispatched to make the desert march to Metemmeh, on the Nile, opposite to Shendy, 170 miles from Korti, whence he was to sail in one of Gordon's steamers, with a small detachment of British soldiers, to Khartoum, 100 miles up the river. Major-general Earle was, later on, to proceed by river, with about 3,000 men, to Berber, after retaking which he was to co-operate in any ulterior operations at or beyond Khartoum.

Sir Herbert Stewart moved with 1,100 men, each man with seven days' rations, escorting 2,000 camels carrying supplies. Gakdul, a distance of ninety-seven miles, was reached at 6.45 A.M., on the 2d of January, 1885, a very remarkable performance. Leaving the guards and marines to guard the wells and supplies, Sir Herbert returned to Korti, where he arrived on the afternoon of the 6th of January, and, two days later, finally left Korti, to which he was destined never to return. The small column placed under his command to effect the honorable task of relieving the great English hero who had so worthily upheld the prestige of his country, consisted, all told, of 100 officers and 1,500 rank and file, with 300 natives, and 2,228 camels.

The force suffered greatly during the march from thirst, but Gakdul, where water was had in abundance, was reached on the 12th of January, and, two days later, the march for the Nile was resumed, 150 men of the Sussex Regiment being left as a garrison in place of the Guards, thus increasing the fighting strength of the column by about 100 bayonets. It was not anticipated that any opposition would be met with; but this idea was destined to be belied, as, on approaching Abu Klea, the Hussar scouts reported

that a large body of the enemy was encamped about two miles from the wells. The small British force formed a zareba of the mimosa bushes, and slept that night on their arms, the cattle and baggage being in the center, while three small works, giving a flanking fire, afforded a further protection from surprise.

The Arabs kept up a desultory fire all night, but as they made no offensive movement, at 9.30 on the following morning, the 17th of January, Sir Herbert Stewart, leaving a small guard at the zareba, marched out to bring them to action, with his force on foot, except the Hussars. As the square wound round the left flank of the enemy's position, they were met with a hot fire from the Arabs, by which many were killed.

Notwithstanding the fire of the guns and rifles the Arabs continued to advance with banners waving, and suddenly a body, numbering some thousands, charged up two narrow gullies leading from the valley, and bore down on the Heavy Camel Regiment, who formed the rear half of the left face, and the whole of the rear face, of the square. Colonel Burnaby, who had arrived a few days before from Korti with a convoy of grain, and by seniority was second in command of the column, called upon the Heavies to meet the Arab charge, and, riding out, was killed after a hand-to-hand conflict, in which this most gallant soldier displayed his wonted intrepidity and contempt for death. The British loss was nine officers and sixty-five rank and file killed, and nine officers and eighty-five wounded.

The Hussars pushed on and occupied the wells of Abu Klea, whither the force, carrying the wounded on stretchers and camel litters, advanced later in the day. The supplies having been brought from the former position, a strong zareba was erected, and a detachment being left to guard the wells and the wounded, at 4 P.M. on the 18th of January the column pushed on for the Nile, though much fatigued from want of rest. Marching all night, with occasional halts, when dawn broke it was found that the Nile was still six miles off, and from the masses of the enemy seen to be pouring out of Metemmeh with the object of barring the way to the river, it was manifest that the hardly-pressed soldiers would have to fight an action before reaching its banks. Sir Her-

bert Stewart took up a position near Abu Kru, about four miles from the river, and proceeded to form a zareba. The Arabs continued to gather round the column, on which they kept up a very heavy fire, causing many casualties, including the gallant commander, who fell severely wounded by a bullet in the groin. The command now devolved upon Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., head of the Intelligence Department, an officer of great scientific acquirements, but scarcely fitted for high command in a crisis demanding the abilities of an experienced and daring soldier.

Having completed his preparations, Sir Charles Wilson left a guard of about 300 men with the guns, in the zareba, under Lord Charles Beresford and Colonel Barrow, and pushed on with about 1,000 men on foot, marching in square, for the Nile, where he intended to intrench himself. It was a desperate course, but the only one likely to prevent the annihilation of the small column. Protected by the accurate fire of the guns from the zareba, the British square pushed on slowly, now swinging to the right and now to the left as the Arabs advanced to the attack, and finally repulsing a determined assault of some 10,000 Arabs, who swept down upon the left face with a determination only less than that displayed at Abu Klea. After this all further opposition ceased, and the column arrived at Gubat, on the banks of the Nile, where the men, having quenched their overpowering thirst, at length found a welcome rest. Early on the following morning, leaving a strong guard, the column returned to the zareba, and brought back with them their comrades, together with the wounded and stores. During the fighting since the 17th, two officers and the correspondents of the "Standard" and "Morning Post," with twenty-two men, had been killed; and nine officers, including the commander, and ninety-two men, were wounded, mostly severely.

On the 21st of January, a reconnaissance in force was made toward Metemmeh, but the place was not assaulted, as the attempt would have insured heavy loss. At 7 A.M. on the 24th, Sir Charles Wilson left for Khartoum with two of the four steamers Gordon had sent to Metemmeh, taking with him twenty men of the Sussex Regiment, and 250 of Gordon's Soudanese troops.

Near Gebel-seg-es-Taib, a steep eminence overhanging the Nile,

a man shouted that Khartoum had fallen two days before, and as these reports were repeated at every bend of the stream, anxiety and alarm soon filled the hearts of all.

Sir Charles Wilson was not left long in doubt now. By nine o'clock his steamers had passed the village of Vakeel, which, with its island, were found to be occupied by one of the Mahdi's chief emirs, the Sheikh Mustapha. Running on under a heavy fire, the first glimpse of Khartoum, with its minaret, was obtained through a field-glass below Fighiaiha, at the distance of ten miles, and by eleven o'clock an island was reached, from amid the tall grasses and bushes of which a most pestilent fire was opened. By noon they were abreast of Halfiyeh, where four pieces of cannon opened upon them.

The vessels responded with rifles and howitzers at 500 yards' range, while steaming furiously up till they came abreast of Tuti Island, which lies between the White and Blue Niles, and which they hoped to find occupied by what remained of Gordon's troops. Vain expectation! At 250 yards' distance a rifle fire was opened upon them, while two guns shelled them from the city itself.

As the southern end of Tuti Island, with its sandy dunes, was reached, a severe fire was opened upon them from four Krupp guns which armed the fort of Omdurman, and which was evidently in possession of the Mahdi. In their thousands the men of the latter swarmed along the banks of the river, and with their Remingtons poured in a furious cross-fire, which, strange to say, proved somewhat innocuous. Sir Charles and his staff could now perceive Gordon's troop-boats drawn up with a fleet of native craft on the left or Khartoum bank of the river; but nothing could be seen of two steamers which Gordon was said to have retained for any emergency.

Outside the city the northwest shore of the Bahr-el-Azrek seemed literally alive with rebels, while men clad in the uniform of the Mahdi and waving his flags teemed in the streets and on the forts and flat housetops; thousands of others, among them many frantic dervishes, defiant of the rifle fire, rushed to the river edge, brandishing their swords and spears, and shouting exultingly the story of Gordon's fall; and all the while guns were throwing shot and

shell from three points—Khartoum, Halfiyeh, and Omdurman, with showers of rifle-shot, till the water boiled and hissed around the steamers, where, but for the protecting armor plates, all must have perished on board.

On seeing Khartoum so completely in the hands of the rebels, Khasm-el-Moos, his officers and men, covered their heads and threw themselves on the decks in despair. The handful of the Royal Sussex fought bravely, and kept up file-firing till their shoulders ached and their rifle-barrels grew hot. As all hope was over now, and no flag was waving on the palace, Sir Charles Wilson ordered the steamers to be put about and descend the river at their utmost speed; and a little after four in the afternoon the expedition was beyond the fire of the enemy.

At Gebel Royan, near the Sixth Cataract, information came that, on the night of January 26, Khartoum had fallen through the treachery of Faragh Pasha, a villain who had originally been a slave, but whom Gordon had freed, promoted, and intrusted with a command among his Soudanese troops. He had opened the gates to the followers of the Mahdi; then a dreadful massacre ensued; Gordon was slain, and his followers perished with him. So the British expedition had proved a total failure.

Gordon, says a writer, "died defending the city he had gone to succor. His corpse, pitted with spear thrusts, had no doubt been thrown into the Nile to become the prey of the crocodiles, so that not even the palm of martyrdom could be laid upon his grave. And yet those last months of his life were one long martyrdom, as terrible as ever canonized saint was called upon to bear. Still he had seldom complained; his thoughts were not of himself, but of those who had been intrusted to him. He made the sacrifice of his own life—all that he desired was to 'save his people.' No man ever showed more touching resignation than he did, and no man ever felt a greater love for his fellow-creatures."

CHAPTER XLV

THE BATTLE OF VALESTINOS

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR — CAUSE OF THE CONFLICT — OPPOSING FORCES — CRESCENT AND CROSS

A.D. 1897

EARLY in March, 1897, it became clear that the Greek government intended to provoke a war with Turkey. The cause was Crete, which the Greeks desired to annex. The stimulus was the Ethnike Hetairia (National Society). This association formed an *imperium in imperio*, which for a time almost controlled Greek politics. It embraced within its ranks many members of the legislature and a large number of army officers. For the three months prior to the outbreak of the war the Ethnike Hetairia was more powerful than the government. Its secret fiats were irresistible, and the actual filibustering band, whose inroad against Grevena directly caused the war, was armed, equipped, and dispatched into Turkish territory by this dangerous association.

This Ethnike Hetairia was indeed a formidable and mischievous body. It was a secret society embracing nearly half the young men of Greece. Its leaders and inspirers were very ambitious and almost wholly irresponsible. Owing to its influence, the king and royal family were obliged to give in to the Cretan plot, and to head a dangerous movement which they could not control. The society issued its edicts, and forthwith arms and agitators were poured into Crete. Another secret edict compelled the king to send Colonel Vassos and his soldiers to Crete. A third edict forced a menacing mobilization on the Thessalian frontier. The outside world little realized what a serious power for evil this Ethnike Hetairia wielded.

The Ethnike Hetairia was very active among all the Greek col-

onies in Asia Minor and in Egypt. It recruited among the young Greek subjects of the sultan, and hundreds, even thousands, of Greek lads and young men sailed from Constantinople, Smyrna, and Alexandria to Greece. The Turkish authorities did not take very energetic steps to stop this martial emigration; but these Hellenic volunteers did not have the best of times on their return to Ottoman territory. This society and the efforts of the Greek government quite failed to stir up any trouble among the Greek population in Macedonia, who are neither discontented nor warlike. In Epirus there was rather more movement, but it amounted to very little.

The power of the Ethnike Hetairia waned in proportion as the war was unsuccessful and its policy was proved to have been disastrous. So fallen was the Ethnike Hetairia from its high estate that M. Rhallys, at the end of May, made bold to seize all its papers and threaten its officers with prosecution. Since this timely act of courage little has been heard of the Ethnike Hetairia.

The melting of the snows at the end of March and the clearing of the passes and roads were bound to mark a critical time in the relations of the two countries. Accordingly the forces on both sides were considerably re-enforced, and the tension became acute.

The actual war began on April 17, when the sultan and his government at last decided to declare a state of war. Desultory fighting had been going on along the frontier for some days previously. Greek irregular troops had made several deliberate raids into Turkish territory, especially in the direction of Grevena and Nezeros. In the former there were ex-officers of the Greek regular army in command, and in the latter a considerable number of Greek regular troops took part. The provocation thus given to Turkey was great and intolerable, and there can be no doubt that the sultan was by these raids entirely justified in formally declaring war.

The circumstances of these raids are peculiar and worthy of record. On April 9 a body of some 2,000 irregulars assembled at Koniskos, close to Kalabaka, the terminus of the Volo-Pharsalos-Trikkala railway line. This band was organized by the Ethnike Hetairia, under the personal direction of M. Goussio. This gentleman was the Greek manager of an English bank at Alexandria

and a prominent leader of the secret society. The movement was well known at Athens to be imminent, and was discussed there on the very day of its occurrence. The men were mostly reservists, and were armed with the regulation Gras rifle and bayonets of the Greek army. Each man had a badge embroidered with the letters E. E. Their leaders were two retired Greek officers named Mylonas and Kapsapoulos. Under these were several well-known brigand chiefs, including Develis, Zermas and Makris.

When the war began, there were six Turkish divisions, numbering about 90,000 men, at or within striking distance of the frontier. There were the 1st division, commanded by Hairi Pasha, at Domenik; the 2d division, commanded by Neschat Pasha, at Skumpa; the 3d and 4th divisions, commanded respectively by Memdouk Pasha and Haidar Pasha, at Elassona; the 5th division, commanded by Hakki Pasha, at Diskata, west of Skumpa; and the 6th division, commanded by Hamdi Pasha, at Lepto-Karya. There were also the weak cavalry division commanded by Suleiman Pasha at Ormanli, and twelve batteries of artillery under Riza Pasha at Elassona. In addition to these, the 7th division under Husni Pasha reached Elassona during the first week in May, and the 8th division was mobilized there just at the close of the war. There was another corps of about 10,000 men under Islam Pasha assembed at Diskata. There were also two divisions in Epirus, numbering about 30,000 men, under Ahmed Hifzi Pasha and Mustapha Pasha.

The Turkish infantry were all armed with the Martini-Henry rifle and long bayonet—a most excellent weapon. One brigade only of the 2d division, Neschat Pasha's, had the new Mauser rifle, and this brigade suffered heavily at Domokos. The 7th and 8th divisions, which were mobilized late and did no fighting, also had the Mauser. The uniform was a blue tunic and trousers, with sandals, and, of course, the fez. Most of the uniforms were worn and shabby. Toward the end of the war the soldiers often used portions of the clothing they had captured from the Greeks. The Albanians wore a low white fez, or skull-cap. Greatcoats were common, but not universal, and every soldier had a cartridge-belt over his shoulders and a tin water-bottle. Their other belongings were carried in various fashions on the soldiers' backs.

Only a small portion of the Turkish force belonged to the regular army on active service, that is to the Nizams. Three-quarters were Redifs or reserve men, between the ages of twenty-five and fifty. The average age was between thirty and thirty-five. These Redifs were strong, well-grown, hardy peasants, who seemed capable of any fatigue, and who rarely succumbed to disease. There were also some 8,000 to 10,000 Albanians.

The cavalry were very small in numbers, but excellent in quality. The men were tall and stalwart troopers and good horsemen. The horses were small and ragged-looking, between fourteen and fifteen hands, but extraordinarily wiry, enduring and sure-footed. They had a good deal of Arab blood in them, and stood an amount of hard work that would have knocked up ordinary horses in a few days. The Greeks had an idea that the Turkish cavalry were Circassians, because they wore black lambskin caps or kalpacks, and they were in mortal terror of these soi-disant Circassians; but not more than a quarter of the troopers were Circassians. They carried long swords, and a rifle and shoulder-belt of cartridges. Their uniform was a short blue jacket and trousers, with long boots. Their saddles were old-fashioned and wooden, and they mostly had large fanciful stirrups of Oriental pattern.

The Turkish artillery was good; the guns, 3-inch Krupps with 12-pound shell; and the limbers, carriages and guns themselves were all in good condition. Each battery had 6 guns, 60 horses, and 80 men. The horses were excellent; but the practice made by the artillery during the war was not good. There were three batteries of horse artillery (9-pounders) with the cavalry division, and three batteries of mountain guns on mules. The artillery did very little practical work, though the head of "Corps Artillery," Riza Pasha, was a first-class officer, highly trained, active, and intelligent. The engineering of the army was not very efficient. The transport was all done by horses or mules, and the telegraph was very slow and insufficient.

The general staff of the Turkish army in Thessaly was excellent. Most of the best men had been trained in Germany, and spoke German and French. They were keen, active, skillful, and patriotic gentlemen, who would have done credit to any army.

The divisional generals were mostly inferior, and their staffs were by no means as good as they ought to have been.

The Greek army was about two-thirds that of the Turks. Probably never more than 90,000 men were under arms in Thessaly and Epirus. The Greek rifle was the Gras, of a French pattern, with a bolt action. The uniform was a blue tunic with loose trousers and a kepé, which gave the Greeks a very Frenchified appearance. The great bulk of the regulars were inferior in physique, and entirely deficient in courage and staying power. The Euzonoi wore a sort of quilted kilt, and head-dress very like a fez. Some of the Euzonoi, mountaineers, were fine men and good shots; these fought well on occasions, notably at Melouna, Valestinos, and Pharsalos. The mass of the Greek soldiers made off as soon as the Turkish advance came within 600 yards.

The artillery are said to have been good, though deficient in numbers. The guns were Krupp, and the officers were fairly well trained. The cavalry hardly existed at all. The transport and supply were wretched, and the reserves of ammunition deficient. There was a small foreign legion of about 500 men, made up chiefly of Italians and English. Most of the former behaved badly at first, though they improved with practice. The English seem to have shown fair cohesion and courage. The irregular troops, for which the Ethnike Hetairia were responsible, were a nuisance and a source of weakness. They were the first and loudest in boasting, and also the first to leave the field.

Perhaps the most striking feature about the Turkish army is the extraordinary health of the average Turkish soldier. He comes from the finest material in the world—the temperate Ottoman peasantry both of Asia and Europe. Accustomed to live on bread and water, with no stimulants and little meat, in a fine climate and out of doors, the Turkish peasant has a constitution that defies fatigue and disease, and can accomplish marvels on a minimum of food.

The courage of the Ottoman is at once hereditary and religious. Descended from generations of fighting men, who have rarely shown fear or avoided the face of an enemy, the Osmanli has an inborn ancestral pride and valor that gives him a dauntless courage

in battle. His religion too strengthens his natural bravery; for it teaches him that eternal bliss is the reward of those Ottomans who die in battle for their faith and their country.

On Saturday, April 17, the Sultan, in consequence of the Greek raids into Ottoman territory, and on the advice of his Council of State, declared war against Greece. Prince Mavrocordato, the Greek envoy at Constantinople, received his passports. The Turkish envoy at Athens was recalled. Greek subjects residing in Turkey were given fourteen days to remove from Ottoman soil. The immediate cause of the formal declaration of war was an inroad of Greek regulars into Ottoman territory at Karya on April 16, which lies north of the Vale of Tempe, near Lake Nezeros, and which is three or four miles within Turkish territory. This developed into almost a pitched battle on the 17th, and it took some twelve battalions of Hamdi Pasha's division to repulse the Greek attack. A state of war had practically existed all along the frontier since the Greek raids of April 9.

Almost immediately the whole frontier broke out into flame and blood. A series of fierce conflicts took place between the two armies all along the boundary line from Nezeros on the east to beyond Damasi on the southwest, a distance of some fifty miles. In almost every case the Greeks took the offensive and at first gained some slight advantages. Thus at Melouna, where the chief fighting took place, they surrounded the Turkish blockhouse, occupied the whole pass, and two battalions actually descended into the plain late at night and menaced Elassona itself. Their advance, however, was very brief. Haidar Pasha, commanding the 4th division, acting under Edhem Pasha's directions, attacked them in force and drove them to the hilltops. Here, on the summit of the pass, a desperate conflict ensued. The Turkish blockhouse, with its garrison of fifty men, which had held its own all the time, was rescued. The Greek blockhouse that faces it at a distance of less than 100 yards was taken and retaken four times before it was left in the hands of the Turks. The Greeks fought well at Melouna. They were mostly Euzonoi—*i.e.*, mountaineers—and superior in physique to the average Greek soldier, who is physically a very poor creature. The final coup was given to the Greek defense at

Melouna by the advance of the 3d Turkish division, under Memdouk Pasha, along the ridge to the right of the Pass. The brigade commanded by Hafiz Pasha took three blockhouses southwest of that in Melouna itself at the point of the bayonet.

The losses in these Melouna combats were considerable. The Turks lost over 200 hors de combat, and the Greek loss must have been heavier, probably at least 500. At Athens it was estimated that the Greeks lost 1,000 killed and wounded at Melouna; but then they put down the Turkish loss as heavier. Here fell a gallant old veteran, Hafiz Pasha, leading his brigade.

A correspondent with the Greek army gives the following account of the battle of Valestinos:

"The Turkish attack began on the northwest of Caradaon Hill, above the village of Velestino. It opened with fire from a mountain battery boldly placed on a high ridge commanding to some extent Caradaon Hill, and was replied to by a Greek mountain battery on that hill. It became clear that the Turkish attack on the Greek position from Hadzi Misi, and from Risomylos on the Velestino Valley and the pass to Volo, had been abandoned, and that the intention of the Turks was to isolate the Greek right, or defense of Volo, from the Greek left, or defense of Pharsala, and to cut the railway at Aivalia, and so prevent Greek re-enforcements being sent to the right or left as occasion might demand.

"This new scheme of attack compelled General Smolenski to change his front from due north to northwest. This was successfully accomplished early in the afternoon. The Greek artillery, as usual, was admirably served on Caradaon Hill and the adjoining eminences, and succeeded in keeping the advance on Velestino Valley in check.

"Between one and two o'clock the Turkish infantry deployed from the heights for an assault on Caradaon plateau, and opened a fierce fire, which was returned with effect by the Greek infantry. While the cannonade was in progress a heavy thunderstorm came on. It favored the Turkish attack, as the thick rain obscured their movements. The Greek infantry, however, continued their fusillade till the rain ceased. There was then a false alarm of a Turkish cavalry charge, and for a few minutes the Greek infantry line

wavered. In some places it broke and retired, but the men were soon got in hand again by their officers, and the fusillade was continued with undiminished vigor.

"It resulted in the Turkish assault being repulsed all along the line. . . . .

"At 5 o'clock the Turks were re-enforced, evidently from Larissa, and were, it was reported, under the command of Osman Pasha. They could be seen massed on the mountain side in great strength. They extended in beautiful order for an attack on the Greek left, especially on the plateau and the minor hills overlooking the village of Velestino. The Turks were weak in artillery, and their mountain battery did no execution. Their infantry, however, came on with disciplined order, discharging volleys with admirable regularity, but without aim, their bullets rising high in the air and falling harmlessly in the plain.

"The Greek infantry, consisting mainly of the 2d and 8th regiments, kept well in hand. It delivered volley after volley and shook the Turkish line, while the Greek artillery, splendidly served, dropped shell after shell among the fezzes. The Turks withdrew for a time, but shortly afterward were re-enforced, and again came on in grand style, regardless of the hail of the Greek fusillade and the shrapnel from the Greek battery in the hollow. Once and again the Turks were obliged to halt, to falter, and then retire. The slopes were strewn with dead and wounded. At 6 o'clock another determined assault was made by the Turks on the Greek position along the series of low hills above Velestino, especially on Caradaon, the Turks being plainly re-enforced by two more battalions. General Smolenski, with something of Skobeleff's electric enthusiasm, rode along the lines addressing his troops. He told them they must remember the traditions of their race, and fight, if need be, until the sacred soil of Thessaly was saturated with their blood. The effect of these words was instantaneous. They inspired men and officers alike with renewed ardor. Uniformed soldiers and men in plain clothes, with only bandoliers filled with cartridges, and others again in native dress, responded with a ringing cheer, and grasped their Gras rifles more firmly, then gave another shout of defiance and determination, and, reckless of the

wild but at times searching shell fire of the Turks, rallied to the defense of their position.

"The Greek lines, after steadily firing several volleys on the intrepid Turks, then left their shelter in the trenches and charged the enemy with wild enthusiasm. The Turks quivered for a moment, then retired in confusion to the shelter of the mountain ridges. The engagement thus resulted in a brilliant success for the Greeks. At the end of the day the Greek position at every point, notwithstanding the change of front, was held against the enemy, though the latter were, perhaps, numerically stronger. Darkness alone interfered with the progress of the battle. The Greeks had vindicated their honor and the judgment of their general in selecting a fine defensive position. They showed themselves to be possessed, moreover, of soldierly qualities of a very high order, and proved that they could fight bravely and well under able leadership.

"General Smolenski was quite aware that he had by no means disposed of the Turkish army, and he asked for re-enforcements to strengthen his position. The loss on either side it is impossible to estimate at present."

The same correspondent then describes the second day's fight on May 6:

"The battle was resumed in the morning at six o'clock. The situation, as I viewed it in the morning sunshine, was strikingly picturesque. Below was the circular plain, surrounded by low hills, except on the north, where it opens into the great Thessalian plain. In the background were the sparkling waters of Lake Karla and the snow-covered heights of Mount Olympus.

"On the northwest of Caradaon is a range of hills, which were occupied by the Turks, between 12,000 and 14,000 strong, with a mountain battery on the crest of the highest peak and a field battery on one of the lower slopes to the east of Velestino. The Caradaon ridge, which on the west side commands the road to Pharsala, was lined with Greek infantry, and on the plateau above the village of Velestino was a battery of field guns.

"On the three peaks between that position and the plain on the east were mountain batteries, while on the plain to the northeast of

Velestino village was a Greek field battery, which raked the Turkish left advance. The Greek lines across the mouth of the valley between Caradaon and Uvrido Ghala were maintained intact. During Wednesday night General Smolenski had re-enforced his reversed left flank and his infantry had advanced, occupying the crest of the ridges of Caradaon Hill and its descent to the plain on the east.

"The first direct attack was made by the Turks on the Greek battery posted on the plateau. Here a hot fire was maintained from six to nine o'clock, but the Turkish attack developed on the Greek right toward the plain, in which direction I could see the Turkish infantry being extended under cover of cavalry. At eleven o'clock a fierce assault was made by the Turkish infantry on the Greek lines just above the village of Velestino. It was supported by the fire of a mountain battery on a distant peak and of a field battery on the eastern slope toward the plain. The assault was gallantly repelled by the Greek infantry, which occupied the crest of the ridge, and by the Greek battery on the east of the village, which showered shells on the Turks with terrible effect.

"Between eleven and twelve o'clock a determined attempt was made by the Turks to cut the center of the Greek left front. The Turks occupied a ridge, while the Greeks held the hill, separated from the Turkish line by a deep gulch. A hot artillery fire from the Turkish right battery was evidently meant to demoralize the Greek infantry, but the shells fell wide and seldom exploded. Meanwhile, the Greek infantry peppered the Turkish lines with well-directed volleys, and the Greek battery on the plateau played havoc with a beautifully-served fire.

"At a quarter to twelve the Turkish infantry swarmed down from their intrenchments into the gulch with the intention of charging the Greek position on the hill, but they were shattered under a withering Greek infantry fire, while four shells in succession dropped in their midst with terrible effect. The remnant retired at the run beyond the ridge which they had previously occupied. Between twelve and one o'clock the fire slackened along the whole line, but it was resumed at a quarter past one on both the left and right. On the left a Turkish mountain battery was

silenced by two shells from the Greek battery on the plateau, two guns being shattered simultaneously.

"The Turks, re-enforced from Aivali, made a rush on the Greek left round the west shoulder of Caradaon Hill, their objective being the railway to Pharsala, which they obviously meant to destroy. The Turkish infantry swarmed up the slopes in a magnificently resolute manner, and drove back the first line of Greek skirmishers, compelling them to abandon a demi-battery of two mountain guns. The Greek second line held their position and checked the further Turkish advance, which, supported by a concealed battery on the mountain, threatened to turn the Greek left in the direction of the monastery of St. George, and so cut off connection between General Smolenski's division and the Pharsala division. At two o'clock the firing ceased along the whole line, except on the eastern left, where occasional sputterings indicated that a rifle fusillade was still being kept up. The Turkish commander now made a new development, for which he had evidently been preparing all day.

"I climbed the crest of Uvrido Ghala, on the east front of the mouth of Volo Pass, where I could see bodies of Turkish cavalry riding hard along the shore of Lake Karla. On the line of route to their right, and toward the Greek position on the plain, was a long artillery train, while from the folds of the hills and from the village of Hadzimisi columns of Turkish infantry were marching with slow persistence.

"At three o'clock the Turkish artillery unlimbered (free of the trees at Rizomylos village) and opened fire on the Greek center in the plain between Velestino and Uvrido Ghala. It was evident at once that they had large guns, captured probably at Larissa. With these they shelled with terrible effect the Greek north front. By five o'clock the ammunition of the Greek batteries was all but exhausted, and General Smolenski gave orders for the gradual withdrawal of the majority of the artillery in the direction of Volo. While this was being done, the Turkish fire from the large field guns was resumed at a very quick rate, and soon rendered the village of Velestino untenable, as well as the ridges to the west. From the west and north the Turks then made a determined advance. At half-past seven they occupied and burned Velestino,

blew up the railway bridge, and cut the line between Velestino and Pharsala.

"The defeat of the Greek army was now complete, and the Pass across the mountains to Volo was left open to the Turks. The withdrawal of the artillery on the right front had been begun early in the afternoon, and one full battery of field cannon, as well as a few mountain guns, were safely brought to Volo and transferred to Greek warships in the bay. Searchlights flashing up the mountain side rendered great assistance by showing the road in the intense darkness. Over a dozen cannon were abandoned or captured by the Turks.

"About two hundred wounded were brought down to Volo by a train which escaped half a dozen shells that a big Turkish battery dropped near it; but I am afraid this is not the full account, and that many more wounded were left on the field. No trustworthy estimate can be made of the number killed, but certainly the casualties were much greater among the Turks than among the Greeks, the fire of the latter all through being much more effective until the Turks brought the ten-centimeter guns into action.

"About three o'clock General Smolenski's shattered army was cut in two. The left wing he retired, I do not know in what order, by Persephla, in the direction of Halmyros, where he would have the protection of the Greek fleet.

"The right wing, or what was left of it, came on toward Volo, but it was broken and demoralized. The retreat across the mountains to Volo in the dense night was almost as disorganized as that from Turnavo to Larissa. Just as then, there was a good deal of firing, but happily it was indiscriminate firing; the irregulars on the hills around occasionally blazing away with their rifles, and they fired in the air, not at imaginary pursuers. Volo was the scene of a wild panic during Thursday night and on Friday. The whole population turned out into the streets with their household goods. Peasants from over a score of villages on the slopes of Pelion rushed into the town and increased the confusion. Marauders, too, were soon about, and brigandage became common. Five steamers in the bay were speedily filled by thousands of refugees and their baggage, while scores of caiques sailed away to the

islands with poor people. The disorder on the quays and in the streets became so great that the British and French consuls visited the international fleet in the bay and requested that a force of British, Italian, French and Austrian marines should be landed for the protection of the lives of those who could not get away, and to prevent the town being looted by brigands, even before the arrival of the Turks, who were momentarily expected."

CHAPTER XLVI

THE BATTLE IN THE YELLOW SEA

THE STRUGGLE IN THE EAST — CHINA AND JAPAN — THE FIGHT OFF HAIYANG — THE TAKING OF PORT ARTHUR AND THE FALL OF WEI-HAI-WEI

A.D. 1894—1895

JAPAN and China have been old enemies, and there is placed between them an apple of discord in the peninsula of Corea. In the spring of 1894 an insurrection broke out in the south of that kingdom. The king appealed to his nominal suzerain China for help, and help was granted. Two thousand Chinese soldiers were landed at the Corean port of Asan. Now by the treaty of April 18, 1885, China was bound to inform the Japanese government of the dispatch of troops, and, as this had not been done, Japan promptly embarked a force of about five thousand men, and landed them at Chemulpho at the end of June.

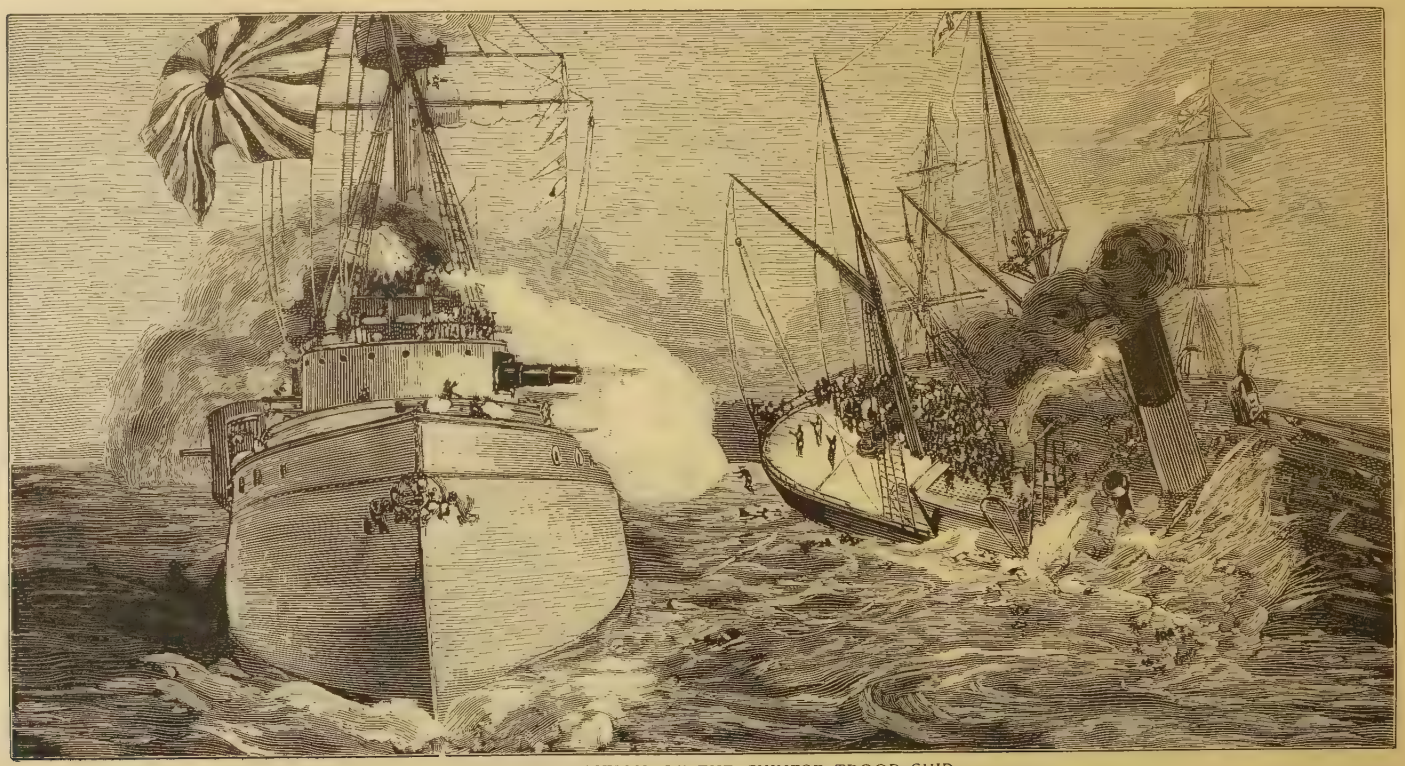
On July 23 the struggle between China and Japan may be said to have begun with the Japanese attack upon the king of Corea's palace at Seoul. In this attack only troops were engaged and it took place there before any declaration of war. It was followed by what is known as the action off Asan, in which the Chinese vessel "Kowshing" was sunk. In a dozen minor engagements which ensued the Japanese were victorious by land and sea. Then one

after another came the three decisive battles of the war—the naval engagement of the Yellow Sea, the taking of Port Arthur, and the fall of Wei-hai-Wei.

The accounts of them which follow are from the pen of Yamada Yoshi-Aki, the principal of the Chautauquan Association of Japan.

The naval engagement of the Yellow Sea, better known by the style of the Fight off Haiyang—an important island near the scene of the conflict—is unique in the annals of this century. For here, for the first time since the great change in naval construction, two fleets of the most modern and powerful type met in deadly warfare, the result being significant of the tremendous nature of the weapons now employed by "civilized" nations and the fury with which the battle was fought on both sides. It was a deadly grapple between two ancient foes, with all the skill on one side and all the victory; though the Chinese did not fall behind in point of bravery and determined pluck. According to naval experts in this part of the world, the Chinese were defeated primarily because of their execrable tactics, and secondarily because they had no ships so swift as one or two of those on the Japanese side. Moreover the Japanese vessels fought intelligently, as a compact whole; while the Chinese warships, with the exception perhaps of the two great ironclads, failed to work in harmony and at no time brought their full strength to bear on the foe. Yet Admiral Ting, the Chinese commander, was a good sailor and able officer, no whit less brave and energetic than his adversary and quondam friend Vice-admiral Ito. Errors of judgment, the want of absolutely devoted crews, faulty gunnery—these were pregnant causes of the Chinese defeat.

It was on September 16, 1894, that the Japanese fleet left the temporary anchorage at the mouth of the Taidong River. The next day, after a fruitless cruise near the Corean littoral, the fleet made for the island of Haiyang, an island of importance, as already pointed out, and one which commanded the approach to the Kinchow Peninsula. The "Yoshino," "Takachiho," "Akitsushima," and "Naniwa," in the order named, forming the First Flying Squadron, led the van, the flag of Rear-admiral Tsuboi Kozo flying



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CHINESE TROOP SHIP

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Forty-five

on the "Yoshino." The following, Principal, Squadron was composed of the "Chiyoda," "Itsukushima," "Hashidate," "Hiyei," and "Fuso," with the "Matsushima" as flagship, Vice-admiral Ito Sukehiro, commander-in-chief, being on board. Close behind followed the gunboat "Akagi" and the ex-merchant steamer "Saikyo Maru," transformed into a cruiser for the time being. At

VISCOUNT ITO, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE COMBINED SQUADRONS

6.30 A.M. the island was sighted, and the harbor—a fine one there—shortly afterward reconnoitered. No signs of the enemy being visible, a course was shaped for Takushan, and the fleet proceeded onward after a short review, Talu Island being the objective. Steaming easily, the warships were enjoying the fine autumn day, when suddenly, at 10.50 A.M., thick smoke was seen on the port bow, low down on the horizon and northeast by east from the

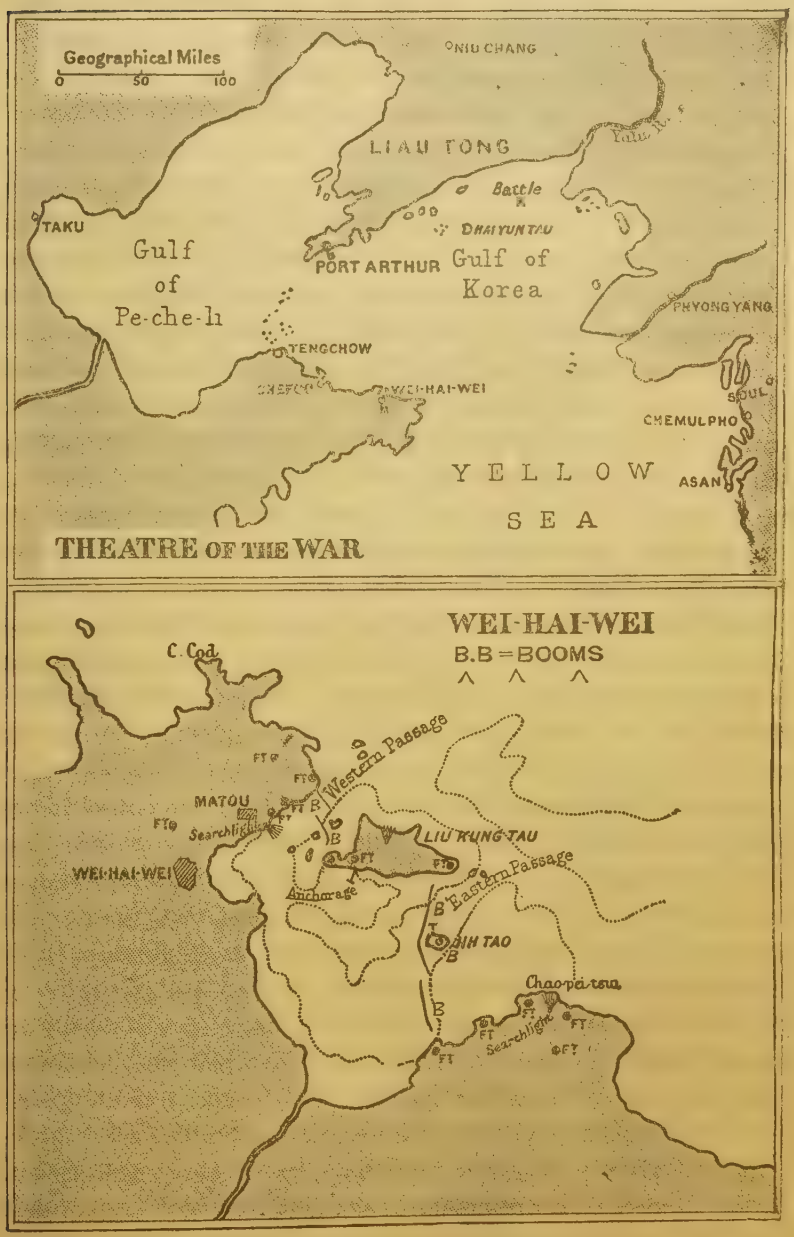
leading vessels. This was what the admirals had long and impatiently been looking for; no doubt was entertained that the enemy were now close at hand. From the increasing volume of the smoke it was clear that the hostile war-vessels were numerous. Each ship therefore promptly cleared for action and beat to quarters.

The weather was exceptionally fine; the sea smooth and glassy, with just a faint ripple where the light breeze touched the surface. At five minutes past noon the "Matsushima" signaled to prepare to close with the enemy. The "Akagi" and "Saikyo Maru," not being well protected, and the former a very slow boat, were ordered to go under the port bow of the squadrons, thus getting out of the enemy's range. The First Flying Squadron steamed at full speed directly toward the enemy's center, but gradually veered to port, so as to attack the Chinese left. Almost the same course was pursued by the Principal Squadron. The Chinese formation was an irregular wedge, the "Ting Yuen" and "Chen Yuen"—the two great ironclads—leading with the "Lai Yuen," "Ching Yuen," "Yang Wei," and "Chao Yang" on the right and the "King Yuen," "Chih Yuen," "Tsi Yuen" and "Kwang Chia" on the left: ten men-of-war in all. Some distance off to the north, smoke was again visible, proceeding from the funnels of two or three Chinese warships kept in reserve. The distance between the fleets at this moment was 5,000 to 6,000 meters, yet the Japanese warships were at once so turned that their flanks were at right angles with the advancing foe.

At 12.50 P.M. the "Ting Yuen," though still 6,000 meters off, opened fire from her large guns, the other members of the fleet speedily following suit. The shells fell near but did not strike the Japanese ships, the sea about them being beaten into waves and fountains of angry water, so tremendous the impact of the missiles. This did not of course stop the steady, swift advance of the Japanese, who as yet had not fired a single shot. Five minutes later the distance between the two fleets was decreased to 3,000 meters, and the hitherto silent men-of-war now burst into a thunderous roar of shot and shell that seemed to rend the very heavens. All the big guns on the Japanese vessels were directed toward the upper decks of the "Ting Yuen" and "Chen Yuen," the rest of the Chinese

ships being fired at with guns of smaller caliber. The Flying Squadron had by this time steamed past the enemy's front and was getting round to their starboard side; and just as the four fleet men-of-war approached the Chinese rear, the Principal Squadron, then at a distance of 4,000 meters, rapidly assumed a wedge-shaped formation, thus sheltering the "Akagi" and "Saikyo Maru" on the starboard and taking the whole of the enemy's heavy starboard fire. At 12.58 P.M., a shell from the "Matsushima's" 32 centimeter gun crashed through the upper part of the Chinese flagship's—the "Ting Yuen's"—largest mast, so that the latter was no longer able to make signals to the rest of the fleet. Taking advantage of this accident, the Japanese Principal Squadron opened out and surrounded the Chinese ships, firing most fiercely the while. The enemy, at a loss what to do, the flagship no longer directing them, steamed confusedly hither and thither, their formation being completely broken. Each acted independent of the rest, to the great loss of time and force. Some of the Chinese ships now caught sight of the "Akagi" and "Saikyo Maru." Deeming these two an easy prey they steamed toward them, entirely separating themselves from the rest. The Japanese vessels, on the other hand, maintained their original line and continued to fire at each ship with precision and terrible effect. Six of the ten Chinese ships had by this time caught fire, while the "Chao Yang" and "Yang Wei" got quite apart from the others. Some of the enemy's vessels approached the "Hiyei" and "Fuso"—both small warships—in the rear of the Principal Squadron. The "Hiyei's" position was, for a while, one of extreme peril, there being great danger of her getting rammed; yet with reckless bravery her commander thrust the ship directly between the powerful "Ting Yuen" and the "Chen Yuen," this being the one possible chance of escaping destruction. The maneuver was successful, and discharging her broadsides as she steamed ahead at full speed, the "Hiyei" pressed through and got to the rear of the attacking vessels. She had been severely handled in this running fight: her fore was shattered and the whole ship ablaze. Hoisting signals announcing her desperate condition to the flagship, the "Hiyei" steamed off to the northeast in order to effect repairs. The "Fuso," meanwhile, unavoidably

deserted by the "Hiyei," veered to port, and, fighting her best with the enemy as she steamed on, succeeded in getting back to the Principal Squadron. The "Akagi," smallest of the Japanese warships—a gunboat of only 600 tons—had also fallen to the rear, owing to her low rate of speed. She now ported her helm and sought to get out of the melee by running the gantlet of the "Ting Yuen" and "Chen Yuen," it being the intention of her commander to join the "Hiyei." This was perceived by the "Lai Yuen," "Chih Yuen" and "Kwang Chia," who immediately bore down upon her, firing furiously as they came on. A shell struck the "Akagi" at this moment, instantly killing her captain, Lieutenant-commander Sakamoto Hachirota. Her main and lower decks were also much torn up and the steam-pipe fractured. Hasty repairs were made, and after having done the best to make good the damage, the "Akagi" steamed southward as rapidly as possible. Other shells then struck her in several places, one carrying away the mainmast. The "Lai Yuen" had now got within 300 meters of the apparently doomed vessel, and with one of her big guns struck the bridge-rail, severely wounding Lieutenant Sato Tetsutaro, who had taken command. Of the quick-firing guns, No. 1 was managed by a signalman, all the gunners there having been shot down. But the "Akagi" had her revenge by planting a shell on the rear-deck of the "Lai Yuen," a conflagration at once breaking out in consequence. The other Chinese vessels now closed round the "Lai Yuen" to render assistance. The "Saikyo Maru" then steamed rapidly ahead to carry the news of the peril of the "Hiyei" and "Akagi" to the Principal Squadron; and when the message was made out through the clouds of smoke, the flagship at once ordered the First Flying Squadron to proceed to the aid of their comrades. The order was promptly obeyed, the four fine warships immediately steering westward. They steamed directly for the "Lai Yuen," "Chih Yuen" and "Kwang Chia," keeping the enemy on their port bow as they approached. The gunners stationed there fired rapidly and with magnificent precision, handling their huge weapons with skill and judgment. At a distance of 2,800 meters the cannon of the Flying Squadron proved too much for the three hostile vessels, which slowly turned and at-


Geographical Miles
0 50 100
NIU CHANG
LIAU TONG
Battle
TAKU
DHAIYUNTAU
PORT ARTHUR
Gulf of Korea
Gulf of Pe-che-li
PHYONG YANG
TENGCHOW
CHEFOO
WEI-HAI-WEI
SEOUL
CHEMULPHO
YELLOW SEA
ASAN
THEATRE OF THE WAR
WEI-HAI-WEI
B.B = BOOMS
C. Cod
Western Passage
MATOU
Searchlight
LIU KUNG-TAU
WEI-HAI-WEI
Anchorage
Eastern Passage
IH TAO
Chaopaisan
Searchlight

tempted to get back to their Main Squadron. This, however, the Japanese hindered them from doing, keeping a middle course between the three ships and the rest of their fleet; while the Principal Squadron, having come up to the rear, interposed between the Flying Squadron and the other Chinese vessels. The battle now reached its climax, the firing being stupendously heavy, the air dark with shot and shell, while the sun itself was obscured by the pall of smoke overhanging the whole dismal scene—man fighting to kill man! Just before this, when the Flying and then the Principal Squadrons had gone to the relief of the "Hiyei" and "Akagi," the cruiser "Saikyo Maru" was left quite alone, despite which fact she kept up fighting with the enemy. At 2.20 P.M., a 30.5 centimeter shell from "Ting Yuen" struck and exploded back of the officers' ward on the "Saikyo," causing great damage and cutting the steam-pipe controlling the steering-gear. Signaling what had happened to the flagship, the "Saikyo" ran between the "Akitsushima" and "Naniwa," getting on the port bow of the Chinese fleet, some vessels of which at once started to sink the injured cruiser, which did her best to get away from her opponents. About this time, moreover, the several men-of-war which the Japanese had believed to be the Chinese reserve, drew near. These were the "Ping Yuen," "Kwang Ping," and two torpedo boats. They could not come up with the Principal Squadron, on account of the quick-firing guns, but noticing that the "Saikyo" was in great straits, the "Ping Yuen," "Kwang Ping," and the two torpedo boats started to sink her. Observing that the "Saikyo" had very few guns, they approached her rapidly and began firing upon her, the "Saikyo" replying boldly with her quick-firing guns. The torpedo boats then sheered off toward the coast, while the Chinese men-of-war continued to approach until they got within 500 meters of the vessel. A torpedo boat, the "Fuk-lung," now suddenly appeared directly in front of the "Saikyo," at which she discharged her bow-torpedo just as the "Saikyo" was turning to port. Turning again, the brave ex-merchantman made directly for the deadly explosive, missing it by not more than one meter by a sharp turn to the larboard. The attacking boat then discharged her port-bow torpedo, at almost right angles to the "Saikyo." Here skillful

maneuvering could prove of no avail, and every one on board the cruiser expected to have the ship blown to atoms. But, contrary to all expectation, the torpedo passed harmlessly under the vessel, appearing a little later floating on the waves at a considerable distance to the east. Everybody had been breathlessly awaiting the result of the torpedo boat attack; and when the "Saikyo" was out of immediate danger the Chinese men-of-war surrounding her found themselves at close quarters with several Japanese war vessels. The "Chao Yang," which had first taken fire, now went down stern foremost; while the "Yang Wei," seeing that her case was hopeless, ran toward the shallow water and beach of Talu Island.

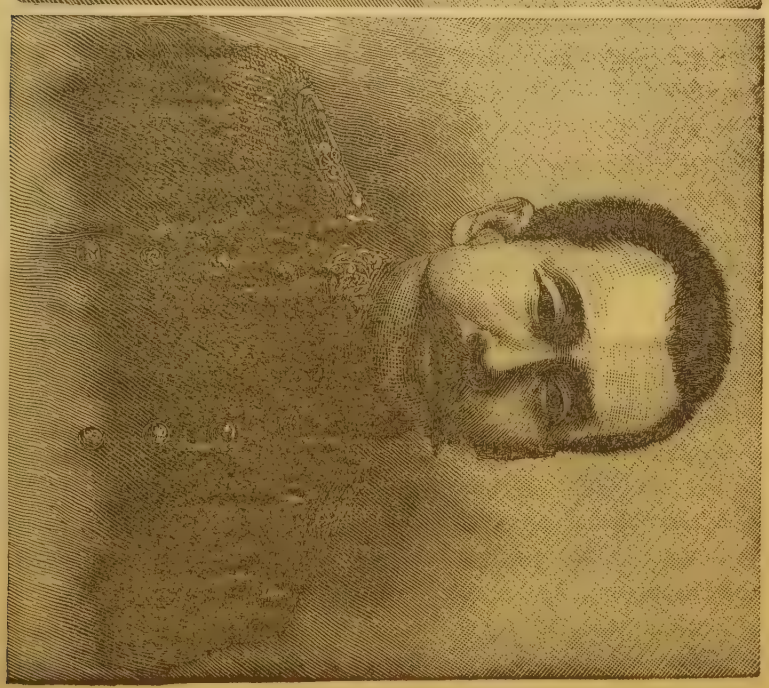
A little before this, the "Ting Yuen," which had failed to succeed in her attack on the "Saikyo Maru," tried to get back to the rest of her comrades. Just as she was about passing in front of the Japanese fleet, she suddenly changed her course and made as if she would either ram the "Matsushima" or else discharge a fish-torpedo at this the Japanese flagship. From doing either she was prevented by the violent fire poured from the "Matsushima's" batteries. Sheering off to starboard, the "Ting Yuen" shaped her course at right angles to the Japanese line. On her port-bow becoming visible another broadside was poured into her from the "Matsushima's" guns. As the "Ting Yuen" was not more than 1,500 meters distant at the time, the effect of this broadside was tremendous, great holes being beaten into her side, whence volumes of smoke soon came pouring forth. A fire had started on board. In revenge, the "Ting Yuen" fired several rounds from her 26 centimeter guns, one shell entering the "Matsushima's" starboard quarter, plunging through the doctors' ward or surgery on the lower deck, severely shattering the steel fender, and after passing down the torpedo tube finally destroying the barbette containing the 32 centimeter gun. Almost immediately afterward a 47 centimeter shell tore through the "Matsushima" into her central torpedo-room, striking the mainmast and causing numerous fatal and other injuries. None the less it was evident that great confusion reigned on board the "Ting Yuen" in consequence of her adversary's steady fire.

The First Flying Squadron was now in hot pursuit of the

"Kwang Chia," "Lai Yuen" and "King Yuen," which were doing their best to get out of the fight. The "Kwang Chia" ran to the north of Bucha Island, while the "Lai Yuen" headed for Talok: the "King Yuen" being thus left alone. The firing from the four vessels composing the Flying Squadron was then concentrated on the wretched "King Yuen." She was already on fire, and now keeled over to port, turning completely over. The flagship then recalled the Flying Squadron from further pursuit of the other two Chinese vessels, and the four swift men-of-war steamed obediently back to the Principal Squadron.

In the meantime the latter squadron had been waging a furious war with the "Ting Yuen," "Chen Yuen," "Chih Yuen" and Ping Yuen," the best ships the enemy still had afloat. The "Chih Yuen," trusting to her powerful frame, bravely attempted to run down some of her persistent adversaries; but the Flying Squadron coming up, the devoted vessel was made the object of a tremendous assault. Shot through and through, she listed to starboard and sank. This occurred at just 3.30 P.M. The Principal Squadron now concentrated their fire on the "Ting Yuen" and "Chen Yuen," the destruction of one or both of these battleships being the great ambition of every vessel in the Japanese fleet. At 3.30 P.M., just as the "Chih Yuen" sank beneath the waves, two shots from the 30.5 centimeter gun of the "Ting Yuen" wrought great havoc aboard the "Matsushima," the lower deck on the port side being dreadfully cut up. One of the great shells struck the rear of gun No. 4, then, glancing off, burst through the upper deck and broke through the starboard quarter; while the other shattered the same gun's massive steel shield, bending the gun itself quite out of shape. Nor was this all: it plunged into a heap of ammunition, exploding the cartridge-cases and inflicting tremendous damage over all that portion of the flagship. The loss of life, too, was enormous in consequence, more than fifty being killed or wounded by the disastrous effects of this one missile. A fire broke out on the sorely-tried "Matsushima," which took quite half an hour to extinguish. The "Ting Yuen," it was simultaneously observed, had again caught fire. From first to last, Vice-admiral Ito, commander of the Combined Squadrons, kept his place on the bridge. Yet his ship, the

CAPTAIN KAWABARA, COMMANDER H. J. M. "YOSHINO"



COMMANDER SAKAMOTO, H. J. M. "AKAGI"

"Matsushima," suffered most; the gunners were nearly all killed or wounded, their place being supplied by bandsmen.

The result of the great sea-fight was that the "Chao Yang," "Chih Yuen" and "King Yuen" were sunk; the "Yang Wei" stranded; and the "Kwang Chia" and "Tsi Yuen" forced to run off to avoid sinking or capture. The remaining vessels, all more or less severely battered, steamed off in every direction, only the two great ironclads continuing the combat. Yet the "Ting Yuen" was now wreathed in smoke from the fire on board, and was thus incapable of prompt maneuvering; while the "Chen Yuen," which stood by to assist her sister-ship, had a very narrow escape, the Japanese ceasing to fire only as the light died out in the western sky, at which time the "Chen Yuen" was quite a distance from Admiral Ting's flagship. The First Flying Squadron was then ordered to give over chasing the fugitives, for it was now 5.30 P.M. and growing very dark.

Taking advantage of the gathering dusk, the Chinese fleet—or rather what there was left of it—turned southward for Wei-hai-wei. To offer to pursue them would only have brought confusion upon the Japanese vessels, for the enemy had half a dozen torpedo boats, and these might have inflicted serious damage in the night time. Moreover, the "Matsushima" was indeed in an evil plight, so large a portion of her crew being hors de combat and the vessel greatly cut up from stem to stern. It was under the circumstances adjudged best to send the "Matsushima" back to Japan for repairs, and the flag of Vice-admiral Ito was removed to the "Hashidate." The Japanese squadrons did what they could to keep a course parallel to that followed by the enemy, thinking to renew the engagement on the following day. At dawn, nothing being visible of the Chinese fleet, the Combined Squadrons returned to the scene of the preceding day's conflict, passing by Wei-hai-wei en route. The "Akagi," which had suffered very serious damage, alone returned to the former temporary anchorage for repairs, and with the exception of this gunboat and the "Matsushima," which had already started for Ujina, the Japanese fleet was not much the worse for the fight of September 17 and quite ready to begin again. On reaching the neighborhood of Haiyang Island, a thin line of

smoke was seen on the distant horizon; but, chase being given, this shortly faded away, and none of the enemy was to be seen anywhere. The "Chiyoda" was then commanded to destroy the "Yang Wei," which had got into the shallows and was aground. This the "Chiyoda" did with an outrigger torpedo, shattering the vessel to atoms. The "Kwang Chia" had, on running off, made for Talien Bay, where she had struck a shoal. Being quite certain of capture if the vessel remained there, the Chinese blew up their ship, leaving only a few fragments above water.

After blowing the "Yang Wei" up, the "Chiyoda" rejoined the rest at the temporary anchorage and naval station. Thither the "Saikyo Maru" and "Akagi" had already gone. The "Hiyei," which, it will be remembered, had had to steam off on account of the fire which raged on board, had come back here to extinguish the flames and effect a few most necessary repairs. This done, the "Hiyei" had steamed back, hoping once more to have a share in the fight. She arrived, however, too late to do this, much to the disappointment of her undaunted crew.

Port Arthur, the Gibraltar of China, is situated at the south-western extremity of the peninsula of Kinchow, Province of Chekiang. The deep bay on which it lies faces the opposite stronghold of Wei-hai-wei, Province of Shantung, so that the two great fortresses practically command the entrance of the Gulf of Pechili.

Port Arthur was the greatest of China's naval stations, and made as impregnable as modern science could contrive. The larger part of its defenses was planned by Major von Hanneken, a German expert. No less than twenty great forts guard the place, which contains a vast iron foundry and huge docks, upon which many millions have been expended. It is thus not too much to say that the very existence of the Chinese empire depends upon the keeping of this vitally important fortress.

Up to the 20th of November success had invariably followed the arms of Japan. Her valiant generals and loyal soldiers had won repeated laurels both on land and sea. The Peiyang Squadron, or rather what was left of it, had been driven into Wei-hai-wei and Port Arthur, without hope of escape; the Chinese land-forces had been pushed across the Corean frontier and suffered two signal

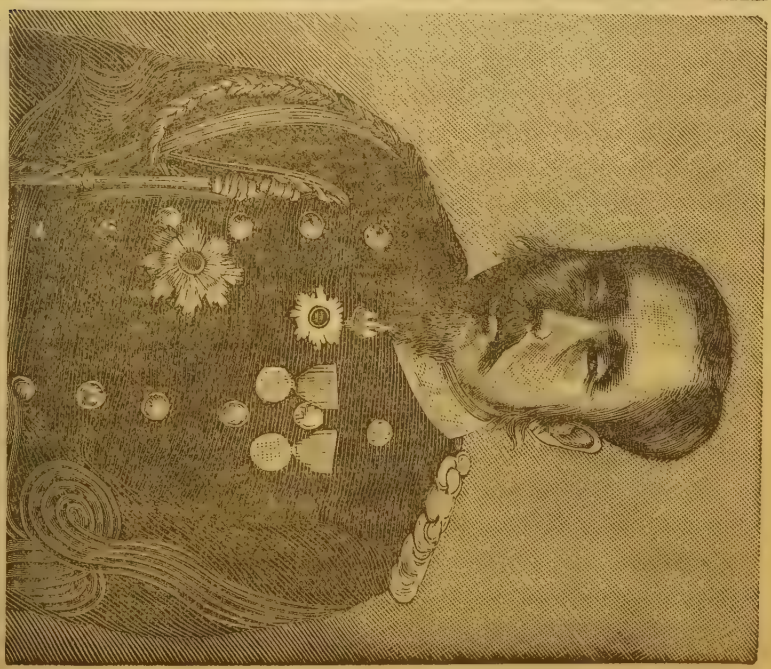
defeats on Manchurian territory. The time had now come for the Japanese to conquer the Liaotung Peninsula, and to do this they must take the wellnigh impregnable fortress of Port Arthur. It was pretty generally believed that no European nation could master the place unless aided by at least three-score men-of-war of the most powerful description; and it was consequently urged that Japan, however valiant, would prove unequal to the task.

After several skirmishes on the route, the army finally reached the neighborhood of the Port on the 20th, and it was decided to begin the attack the next morning. Field Marshal Oyama, the commander-in-chief, summoned his officers to a small plateau northwest of Lihiatun, and there discussed the general plan of attack and gave his orders. At about 2 P.M. on the same day a body of more than 4,000 Chinese coming from several directions approached the Japanese camp with the evident intention of an attack; but Lieut.-general Yamaji, who had been expecting something of the sort, confronted them and drove them back after an artillery fire lasting for two hours. It being just about nightfall, no attempt was made to pursue the fleeing enemy.

The day on which the storming of Port Arthur should commence had come. At two o'clock in the morning, just after moon rise, the Japanese arose, each man putting off his knapsack and carrying only his rifle with its ammunition. The general order of the troops was thus: the First Division was to attack the Etse-shan forts; the Mixed Brigade was to storm the Erhlung-shan forts; while the Independent Cavalry was to cover the right flank of the First Division. The Left Column received instructions to draw the enemy off toward the northeast, and the Siege Artillery was told to take up a position to the north of Shuitse-ying. All this was carried out quietly and with dispatch, and the Japanese forces pressed quickly on toward their enemy in the still, moonlit morning.

The night was clear and the moon shone with a placid, silvery radiance. There was not a breath of wind: all was silent. But as the day broke the field and siege guns burst into flame, and, with their thunderous cannonade, roused the enemy from their sleep. The van of the Third Infantry Regiment, under Major-

COUNT OYAMA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF SECOND ARMY



LIEUT.-GEN. YAMAJI, COMMANDER OF FIRST PROVINCIAL DIVISION

general Nishi, suddenly made its appearance to the northwest of the western fort on Etse-shan. Mountain artillery, siege guns and field guns, forty cannon in all, began pouring a continuous stream of iron into the three devoted forts on this hill—"Chair Hill," for that is the signification of Etse-shan. The Chinese defended themselves stoutly. The forts on Songshu-shan as well as the coast forts replied to the Japanese attack with reverberating volleys from their large guns. It seemed as if the tremendous uproar would rend the very heavens. The shells from the various forts, moreover, inflicted much damage on the besiegers, while every shot from the Japanese side told. After what seemed about an hour, the Chinese fire slackened and then ceased altogether. The Third Regiment men, who had continued to advance while the attack was going on, then scaled the hill from the right side and rushed with wild cheers on toward the forts, which they carried at the bayonet's point. At 7.30 A.M. the First Battalion reached the left flank of the second fort, and carried the place by storm. Shortly afterward the Second and Third Battalions followed the road taken by the First. While this was being done the forts on Peiyu-shan and Songshu-shan kept up an incessant fire on the advancing Japanese. But after the fall of the third fort, the first and second were easily taken. The three forts of Etse-shan thus fell into the hands of the Japanese. This was at about 8 o'clock in the morning.

No sooner were the Etse-shan forts captured than the Mixed Brigade commenced to march forward at double-quick, while the Left Column simultaneously began to engage the enemy. Those of the Chinese who had survived the taking of Etse-shan fled in the direction of Port Arthur.

At this time Major-general Nogi, commanding the First Infantry Regiment, who had gone to assist the Third Regiment, was in the neighborhood of Fongchia-tung. While here he was attacked by some thousand Chinese. A sanguinary conflict, lasting for nearly thirty minutes, ensued, whereupon the Chinese were repulsed and driven back toward Ahkautse. At the same time the Japanese fleet, which had been steaming about in the offing, sailed toward the west coast, whence they fired at the enemy re-

treating in that direction and entirely cut off all escape on this side. The northern exit being similarly rendered impossible, the enemy, in the utmost dismay and consternation, finally concealed themselves on Laoti-shan, a hill on the extreme end of the peninsula. The Japanese Field Artillery now advanced to the attack of the Songshu-shan forts. The Chinese there, already greatly intimidated by the capture of the Etse-shan forts, were preparing to flee for dear life, leaving the forts undefended, when some shells from the field-guns hit the powder-magazine, causing a terrific explosion. The forts were at once silenced. This occurred shortly after 11 A.M.

The assault upon the forts on Erhlung-shan and Kikwang-shan had meanwhile been begun by the Mixed Brigade under Major-general Hasegawa. The brigade had no field artillery, while their siege guns failed to reach the forts: mountain-guns were therefore brought into requisition, which occasioned an immense amount of labor. The Etse-shan forts having been occupied by the First Division, the soldiers were now led around to the rear of the two hills. The Chinese were thus brought under a cross-fire, being attacked simultaneously in front and rear, and therefore speedily gave over the contest: the seven great forts and these two hills being silenced at about the same time. It was then a little after midday.

All the inland forts having thus been successfully captured in the forenoon, an advance was made upon the coast forts. Field Marshal Oyama commanded the First Division to attack the Port itself, while the Mixed Brigade was partly to cover the flank of the First Division and partly to intercept the retreat of the enemy to the northeast. The Left Column now rejoined the Mixed Brigade.

Highest among the coast forts stood those on Hwangkin-shan. They contained cannon of very heavy caliber, easily turned in any direction, whose range included not only the inland forts, but even those in the place occupied by the Japanese artillery. There was one gun in particular which had greatly annoyed the besiegers at long range, throwing shells in the direction of the Etse-shan, Erhlung-shan, and Sungshu-shan forts. It was thus absolutely

necessary to attack this high fort first of all, and in order to carry out this plan the Second Regiment, which had been left to guard the field-guns, was ordered to advance to the assault. So soon as the order was given the Second Regiment rushed into the town, shooting down all opposition and engaging in a hand-to-hand encounter. Veering around, the men then stormed the forts on Hwangkin-shan. These were one and all occupied shortly after 4 P.M. The Mixed Brigade had in the meanwhile carried Lao-lai-tse by assault.

At this moment strains of military music were heard coming from the parade and drill ground of one of the Chinese army divisions inside the town. This was soon recognized as the music of the band belonging to the staff of the Second Army. They were playing the grandly impressive national anthem of Japan—"Kimi ga yo." As the triumphant music echoed over the hard-fought field, the Japanese troops gave vent to their loyal enthusiasm in cheer upon cheer.

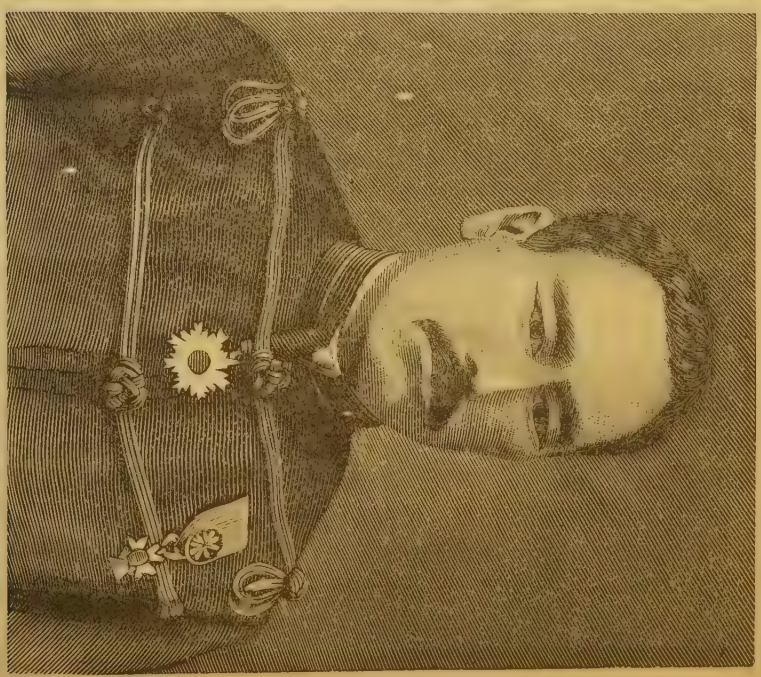
With regard to the forts west of Hwangkin-shan, the attack was now suspended, the short autumn day being at an end. The First Division went into bivouac just north of the town of Port Arthur, while the Mixed Brigade took up a position on the left.

The next day the Japanese troops advanced to attack the remaining forts, but found them deserted. The Chinese had decamped to the last man. More than twenty of the great forts on the Port Arthur peninsula had thus been conquered in a single day, and the Sun Flag waved proudly over the well-won field.

As evening drew on again the troops were assembled on the vast parade-ground inside of Port Arthur. A general feast was held by those who had fought so bravely, and the hillsides gave back in sullen chorus the ringing cheers of their new masters, the unconquered Japanese.

The number of Chinese guarding Port Arthur is estimated to have been over 20,000. Of these 7,000 were killed or wounded in the fight; 2,000 fled to Kinchow; and the rest dispersed in every direction. The Japanese captured the nine coast forts (60 cannon) and eleven inland forts (50 cannon); two small steamers; one foreign-built dredging vessel; one iron ship, still on the stocks; several

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KIMURA YUKO, OF THE THIRD REGIMENT



MAJOR-GENERAL HASEGAWA

hundred steel rails, and 30 fish-torpedoes. The total casualties on the Japanese side were 40 killed and more than 200 wounded.

The taking of Wei-hai-wei, the second greatest of China's maritime fortresses, was remarkable for several reasons. In the first place the port was defended as seldom any port has been: encircled by massive forts filled with guns of the best make and heavy caliber; the sea approaches strewn with submarine torpedoes; the waterways barred with booms of prodigious strength; the finest vessels of the once great Peiyang Squadron afloat in the harbor, and ready to fight till they sank, the whole fleet being under the command of that brave man and gallant officer, Admiral Ting. Besides all this, it was where the Chinese made their last great stand: the culminating point of the conflict. If Wei-hai-wei held out, there was always some hope left for China: her battleships might still prevent the landing of troops anywhere near Pekin. And to do them naught but justice, the Chinese themselves recognized these facts and fought with the utmost valor—at least, their fleet did. Nothing could be better than the record of this last great fight of the once-renowned Northern Squadron. But the leaders were out-generaled and the bravery of their men outbid by the Japanese, who, in the flush of victory, the consciousness of power, and the magnificent manner in which they were led on to conquer, were invincible. Everything, humanly speaking, was done to prevent the fall of Wei-hai-wei into Japan's hands; the very elements seemed to have espoused the cause of China, for a storm which will long be remembered raged for three days, with bitter cold and heavy snow, forcing the Japanese vessels back into the open sea and away from the threatened fortress. Moreover, it must be conceded that the Chinese seamen fought gallantly even when their defeat was a foregone conclusion; the garrisons on Liukung and Zhih Islands leaving a most enviable record behind them. But the port was lost, first of all, from the land side. The coast forts were not defended as they might have been. It is easy to talk *ex post facto;* yet it is undeniable that if the coast forts had made a better showing, the desperate valor of the imprisoned fleet might have postponed the day of defeat, if not turned the tide of fortune for once in China's favor. And both nations had cause to bemourn

the battle. China, because she lost all, including her best and bravest naval commander; Japan, because of the death of Major-general Odera, renowned alike for his personal courage and talents as a leader. If but half of what is said and written be true, Major-general Odera was a very Paladin, a Bayard of the 19th century.

Although Port Arthur had fallen, the Japanese could not be said to be the masters of the Gulf of Pechili unless Wei-hai-wei was reduced; nor could they act freely on the sea until the Peiyang Squadron definitely became a thing of the past. One leaf of the portal guarding the water-road to Pekin had been wrenched away; it now remained to tear down the other. And in order to effect this plan, it was necessary for the Japanese army to co-operate with the navy, so that Wei-hai-wei might be attacked from two sides at once.

The attacks were successful. Japan conquered by land and by sea. On February 18 the headquarters of the army were established at Wei-hai-wei, and a great banquet was held in honor of the victory.

Meanwhile the following correspondence had passed between the admirals of the fleets:

"I, Ting, commander-in-chief of the Peiyang Squadron, acknowledge having previously received a letter from Vice-admiral Ito, commander of the Port of Saseho. This letter I have not answered until to-day, owing to the hostilities going on between our fleets. It had been my intention to continue fighting until every one of my men-of-war were sunk and the last seaman killed; but I have reconsidered the matter and now request a truce, hoping thereby to save many lives. I beseech you most earnestly to refrain from further hurting the Chinese and Westerners in the service of the army and navy of China as well as the townspeople of Wei-hai-wei; in return for which I offer to surrender all my warships, the forts on Liukung and all material of war in and about Wei-hai-wei to the empire of Japan." The writer further added that if Vice-admiral Ito acceded to these terms, he desired to have the commander-in-chief of the British warships in the offing become the guarantor of the contract; finally, an answer was re-

quired by the next day. The letter was dated, in accordance with the Chinese calender, "18th day, 1st month, 21st year of Kwanghsu."

Admiral Ito's reply ran thus:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor and to accept the proposal therein contained. Accordingly I shall receive all the men-of-war, the forts, and all warlike material from your hands. As to the time when the surrender is to take place, I shall consult with you again on receiving your reply to this. My idea is, after taking delivery of everything, to escort you and the others referred to in your letter on board of one of our warships to some safe place, where your convenience may be suited. If I be permitted to speak quite frankly, I advise you, for your own and your country's sake, to remain in Japan until the war is over. Should you decide to come to my country, I assure you that you will be treated with distinguished consideration. But if you desire to return to your native land, I shall, of course, put no obstacles in your path. As for any British guarantee, I think it quite unnecessary, and trust fully in your honor as an officer and a gallant man. Requesting your reply to this by 10 A.M. to-morrow, I have the honor to remain," etc.

CHAPTER XLVII

THE BATTLE OF MANILA

BLOWING UP OF THE "MAINE"—COURT OF INQUIRY—CONDITION OF CUBA — WEYLER'S PRONUNCIAMENTO — PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE — DECLARATION OF WAR — AT MANILA — DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH FLEET — STORY OF THE FAMOUS BATTLE

A.D. 1898

ON the night of February 15, 1898, the United States warship "Maine" was blown up in the harbor of Havana. The dispatch of this vessel to Cuban waters was a friendly act arranged by our government and that of Spain as one of a series of visits to be paid by the ironclads of the two

nations to each other's harbors. While the "Vizcaya" was en route for New York the "Maine" went to Havana. The harbor there was subsequently shown to have been sown with explosives. Mr. J. B. Gibbons, an Englishman who furnished the Spanish government with submarine mines, afterward asserted that he supplied many mines, each containing five hundred pounds of gunpowder, to Havana Harbor. Mr. Crandal, an American, testified that in the spring of 1896 he began laying mines in the harbor of Havana; he added that in July, 1897, by the state orders of General Weyler, he placed an additional mine near buoy No. 4. These mines both Mr. Crandal and Mr. Gibbons declared could only be fired from the shore. A vessel swinging at anchor in the neighborhood of one of them would not fire it by contact, but were the keel to touch the envelope of the explosive, a shutter would fall on the keyboard on shore. The officer in charge would then know that the vessel was swinging directly over the mine. If he wished to fire it, it would be necessary to unlock the glass door over which the shutter had fallen, insert two plugs, unlock an ebonite armature, press the fire-key hammer on the fire-key handle, and thus complete the circuit.

By special direction of the authorities, the "Maine" was moored at No. 4 buoy. On the night of the 15th the men were in their bunks, for the most part asleep. Suddenly the explosion occurred, a great column of fire was seen, then almost at once the ship sank; but just previously two small magazines within her blew up, completing the destruction, and with it the loss of two hundred and sixty-six gallant men.

The findings of the Court of Inquiry, which was then held, as embodied in the report of the Foreign Relations Committee, set forth that the destruction of the "Maine" was either compassed by the official act of the Spanish authorities, or was made possible by negligence on their part so willful and gross as to be equivalent to criminal culpability. The line of argument is as follows: It is established that the "Maine" was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, in position under her in a Spanish harbor, at a place where she had been moored to a buoy by the express direction and guidance of the Spanish authorities.

Explosive contrivances of this character are almost exclusively government agencies of warfare. There is no operation of a pacific character for which they can be employed, excepting the removal of wrecks or of harbor obstructions. They are not to be had in any place of private sale. Their destructive contents, excepting, perhaps, gunpowder, which undoubtedly was not employed in this instance, cannot be easily obtained and are not easily made. The entire contrivance is a mechanism of a somewhat complicated character, not generally understood, except by special manufacturers or by military or naval officers who have been instructed how to operate it.

Such mines, when sunk in harbors, are almost invariably discharged by an electric current, conducted over a wire leading from the engine of destruction to some place on the shore where a battery can be housed, guarded and attended by trained operators. They are now placed, or are made ready to be placed, in all important harbors. It may fairly be presumed that they had been placed in the harbor of Havana, the history of the last three years being considered.

There was, especially in Havana, among the officials who had been adherents of Weyler and who resented his recall, an expressed hatred of the United States. The time of the explosion must have been calculated for the moment when the "Maine" should swing within the destructive radius of the mine.

The report of the Spanish board of inquiry, which reported after the most inadequate examination that the explosion was due to the fault of the officers of the "Maine," and took place within the vessel itself, was declared to be manifestly false, and calculated to induce public opinion to prejudge the question. Taking this together with the fact of the duplicity, treachery, and cruelty of the Spanish character, the Senate concluded that the Spanish authorities must be held responsible for the crime, either as its direct authors or as contributors thereto by willful and gross negligence.

Spain offered to refer the question as to the cause of the loss of the "Maine" and their responsibility for the catastrophe to arbitration. The President made no reply.

The reason for this was due to the fact that the blowing up of the "Maine" was the last straw that exhausted the patience of the American people. The great catastrophe brought home with a sudden stunning shock to the nation at large the kind of thing that had been going on in Cuba for years at our very doors.

The proposal for arbitration was therefore brushed aside, and with it all idea of indemnity. In protesting against the adoption of such a course, Senator Mason addressed the Senate as follows:

"The night came on—a dark, a gloomy night—a natural and proper time for Spanish bravery. Our men were asleep in a friendly harbor. They were never challenged to try their courage. They were not whipped in honorable battle, but choked, burned, strangled and drowned without a chance to die fighting for life, without a moment to say a prayer. In the twinkling of an eye they stood in the presence of their Maker.

"Suppose ninety of them had been United States Senators; suppose the balance had been members of Congress, or made up of judges and leading professional and business men, would forty days have elapsed before war began? Or, suppose each Senator had a son or a father there. Do we tell our children the truth when we say that the life of every American citizen is of equal value before the law?

"They were not Senators; they were sailors. Their widows and orphans cry aloud to us. The silent appeal of two hundred and sixty-eight seamen comes to us again and again, saying: 'We are flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone and blood of your blood; we lived and died for the flag that shields you.'

"What is to be our answer? Shall we answer with money?

"Mr. President, I speak only for myself, and I am for war.

"There are those who say that the court does not fix the responsibility. It was not necessary; the 'peace-at-any-price' man cannot escape so. The law fixes the responsibility. We were in Spanish waters and over Spanish soil. The harbor is owned and controlled by Spain. The explosives in that harbor were owned and controlled by Spain. If it was a torpedo, it was a Spanish torpedo; if it was a mine, it was a Spanish mine. No explosives have been on sale in Havana for over a year to private citizens; if it was guncotton, it was Spanish guncotton, and if it was dynamite, it was Spanish dynamite. The power to explode it was controlled by Spain. A government acts only through its agents and officers, as much as they control the discharge of their cannon.

It was owned, located, and exploded by Spain, and Spain must answer."

In connection with the foregoing it should be noted that an insurrection in Cuba began in February, 1895. A previous insurrection, which lasted from 1868 to 1878, had been terminated by the promise on the part of Spain to provide Cuba with reforms already established in Porto Rico.

In the ten years' war Spain, according to her official returns, lost between seventy thousand and eighty thousand soldiers, who died for the most part of the malarial fevers which are the terror of all who campaign in Cuba. In that insurrection, however, the insurgents were confined to the east end of the island, which is divided from the western half by a wide marsh known as the Trocha. A very little greater depression would have cut the island in two, but the great marshy depression is almost as distinct a natural boundary as a stream of navigable water. It is necessary to realize this in order to understand the question of the reconcentrados. In 1895 the insurgents, instead of confining themselves to the old scene of their activities in the east, carried the war into the western provinces. They found many sympathizers among the people, and they carried fire and sword almost to the gates of Havana. These raids from the eastern province—carried on with the active sympathy of a large section of the inhabitants of the west—threatened Spain with the loss of the island. Spanish sentiment took alarm, recalled Martinez Campos, and replaced him by General Weyler, who assumed command in February, 1896. Troops were supplied to him without stint. In the last three years no fewer than two hundred and twenty-five thousand Spanish soldiers have been conveyed across the Atlantic for the repression of the Cuban insurrection.

On October 21, 1896, Weyler issued the following order:

"I order and command:

"First—All the inhabitants of the country now outside of the line of fortifications of the towns shall within the period of eight days concentrate themselves in the town so occupied by the troops. Any individual who after the expiration of this period is found in the uninhabited parts will be considered a rebel and tried as such."

At the time when the order was issued there was living within the western province a population of 400,000 men, women and children. The result of the order was to sweep them from their homes and fields and confine them in open-air prisons. No food whatever was supplied to them. As a result more than half of them died.

On March 17 the Hon. Redfield Proctor of Vermont, who had personally investigated the conditions prevailing in Cuba, addressed the Senate as follows:

"Outside Havana all is changed. It is not peace, nor is it war. It is desolation and distress, misery and starvation. Every town is surrounded by a trocha (trench), a sort of rifle pit, but constructed on a plan new to me, the dirt being thrown up on the inside, and a barbed wire fence on the outer side of the trench. These trochas have at every corner and at frequent intervals along the sides what are there called forts, but which are really small block houses, many of them more like a large sentry box, loopholed for musketry, and with a guard of from two to ten soldiers in each.

"The purpose of these trochas is to keep the reconcentrados in as well as to keep the insurgents out. From all the surrounding country the people have been driven into these fortified towns, and held there to subsist as they can. They are virtually prison yards, and not unlike one in general appearance, except the walls are not so high and strong; but they suffice, where every point is in range of a soldier's rifle, to keep in the poor reconcentrado women and children.

"Every railroad station is within one of these trochas, and has an armed guard. Every train has an armored freight car, loopholed for musketry, and filled with soldiers, and with, as I observed usually, and was informed is always the case, a pilot engine a mile or so in advance. There are frequent block houses inclosed by a trocha and with a guard along the railroad track. With this exception there is no human life or habitation between these fortified towns and villages and throughout the whole of the four western provinces, except to a very limited extent among the hills, where the Spaniards have not been able to go and drive the people to the towns and burn their dwellings. I saw no house or hut in the four hundred miles of railroad rides from Pinar del Rio Province in the west across the full width of Havana and Matanzas provinces, and to Sagua la Grande on the north shore and

to Cienfuegos on the south shore of Santa Clara, except within the Spanish trochas.

"There are no domestic animals or crops on the rich fields and pastures except such as are under guard in the immediate vicinity of the towns.

"In other words, the Spaniards hold in these four western provinces just what their army sits on. Every man, woman and child and every domestic animal, wherever their columns have reached, is under guard and within their so-called fortifications. To describe one place is to describe all. To repeat, it is neither peace nor war. It is concentration and desolation. This is the 'pacified' condition of the four western provinces.

"All the country people in the four western provinces, about 400,000 in number, remaining outside the fortified town when Weyler's order was made, were driven into these towns, and these are the reconcentrados. They were the peasantry, many of them farmers, some landowners, others renting lands, and owning more or less stock; others working on estates and cultivating small patches, and even a small patch in that fruitful clime will support a family.

"Many doubtless did not learn of this order. Others failed to grasp its terrible meaning. It was left largely to the guerrillas to drive in all that had not obeyed, and I was informed that in many cases a torch was applied to their homes with no notice, and the inmates fled with such clothing as they might have on, their stock and other belongings being appropriated by the guerrillas.

"When they reached the town they were allowed to build huts of palm leaves in the suburbs and vacant places within the trochas, and left to live if they could. Their huts are about 10 by 15 feet in size, and for want of space are usually crowded together very closely. They have no floor but the ground, and no furniture, and after a year's wear but little clothing, except such stray substitutes as they can extemporize.

"With large families or with more than one in this little space, the commonest sanitary provisions are impossible. Conditions are unmentionable in this respect. Torn from their homes, with foul earth, foul air, foul water, and foul food, or none, what wonder that one-half have died and that one-quarter of the living are so diseased that they cannot be saved!

"A form of dropsy is a common disorder resulting from these conditions. Little children are still walking about with arms and chest terribly emaciated, eyes swollen, and abdomen bloated to

three times the natural size. The physicians say these cases are hopeless.

"Deaths in the streets have not been uncommon. I was told by one of our consuls that they have been found dead about the markets in the morning, where they had crawled, hoping to get some stray bits of food from the early hucksters, and that there had been cases where they had dropped dead inside the market surrounded by food."

On March 24 the foregoing statements were supplemented by the following, which were addressed to the Senate by the Hon. John M. Thurston, United States Senator from Nebraska:

"Mr. President—I am here by command of silent lips to speak once and for all upon the Cuban situation. I trust that no one has expected anything sensational from me. God forbid that the bitterness of a personal loss should induce me to color in the slightest degree the statement that I feel it my duty to make. I shall endeavor to be honest, conservative, and just. I have no purpose to stir the public passion in any action not necessary and imperative to meet the duties and necessities of American responsibility, Christian humanity and national honor. I would shirk this task if I could, but I dare not. I cannot satisfy my conscience except by speaking, and speaking now.

"After three years of warfare and the use of 225,000 Spanish troops, Spain has lost control of every foot of Cuba not surrounded by an actual intrenchment and protected by a fortified picket line.

"She holds possession with her army of the fortified seaboard towns because they are under the virtual protection of Spanish warships, with which the revolutionists cannot cope.

"The revolutionists are in absolute and almost peaceful possession of nearly one-half of the island, including the eastern provinces of Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Principe. In those provinces they have an established form of government, levy and collect taxes, maintain armies, and generally levy a tax or tribute upon the principal plantations in other provinces, and, as is commonly believed, upon the entire railway system of the island.

"In the four so-called Spanish provinces there is neither cultivation nor railway operation except under strong Spanish military protection or by consent of the revolutionists in consideration of tribute paid.

"Under the inhuman policy of Weyler not less than 400,000 self-supporting, simple, peaceable, defenseless country people were

driven from their homes in the agricultural portions of the Spanish provinces to the cities and imprisoned upon the barren waste outside the residence portions of the cities and within the lines of intrenchment established a little way beyond. Their humble homes were burned, their fields laid waste, their implements of husbandry destroyed, their live stock and food supplies for the most part confiscated. Most of these people were old men, women and children. Slow starvation was their inevitable fate. A conservative estimate indicates that 210,000 of these people have already perished from starvation.

"The government of Spain has never contributed one dollar to house, shelter, feed, or provide medical attention for these its own citizens. Such a spectacle exceeds the scenes of the Inferno as painted by Dante.

"There has been no amelioration of the situation except through the efforts of the people of the United States. There has been no diminution in the death rate among these reconcentrados except as the death supply is constantly diminished. There is no relief and no hope except through the continued charity of the American people until peace has been fully restored in the island.

"Spain cannot put an end to the existing condition. She cannot conquer the insurgents. She cannot re-establish her sovereignty over any considerable portion of the interior of the island. The revolutionists, while able to maintain themselves, cannot drive the Spanish army from the fortified seacoast towns.

"The situation, then, is not war as we understand it, but a chaos of devastation and depopulation of undefined duration, whose end no man can see.

"The pictures in the American newspapers of the starving reconcentrados are true. They can all be duplicated by the thousands. I never saw, and please God I may never again see, so deplorable a sight as the reconcentrados in the suburbs of Matanzas. I can never forget to my dying day the hopeless anguish in their despairing eyes. Huddled about their little bark huts, they raised no voice of appeal to us for alms as we went among them. Men, women and children stand silent, famishing. Their only appeal comes from their sad eyes, through which one looks as through an open window into their agonizing souls.

"In Matanzas the people had done all they possibly could do for the reconcentrados, but it was too true that many Matanzas people who resided in fine houses scarcely knew where their own next meal was to come from. The governor was willing that the reconcentrados should repass the trocha to their homes, but the great ma-

jority were physically unable to go. Their fate was a slow death by starvation. The governor of Matanzas could see no end to this condition of affairs and could suggest no relief except through the United States.

"The government of Spain has not appropriated and will not appropriate one dollar to save these people. They are now being attended and nursed and administered to by the charity of the United States. Think of the spectacle! We are feeding these citizens of Spain; we are nursing their sick; we are saving such as can be saved, and yet there are those who still say it is right for us to send food, but we must keep our hands off. I say that the time has come when muskets ought to go with the food.

"I shall refer to these horrible things no further. They are there. God pity them; I have seen them; they will remain in my mind forever—and this is almost the twentieth century. Christ died 1,900 years ago, and Spain is a Christian nation; she has set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more skies, and under them has butchered more people than all the nations on earth combined."

The evidence of Senators Proctor and Thurston was confirmed and strengthened by the evidence of Senators Money and Gallinger. Immediately after their speeches came the publication of the Consular Reports, which were promptly summarized and published in all the newspapers. It is impossible here to give more than a brief extract or two from these official communications. On November 27 Consul-general Lee returned. On the authority of two informants of high standing, who had visited the ditches in Havana, the following is a report as to what was witnessed in the capital of Cuba:

"Four hundred and sixty women and children, thrown on the ground, heaped pell-mell as animals, some in a dying condition, others sick, others dead, without the slightest cleanliness or the least help, not even able to give water to the thirsty, without either religious or social help, each one dying wherever chance laid him. The deaths among these reconcentrados average forty or fifty daily, and on an average there were but ten days of life for each person.

"Among the many deaths we saw," says the communication, "there was seen one impossible to forget. There is still alive the only witness, a young girl of eighteen, whom we found seemingly

lifeless on the ground. On her right side was the body of a young mother, cold and rigid, but with her young child still alive clinging to her breast. On her left side was the corpse of a dead woman holding her son in a death embrace. A little further on a dying woman, having in her arms a daughter of fourteen, crazy with pain, who, after twelve or fourteen days, died, in spite of the care she received."

On April 11, these reports, joined to the feeling aroused by the blowing up of the "Maine" and the findings of the Court of Inquiry, resulted in a message to Congress from President McKinley, in the course of which he said:

"The long trial has proved that the object for which Spain has waged the war cannot be attained. The fire of insurrection may flame or may smolder with varying seasons, but it has not been, and it is plain that it cannot be, extinguished by present methods. The only hope of relief and repose from a condition which can no longer be endured is the enforced pacification of Cuba.

"In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop.

"In view of these facts and of these considerations, I ask the Congress to authorize and empower the President to take measures to secure a full and final termination of hostilities between the government of Spain and the people of Cuba, and to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquillity, and the security of its citizens as well as our own, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for these purposes.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

On April 19 Congress passed the following:

Joint resolution for the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and to withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the President of the United States to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect.

"*Whereas*, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own bor-

ders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battleship, with 260 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; therefore be it resolved,

"First—That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

"Second—That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States does hereby demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

"Third—That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such an extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

"Fourth—That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

On May 1, at daybreak, the Asiatic squadron, commanded by Commodore Dewey, arrived at Manila from Hong Kong. At Cavite, within the harbor, protected by four batteries, lay the Spanish fleet. It was commanded by Admiral Patricio Montojo. The squadron proceeded up the bay unmolested and made for the naval station. Two mines were exploded, but ineffectively. At five o'clock and ten minutes the Spaniards opened fire. Commodore Dewey set the signals, and his entire squadron advanced to short range. The squadron consisted of the following cruisers and gunboats: "Olympia," "Baltimore," "Boston," "Raleigh," "Concord," "Petrel," and "McCulloch."

At 5.30 the "Olympia's" 8-inch guns opened, and the squadron swung in front of the Spanish ships and forts in single file, firing their port guns. Then, wheeling, they passed back, firing their starboard guns. This maneuver was repeated five times, the en-

tire American fleet passing all the Spanish ships and batteries at each maneuver, and each time drawing in closer and closer and delivering fire at more deadly range.

During two hours and a half there was tremendous resistance by the Spaniards. They had eleven ships and five land batteries in full play, against six American warships. But the American marksmanship was faultless. Every shot seemed to count against ship or shore battery, while most of the Spanish powder was burned in vain.

At 7.45 A.M. the American fleet withdrew to ascertain damages and permit the smoke to clear. It was seen then that several Spanish ships were crippled or burning, and it was found that our vessels had suffered hardly at all. Admiral Dewey called his captains into consultation and arrangements were made for another attack.

At 10.40 we attacked again, this time the "Baltimore" leading. She advanced right upon the enemy, shelling them constantly, and the other Americans followed, working their guns as rapidly as they could load and fire. The effect of this assault was terrific. Ship after ship of the Spaniards sunk or was run ashore to keep them from sinking or falling into our hands.

At 12.45 P.M. the Spaniards struck their colors in token of surrender. Admiral Patricio Montojo fled to Manila, and most of the survivors fled with him. This ended the work of May 1, a day ever to be glorious in American history.

On May 2, Commodore Dewey landed a force of marines at Cavite. They completed the destruction of the Spanish fleet and batteries and established a guard for the protection of the Spanish hospitals.

The resistance of the forts was weak. The "Olympia" turned a few guns on the Cavite arsenal, and its magazine at once exploded, killing some and wounding many.

This practically ended the fire from the batteries, the Spanish artillerists fearing to face the American gunners. "Remember the 'Maine'!" was the word continually passed between the ships, and every officer, every "Jackie," was eager to do his utmost.

The following detailed account of the fighting is from the pen of an eye-witness:

All the ships were darkened as we prepared to force the entrance into the bay. But the island batteries were mute. The flagship passed well in range, the "Baltimore" following closer inshore. It seemed as if no ships ever made so much noise, and the wind died away, as if to let the Spaniards hear everything that was going.

The eager firemen on the "McCulloch" stirred their fires, and the soft coal of the cutter sent up a great shower of sparks.

"Now we'll catch it!" said Captain D. B. Hodgdon, with a grin.

In a few minutes off to the westward there was a sudden flare, and soon the boom of a great gun came across the water.

We were discovered, and the long-looked-for trouble had begun.

Undoubtedly the "McCulloch" was the mark aimed at, but we could hear no shriek of shell or plunge of solid shot as we sped along into the further gloom.

Again and again that battery spoke. Once there was a great splash astern of us, but whether it was merely the breaking of a cross wave, the breaching of a big fish, or the swash of a heavy shot, we could not say.

"They couldn't hit a flock of barns," remarked an old sergeant with a sneer.

Certainly we had not been hit, and subsequent inquiry showed that no shot fell near enough to any of our ships to cause the men on the bridge any uneasiness.

Then, to the leeward of us, we saw another quick flash, and a sharp bark told that the "Concord" was talking back to the Spaniards with a 4-inch rifle. This was the first shot against Spain in the Pacific.

From the shore there was an echo of a dull chug, and something which sounded like a cry. Apparently the gunner on the "Concord" had hit home. Then the "Boston" cracked away with an 8-inch shell, and, just to show that we were in the fight, the "McCulloch" sent a few shots hurtling toward where the Spanish

flashes told of the batteries which were snarling at our invasion of their harbor. It was not necessary to pay much attention to the shore forts. They evidently had enough trouble after a few shots, for they ceased to flare and boom, and the American fleet steamed on into Manila Bay.

This was a time to try the souls of men. We expected every minute that the Spaniards would come out to meet us. Among the men it was supposed that the engagement would be fought in the dark, with all the horror of guessing which was friend and which foe. But Admiral Dewey evidently knew his enemy—just where he was and just when and how to meet him. The men on the "McCulloch" talked of mines and torpedoes, and expected every instant that something dreadful and unexpected would happen. I confess that my teeth chattered and that I felt qualmish. Perhaps I had rather been at home. Some of the men were nervous. One lieutenant was surly and another sang softly to himself. I was told afterward that Howard, on the "Concord," was found reading his Bible. But Dewey led right ahead. If he feared mines, he did not show it. Evidently he had faith in the insurgent chief, who was acting as his pilot. So on we went, taking our time once we had passed the batteries at the harbor mouth. If we could have rushed along at full speed it would have relieved the tension; for if we were going to death, as the "Maine" men went, it were better to be over and done with it. There was nothing more to be done. The ships had been cleared for action long before. Only the most perfunctory orders were given. Though there was no longer any necessity for secrecy, the officers passed the word in low tones from the nervous tension of the waiting.

The dawn came out of the black suddenly. Then we saw that "the Old Man" knew just what he was about all the time. Right ahead of us lay the Spanish fleet and the Cavite forts. Far up the bay was Manila. We were in for it.

"Boom!" sounded Cavite. "Bat-t-t!" came from the Spanish flagship, firing a modern gun. But neither shot came near enough to throw any water on anybody. The enemy were close inshore, and had rigged and fixed some sort of log booms, as well as stone

piers, outside of their position, while behind them loomed the Arsenal and the four big batteries. To the south was another battery, well in range.

From this on I must tell the tale as it has been told me, rather than as I experienced it, for the "McCulloch" was directed to keep out of the mix-up, our light armament and lack of armor protection rendering us vulnerable and ineffective.

I heard a great cheer and looked up. Flaming, flickering on the sky from the Old Man's flagship was the thrilling signal:

"Remember the 'Maine'!"

Cheer rose on cheer and shout on shout as the different ships caught the meaning of the fluttering signal flags. The Spaniards were now popping right merrily. The sharp reports showed that they had some good guns to work with, and our boys began to think they had their work cut out for them.

"Good-by, boys! We'll give 'em hell for you!" shouted some one from the "Boston" as she steamed into action.

But though the Spaniards volleyed and thundered, the American ships answered never a word. There was no spout of flame from turret or sponson, and Dewey was taking his Yankee time with dreadful deliberation.

A jackie on the "McCulloch" told me the admiral had signaled, "Hold your fire until close in," and another asserted that the signals read, "Save your powder until close range." In any event, the "Olympia" went on in grim silence. My heart pounded like a hammer, and I'm sure that the men going so deliberately into action must have felt as nervous as girls getting ready for their commencement diplomas. Most of them never had been under fire before. Then off the bow of the "Baltimore" suddenly vomited a great spout of water, black with the harbor mud. "The mines! The mines! They're among the mines!" cried our men. Another jet like a geyser came up near the "Raleigh." Great waves washed out from these eruptions. But on went Dewey, and on went the fleet. It seemed to me it was at least two hours since we were ordered out of the line of battle. I found afterward it really was about twenty minutes.

The Spaniards began firing at 5.10, and Dewey steamed right

into the teeth of their fusillade until 5.30 without a shot. His executive officer told me afterward that the Old Man was as cool and chatty as if he had been on a practice cruise.

"That hill reminds me of the hill back of our old house up in Vermont," he said. "The smoke is like the morning mists in our valley." Then he set his signals and changed his course, showing his port side to the foe. The other ships followed.

At this instant something happened. There was a great roar. The "Olympia" disappeared in smoke. We at first feared she had hit a mine and was gone. But out she came into the light and roared again. It was a time for Americans to cheer, and we cheered. I cried, and I know Captain Hodgdon did. I was proud of my nation and my race. The firing of the Spaniards had seemed lively—almost continuous. I had thought that the mouth of hell yawned when their guns were making all the noise. But once the "Olympia" opened I knew that everything else had been imitation war. Our men fired those guns as if they had been doing nothing else all their lives. The "Baltimore" opened in the same booming way. The "Raleigh" was next, and the "Boston" and "Concord" covered the little "Petrel." The "Olympia" made a straight run for the "Reina Christina," flagship of the Spanish admiral. As she led the fighting line she fired volley after volley into this the best cruiser of the enemy, and the execution was fearful. The "Reina Christina" was soon on fire in a dozen places, and rents were seen near her water line where the 8-inch shells had torn their way. Admiral Montojo stuck to his ship, but men were dead everywhere around him, and the uninjured were panic-stricken. Gunners deserted their guns and sailors jumped overboard to swim ashore. The "Baltimore" attended to the "Castilla" in short order, and the big old wooden hulk was a mass of flames from stem to stern before our ships had passed the first time.

"Why don't they hit us?" asked Engineer Engard of the "Baltimore," who could not feel the impact of any shots in return for the trembling produced by his own ship's continuous fire.

"Why don't they hit us?" might have been asked by men much more able to see about them than the engineer down amid his machinery.

Men at the rapid-fire guns began to expose themselves needlessly from behind their shields. Even the small arms of the Spaniards did not seem to hit anything on shipboard, though there was much whistling far overhead, and shells fell away out where we of the "McCulloch" were forced to look on in anxious inactivity. Once the American ships had passed the Spanish lines, Dewey swung in toward shore and the battle line swung after him like a fire-spitting serpent, going closer to the enemy. The batteries banged away, but the guns on shore were no better served than those on shipboard. No more mines exploded, though there must have been more of them in that part of the harbor. The "Concord" passed directly over the place where one of the explosions had left its ring of foam and debris. Then we had "the same thing over again." The American fleet steamed past the Spaniards, flaming, smoking, roaring as they went, this time the starboard guns and gunners getting a chance to show their mettle and metal. Dewey turned again and yet again. Each time his line went nearer, and each time his fire was almost continuous. The "Raleigh," caught by a tide rip, ran right along the bows of some of the Spaniards, which were drifting out helplessly, and raked them mercilessly, though it seemed a marvel she was not sent to the bottom. Captain Coghlan and Commander Singer seemed to enjoy their picnic. A shell burst over the little cruiser and scattered fragments on her deck, and some of the enemy's smaller shot struck her. But there was little damage and no fatalities.

After the fifth turn at the enemy Admiral Dewey led the way out of the battle to take account of stock. Following him, the Spaniards sent up a cheer. Evidently they thought he was in full retreat, and that their victory was won. But the Old Man was merely taking breath and giving the smoke a chance to lift; this brown prismatic powder of ours making a deal of blur when the firing is as fast as we had made it.

Once they had come to our side of the bay the captains went to the flagship to report. And here was something that almost passed belief. Not a single American had been killed.

"Back from the jaws of death, and they never touched me!"

laughed Lieutenant Casey Morgan of the "Raleigh," who had been serving a gun which is believed to have given the big "Mindanao" her quietus. No American had even a wound which could be called such. Not a gun was disabled. No ship was anything more than scratched.

"We haven't begun to fight yet!" declared Dewey, as he heard that Spanish cheer follow him across the water.

Once the smoke lifted, it could be seen that the "Maria de Christina" and the "Castilla," the "Don Juan de Austria" and the "Isla de Mindanao" were done for. All were ablaze, and their crews could be seen working like ants to subdue the flames. The Spanish admiral's flag was seen transferring from the "Maria Christina" to the "Isla de Cuba," and Lieutenants Calkins and Nelson begged permission to make a dash in the "McCulloch's" launch to capture Admiral Montojo. But the bold request was declined, and preparations to renew the engagement were proceeded with in the most business-like manner, though the men persisted in slapping each other on the back, clasping hands, and doing a few hornpipe steps whenever the officers were not looking. For almost three hours the Americans busied themselves in getting ready for the "second round." Then out steamed the "Baltimore" in front, to bear the brunt of the fighting. And there was to be no nonsense. Right at the Spaniards went the big American cruiser. And she caught about all the Spanish fire there was left. One well-aimed shot exploded a shell on her deck and five men were hit by pieces of shell or bits of debris. Right for the "Reina Christina" and the "Don Juan de Austria" steamed the "Baltimore" without firing. Three of her men were hit in addition to those hurt by the first explosion. But she steamed right on. Then she swung and fired, and from that time there was no sound from the "Christina." Her captain was killed in that discharge, and those of her men who were not disabled tried to leave her as best they might. There was a great explosion as the "Baltimore," "Olympia" and "Raleigh" fired into the "Don Juan de Austria," it being asserted afterward that a shell from the "Raleigh" pierced to the Spaniard's magazine. Some of the pieces from the "Don Juan de Austria" tore away the upper

works of "El Cano," and the "Petrel" did the rest. The "Concord" rapidly accounted for the "General Lezo," and the "Boston" sunk the "Velaszco," named after the hero of the defense of the Morro at Havana. The honor of blowing up the Arsenal is disputed, but Gunner Corcoran, on the "Olympia," has a better claim than Vining of the "Petrel."

It was just two hours and five minutes after the "Baltimore" waded into this second attack before the battle was all over. The Spanish surrendered everything they had left to surrender and ran out of the crumbling Cavite forts. The little "Petrel" fired the last gun at the forts. Admiral Montojo fled to Manila with all of his staff and such officers as had not been killed. Admiral Dewey sent his marines ashore to capture Cavite, and then cut the cable so that the Spaniards could not summon succor.

And when all noses had been counted not a man was missing from the fighting fleet, though our chief engineer on the "McCulloch" had died from heart disease, the attack being brought on by excitement. Eight were wounded on the "Baltimore," which ship was somewhat dented. But the fleet is practically as good as new, and could fight a dozen such battles and hardly know it had been to war. Certainly, it was a glorious victory.

The official dispatches were as follows:

COMMODORE DEWEY'S FIRST DISPATCH

Manila, May 1

Squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy and destroyed the following Spanish vessels: "Reina Christina," "Castilla," "Don Antonio de Ulloa," "Isla de Luzon," "Isla de Cuba," "General Lezo," "Marquis de Duero," "Correo," "Velaszco," "Isla de Mindanao," a transport, and water battery at Cavite. The squadron is uninjured, and only a few men are slightly wounded. Only means of telegraphing is to American consul at Hong Kong. I shall communicate with him.

DEWEY.

COMMODORE DEWEY'S SECOND DISPATCH

Cavite, May 4, 1898

Long, Secretary Navy—I have taken possession of the naval station at Cavite, Philippine Islands, and destroyed its fortifica-

tions. Have destroyed fortifications at the bay entrance, paroling the garrison. I control the bay completely, and can take the city at any time. The squadron is in excellent health and spirits. The Spanish loss not fully known, but very heavy. One hundred and fifty killed, including the captain of the "Reina Christina." I am assisting in protecting the Spanish sick and wounded. Two hundred and fifty sick and wounded in hospital within our lines. Much excitement at Manila. Will protect foreign residents. DEWEY.

SECRETARY LONG'S REPLY

Washington, D.C., May 7, 1898

Dewey, Manila—The President, in the name of the American people, thanks you and your officers and men for your splendid achievement and overwhelming victory. In recognition he has appointed you acting admiral, and will recommend a vote of thanks to you by Congress. LONG.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN—HEROISM OF HOBSON—CERVERA'S RUN TO RUIN—BEFORE SANTIAGO AND AFTER—MISSION OF THE AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE

A.D. 1898

AFTER Manila and the defeat of Admiral Montojo, the successive and concluding events of the Hispano-American war include Admiral Sampson's bombardment of San Juan; Hobson's heroic experiment with the "Merrimac"; General Shafter's campaign; the destruction of Cervera's squadron; the capitulation of Santiago; General Miles's tour in Puerto Rico, and the overtures for peace. These events may be conveniently summarized as follows:

The bombardment of San Juan was the result of a reconnaissance. The fleet of the enemy, under command of Admiral Cer-

vera, was erroneously believed to be within the harbor. This fleet it was the object of Admiral Sampson to engage, capture, or destroy. The latter's flagship, the "New York," started from Key West on the morning of May 4. Going direct to the blockading squadron off Havana, the admiral was joined there by the "Iowa," Captain Evans, and the "Indiana," Captain Taylor, and proceeded eastward, arriving off Cardenas at dark. Here the other ships to accompany the expedition were found. Leaving Cardenas, the squadron was composed of the "New York," "Iowa," "Indiana," "Amphitrite," "Terror," "Montgomery," "Detroit," "Porter," tug "Wompatuck" and collier "Niagara." The squadron stopped off the north coast of Haiti on May 7, and remained practically in the same place until the afternoon of May 9, when it proceeded eastward.

On the afternoon of May 11 the squadron was about sixty miles from San Juan. The admiral and his personal staff transferred the flag to the "Iowa," and then proceeded, adjusting the speed so as to arrive off the city at daylight. At four o'clock it was still dark, and nothing of the shore could be seen, but with the first rays of the dawn the hills of the island began to appear, and then a call to quarters sounded. A few moments before five o'clock the shore was in plain view. The town was quite near, appearing, as it sits on a hill, as a mass of yellow walls with tile roofs. The whole place seemed at rest, and, judging from the weakness of the enemy's fire at the beginning, they must have been enjoying a peaceful rest, to be rudely awakened by the roar of the guns.

The squadron was now abreast of the entrance to the harbor, passing at a speed of about six knots from west to east in the following order: "Iowa" (flagship), "Indiana," "New York," "Amphitrite" and "Terror," the tug "Wompatuck" about 500 yards inside the "Iowa," for the purpose of anchoring a small boat which was to serve as buoy to mark the end of the run and the point at which to turn about after each passage of the harbor. The "Detroit" and "Montgomery" took stations previously assigned them well in the entrance and right under the guns of the fort.

After the first trip past the forts, when it was found that the enemy's ships were not in the harbor, the "Iowa" opened fire. After she had fired a few small guns to get the range and two larger guns, the first answering fire from the enemy soon came from some small guns, evidently of the old type. Soon the "Indiana" and "New York" joined the firing line, and the two monitors came in range a few moments later. After passing the forts the column turned to the left and made a complete circle. The "Iowa" followed in as the monitors were passing out, so that there was a constant fire. As the large ships passed the second time, the two cruisers came out after them and remained out of the main line the remainder of the time. The third trip past the forts was finished by the "New York" at eight o'clock, when the guns were secured and all hands went to their meal. After the "New York" had stopped firing and was about passing out of range of the enemy's fire, a shot from a 6-inch gun came aboard over the port quarter, struck the top awning stanchion at about the after-hammock netting, and exploded in the cutter. The fragments killed one man and wounded two. Previously three men had been wounded on the "Iowa." Each of the ships was struck by one shell from the batteries, but no other ship was injured in the least, although all were exposed to a heavy fire for three hours from batteries which proved to be much heavier and composed of better guns than was generally believed. Such was the result of the reconnaissance, after which the squadron withdrew.

The fleet which it was the purpose of this expedition to capture or destroy subsequently sought and found shelter within the harbor of Santiago, the entrance to which Admiral Sampson then proceeded to invest. There, while waiting to engage the enemy, it was thought wise to attempt to block the harbor and so prevent a possible escape. The plan originated with Lieutenant Hobson, and its execution was left to him. On the night of June 3, with a picked crew of seven volunteers, he steamed up in the collier "Merrimac" to the harbor's entrance and sank her. From the fleet the progress of the "Merrimac" was eagerly followed.

At 3.15 the enemy's first shot was fired, coming from one of the guns on the hill to the west of the entrance. The shot was

seen to splash seaward from the "Merrimac," having passed over her. The firing became general very soon afterward, being especially fierce and rapid from the batteries inside on the left of the harbor, probably from batteries on Smith Cay. The flashes and reports were apparently those of rapid-fire guns, ranging from small automatic guns to four-inch or larger. For fifteen minutes a perfect fusillade was kept up. Then the fire slackened and by 3.30 had almost ceased. A close watch was kept on the mouth of the harbor in order to pick up the steam launch. There was a little desultory firing until about 3.45, when all became quiet. Daylight came at about five o'clock.

At about 5.15 A.M., a launch, which under Cadet Powell had followed the "Merrimac," in order if possible to rescue Hobson and his men, was seen steaming from west to east, near or across the mouth of the harbor. She steamed back from east to west and began skirting the coast to the west of the entrance. The battery on the hill to the left opened fire on her, but did not make good practice. The launch continued her course as far westward as a small cove and then headed for the "Texas," steaming at full speed. Several shots were fired at her from the battery on the left as she steamed out.

It was broad daylight by this time. Cadet Powell came alongside the "Texas" and reported that "No one had come out of the entrance of the harbor." His words sounded like the death knell of all who had gone in on the "Merrimac." It seemed incredible, almost impossible, any of them could have lived through the awful fire that was directed at the ship. Cadet Powell said that he had followed behind the ship at a distance of 400 or 500 yards. Hobson missed the entrance of the harbor at first, having gone too far to the westward; he almost ran aground. The launch picked up the entrance and directed the "Merrimac" in. From the launch the collier was seen until she rounded the bend of the channel and until the helm had been put to port to swing her into position across the channel. There was probably no one in the fleet who did not think that all seven of the men had perished. In the afternoon, much to the surprise of every one, a tug flying a flag of truce was seen coming out of the entrance. The "Vixen,"

flying a tablecloth at the fore, went to meet the tug. A Spanish officer went aboard the "Vixen" from the tug and was taken aboard the flagship. Not long afterward a signal was made that Murphy of the "Iowa" was saved and was a prisoner of war. About four o'clock another signal was made from the flagship: "Collier's crew prisoners of war; two slightly wounded. All well." It can be easily imagined what relief this signal brought to all hands, who had been mourning the death of all these men. The Spanish officer said also that the prisoners were confined in Morro Castle. He said further that Admiral Cervera considered the attempt to run in and sink the "Merrimac" across the channel an act of such great bravery and desperate daring that he (the Admiral) thought it very proper that our naval officers should be notified of the safety of these men. Whatever the motive for sending out the tug with the flag of truce, the act was a most graceful one and one of most chivalrous courtesy. The Spanish officer is reported to have said: "You have made it more difficult, but we can still get out."

The daring evinced by Hobson was instantly recognized, but the importance of his achievement was not appreciated until July 3, when Cervera's desperate attempt to escape would, in all likelihood, have been partly successful but for the fact that his vessels were obliged to leave the harbor in single file.

Let us, however, recapitulate in their order the events which followed the sinking of the "Merrimac," news whereof was received on June 4. On June 5, a bombardment of the Morro Castle, commanding the mouth of Santiago harbor, took place, but no serious impression seems to have been made upon the fortress at that time, although some neighboring earthworks were destroyed. Two days later, there was a more effective bombardment of the harbor fortifications by Admiral Sampson, but the Morro Castle still held out and protected the entrance to the port by its ability to deliver a plunging fire. On June 9, it was known that 12,000 men, or about half of our regular army, together with a number of volunteer regiments, under General Shafter, had set sail from Tampa, and, on the following day, the Spaniards began preparations for a vigorous defense of Santiago against a land

force by means of carefully planned intrenchments. On June 11, a body of United States marines landed at Guantanamo Bay, and, on the three ensuing days, sustained successfully determined assaults by the Spaniards. On June 15, the "Vesuvius," carrying a pneumatic gun, which discharges a tube loaded with dynamite, arrived off Santiago, and fully justified the expectations of her inventor by the efficient part which she took in the bombardment. Since June 7, the Spaniards had attempted to repair the Santiago forts, and had, to some extent, succeeded in doing so; consequently, on June 16, Admiral Sampson ordered the ships to open fire on them again, and, in this assault, is said to have discharged 500,000 pounds of metal. It was not until June 22, or thirteen days after his departure from Tampa, that General Shafter landed his troops at Baiquiri, a point on the coast some miles southwest of Santiago. There was furious fighting during the three following days, and there was a grievous loss of life on the American side, infantry and dismounted cavalry having been ordered or allowed to attack intrenchments without artillery support. The necessity of heavy siege guns was at once clear to professional soldiers, but these could not be moved from the transports to the shores, because only one lighter had been brought from Tampa, and even that one had been lost. This loss could have been quickly repaired, had not General Shafter refused to take with him from Tampa the signal train that had been made ready for him, on the ground that he "only wanted men who could carry muskets." The result of this indifference to a branch of the service which constitutes the eyes, ears and voice of a modern army, was that it required two days to transmit a request from Shafter's headquarters to the point where the cable could be used. On June 29, not having, as yet, any heavy siege guns in position, and not having so surrounded the city as to prevent the reenforcement or escape of its garrison, General Shafter telegraphed to Washington: "I can take Santiago in forty-eight hours." On July 1 and 2, General Shafter made resolute assaults upon the Spanish intrenchments and carried many of them, advancing his own lines very much nearer the city. The advantage thus gained, however had cost him a considerable fraction of his force. The

whole number of Americans killed, wounded and missing during the land operations reached ten per cent of the number with which General Shafter landed on June 22. Of these land engagements the most notable were those at Aguadores, El Caney and San Juan.

The battle of San Juan is described as follows:

The dawn of July 1 found the troops of Wheeler's division bivouacked on the eminence of El Pozo. Kent's division bivouacked near the road back of El Pozo. Grimes's battery went into position about 250 yards west of the ruined buildings of El Pozo soon after sunrise and prepared gun pits. Grimes's battery opened fire against San Juan a little before 8 A.M. The troops of the cavalry division were scattered about on El Pozo Hill in the rear and around the battery, apparently without order and with no view to their protection from the enemy's fire. This condition rectified itself when the enemy, after five or six shots by our battery, replied with shrapnel fire at correct range and with accurately adjusted fuses, killing two men at the first shot. After some firing soon after 9 A.M. Wheeler's division was put in march toward Santiago. Crossing Aguadores stream, it turned to the right, under General Sumner, who was in command at that time owing to General Wheeler's illness. Scattering shots were fired by the enemy before the arrival of the first troops at the crossing, but his volley firing did not commence until the dismounted cavalry went into position, crossing open ground. Kent's division followed Wheeler's, moving across the stream, and advanced along the road in close order under a severe enfilading fire. After advancing some distance, it turned off to the left. Lieutenant Ord (killed in battle) made a reconnaissance from a large tree on the banks of the stream.

At about one o'clock, after a delay of nearly two hours waiting for the troops to reach their positions, the whole force advanced, charged, and carried the enemy's first line of intrenchments. They were afterward formed on the crest and there threw up intrenchments facing the enemy's second line at a distance of from 500 to 1,000 yards.

We pass to the memorable naval combat of July 3, which

annihilated Cervera's squadron, and dealt the deathblow to Spain's hope of making head against us on the sea. There is, of course, no foundation for the report that Admiral Cervera resolved to fly, because he knew that Santiago would be immediately taken. The truth is that, on July 2, he received peremptory orders from Madrid to leave Santiago at once, no matter what might be the consequences; to engage the American fleet, and to make his way, if possible, to Havana, where he would raise the blockade. These orders he did his best to execute on the morning of July 3, having been informed by signal that Admiral Sampson's flagship, the "New York," and a large part of the American fleet, were lying at some distance toward the east, and that only the "Brooklyn," "Texas" and "Iowa" would have to be encountered if the escaping ships moved westward. There was a mistake in this computation, for the "Oregon" also took an important part in the action, and so did the little "Gloucester," a converted yacht, which did not hesitate, single-handed, to engage both of the torpedo boat destroyers. With such information as he could procure, however, Admiral Cervera believed that his ships could outsail all of those blockading the mouth of the harbor, except the "Brooklyn," and that, if the "Brooklyn" could be disabled, some, at least, of his vessels could escape. Accordingly, orders were issued by the Spanish admiral to proceed at full speed to the westward after clearing the entrance, and to concentrate fire upon the "Brooklyn." In the attempt to carry out this programme, the four warships, "Maria Teresa," "Almirante Oquendo," "Vizcaya" and "Cristobal Colon," followed by the torpedo boat destroyers "Pluton" and "Furor," in the order named and in single file, pushed with all steam up through the narrow passage which had been left by the sunken "Merrimac." The concerted endeavor to disable the "Brooklyn" failed, and it turned out that both the "Oregon" and "Texas" were faster than the "Cristobal Colon," which was much the swiftest of the Spanish squadron. The "Maria Teresa," the "Almirante Oquendo" and the "Vizcaya" were successively riddled and put *hors de combat* by the rapid and accurate firing of the American ships, and were beached by their officers to avoid, not so much surrender, as the danger

of explosion. The "Cristobal Colon" succeeded in reaching a point about fifty miles from Santiago, when it was headed off not only by the protected cruiser "Brooklyn," but also by the ironclads "Oregon" and "Texas." From that moment, escape was seen to be impossible, so the commander beached his ship and hauled down his flag. This closing incident of the battle took place at 1.20 P.M., almost exactly four hours after the leading vessel of the escaping column, the "Maria Teresa," had passed the Morro. Meanwhile, the little "Gloucester," under Commander Richard Wainwright, had stopped both of the torpedo boat destroyers, received their fire, and detained them until an ironclad came up.

It will be observed that, in this battle, the Spanish squadron did not have to contend with the whole of our fleet, but that, on the contrary, the forces engaged were, on paper, much more nearly equal than is generally understood. We had on our side the first-class battleships "Oregon" and "Iowa," the second-class battleship "Texas," the protected cruiser "Brooklyn" and the converted yacht "Gloucester." The Spaniards, on their part, had one armored cruiser, three protected cruisers and two torpedo boat destroyers. It is certainly a remarkable fact, and one almost without a parallel in naval annals, if we except Dewey's achievement at Manila, that not a single one of the Spanish vessels should have managed to escape. The honor of the almost unique victory at Santiago belongs, beyond a doubt, to Commodore Schley, for, at the beginning of the action, Admiral Sampson, in his flagship, the "New York," was out of sight, and he remained out of signal distance until almost the end.

Almost immediately after these incidents an expedition under command of General Miles proceeded to Puerto Rico, where, on the southwest coast, at the little village of Guanica, a landing was effected on July 25.

Twenty-four hours later the Spanish government, through M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador at Washington, made a formal proposal for ending the war and arranging terms of peace.

BATTLE OF OMDURMAN—THE FIGHT FOR THE KHALIFA'S STANDARD

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Forty-Nine

ASSAULT BY GENERAL KITCHENER'S TROOPS ON THE KHALIFA'S CAPITAL NEAR KHARTOUM

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Forty-Nine

THE CAPTURE OF THE GUNS AT COLENSO

Battles, Volume Two. Chapter Fifty

BATTLE OF SPION KOP, JANUARY 23, 1900

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Fifty

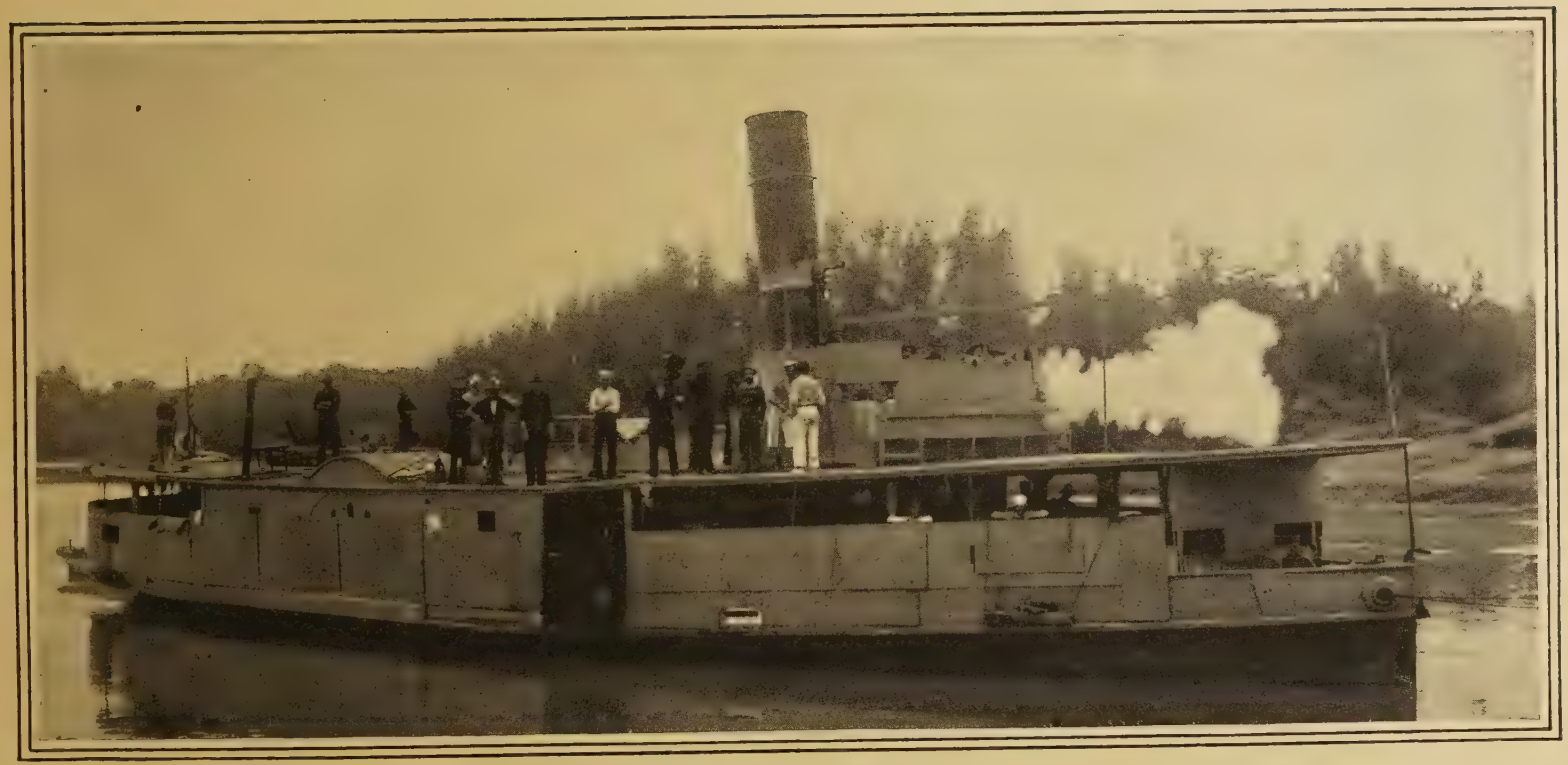
A SORTIE FROM LADYSMITH

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Fifty

TROOPS AT PASIG RIVER FIRING BY VOLLEY

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Fifty-One

UTAH BATTERY IN ACTION ON McCLOUD HILL



GUNBOAT "LAGUNA DE BAY" IN ACTION BELOW PASIG

Battles, Volume Two, Chapter Fifty-One

CHAPTER XLIX

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN CONQUEST OF THE SOUDAN, 1898—THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN, SEPTEMBER 2, 1898

THE Egyptian army of to-day is a creation of the past sixteen years. It was made new out of unpromising material by the patience and skill of the British officers in Egypt. It is an ideal army for fighting, the officers young and brave, the men admirably trained, obedient and courageous. For the wonder of discipline is that it can turn the cringing Egyptian fellah into a brave soldier when he is properly led.

The soul of the army is the Sirdar. Here we have him described to the life by one who knew him well:[1]

"Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously over most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong. Steady passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows, brick-red, rather full cheeks, a long mustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man. In 1890 he succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar; in 1896 he began the conquest of the Soudan. His officers and men are wheels in the machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and he works them as mercilessly as he works himself. And if you suppose, therefore, that the Sirdar is unpopular—he is not. No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy."

The problem of the conquest of the Soudan was twofold. First,

[1] Mr. G. W. Steevens, the famous war correspondent, who lately died of fever in the siege of Ladysmith in South Africa.

the Egyptian army had to be created. This was done by long years of patient drill. The army existed, it would fight, it would not run away howling as at the massacre of Hicks Pasha's army in 1883. The next point was to bring the army face to face with the enemy a thousand miles up the Nile. The question was one of supply and of transportation. The Sirdar hit on exactly the right solution. He determined to take every advantage of the river, to supplement it with camel transport, *and to build a railway.*

"The Sirdar's plan was to advance a small force and to intrench it to cover the railway construction. This small force could be supplied by camel convoys. When the railway had proceeded as far as safety permitted he would rapidly bring up his whole force and drive the Dervishes out of Ferket. When the railway reached Ferket he would bring up a big reserve of supplies, wait till high Nile, then put it into boats which could sail right up to Dongola, thus supplying his force. To carry his force across the river, tow barges, to bombard river forts, to enfilade fortifications, to make life in the river bank unbearable for the enemy—to do all these things he would have gunboats drawing two feet of water. Any one who has seen the Desert will understand what a mistake in supplying the army would mean. The Desert stopped the Romans, Greeks and Persians. Simple as the plan looks, it was not so simple to execute, but luckily Sir Herbert Kitchener was as capable to execute as he was to plan."

General Kitchener required from March, 1896, to June, 1898, for the construction of the five hundred and fifty miles of railway to Atbara. At that point he collected a flotilla of steamers, barges and boats. The battle of Atbara was fought and won on April 8, 1898, and the railway was completed to this point in the middle of June. On August 31st the army was in touch with the enemy.

The Anglo-Egyptian army camped, on the night of September 1, 1898, near the Nile at the little village of Agaiga, within seven miles of Omdurman. To the north and west lay the heights of Kerreri where the Egyptian cavalry were stationed. To the south, extending to the river, lay the great hill of Gebel Surgham. The infantry brigades occupied a half circle around the village. The five gunboats lay close to the river banks, with steam up. In front

of the position was an open plain, five miles or so wide, extending from hill to hill—from Kerreri to Gebel Surgham. There were twenty thousand men in line facing the plain. Beyond them, still invisible, were fifty thousand Dervishes. This was the place and the time for the decisive battle. Would the Dervishes attack, or should we have to go out to find them? This was the burning question in every mind. It was soon settled. We were not to advance. The Dervishes were coming to attack us here. Far away in the distance we heard their cries and the tap of their war-drums. It was now about half-past six in the morning of September 2d.

They came on in the distance, looking in their white loose dresses like an army of banners. They were armed with guns, spears, swords; any weapon would serve them in a holy war against the infidel. If they died what matter? Paradise awaited them. The British infantry fire began when they were more than a mile away. Still the Dervishes came on in compact masses. The artillery tore through them with shell, making huge gaps instantly closed up. The infantry fire was steady, continuous, fatal. No white troops would have stood up before it for a moment, but still the Dervishes came on with mad rushes. They dropped by hundreds and by thousands. The ground grew white with the mantles of the dead. The Dervishes were not driven back. They were all killed where they stood.

At about half-past nine the British brigades slowly echeloned forward out on to the plain, thinking the battle well over. Hardly had they moved into the open when they found themselves face to face with new hordes. The Khalifa had divided his army into three divisions. The first had attacked the village and had been annihilated there. The second moved toward Kerreri heights to envelop the British right; the third lay behind Surgham hill to bar the road to Omdurman.

The Egyptian cavalry fell back before their fierce attack and the army of the green flag occupied the hill of Kerreri. The British infantry on the left swung round to face the third division of the Khalifa's army, where his black banner waved. The Twenty-first Lancers moved far out to the westward of our extreme

left and prepared for a charge. Their scouts had been forward a thousand yards and reported the ground clear. But the scouts had not been far enough. Between them and the enemy there yawned a deep ravine lined thickly with Dervishes. Into this, through it, beyond it, the Lancers rode, leaving twenty-four of their number dead and with more than fifty wounded. Like the charge of the Light Brigade, it was a blunder, but a blunder retrieved in both cases by magnificent gallantry.

The Dervishes threw themselves against the infantry brigades with vain valor, and the slaughter of the first attack was repeated. Once more the the British lines moved forward. They were far out in the plain now—Lyttleton and Maxwell at the hill Gebel Surgham, the cavalry and the reserves on the right, General Macdonald's Egyptian division in the center. The brunt of the attack fell on Macdonald. The Khalifa with his division attacked the British center from the southwest, the division of Ali Wad Helu attacked from the north and west; twelve thousand Dervishes against the Egyptian division of three thousand. But Wauchope's brigade (all British) pushed forward and filled up the gaps between Macdonald and the rest of the British line. An eye-witness says:

"The fire discipline of the British was a treat to watch; exactly as on parade they changed from volley firing to independent, and back to volley firing, as might be ordered, coolly and without any hurry. Their shooting, too, was admirable. The Egyptian troops were as steady, but they cannot shoot so well. Although the Dervishes were falling in hundreds their advance seemed, at first, to be unchecked; numbers dropped, but others were rushing on and coming nearer and nearer till it almost seemed as if they would reach us; but within three hundred yards of the British and within two hundred of the Egyptian brigade scarcely a Dervish could live. So rapid was the British fire that above the sound of the explosions could be heard the *swish* of our bullets going through the air just like the swish of water. It literally swept away the line of charging Dervishes."

Over 11,000 were killed, 16,000 wounded, and 4,000 taken prisoners in the Dervish forces. The Anglo-Egyptian army of 22,000

men had won the day and conquered the Soudan. The British casualties were 387 in killed and wounded.

Omdurman was at once taken possession of, also Khartoum. Fourteen years before, Gordon had been massacred here. The British relieving force of that day had arrived too late to save his life. The British army of to-day gave him a soldier's funeral. The troops lined up before the palace on three sides of the square, the Sirdar lifted his hand and the British and Egyptian flags were raised to the breeze while the bands played "God Save the Queen" and the "Khedivial Hymn." In a moment more the band of the Guards was playing the "Dead March in Saul," and the chaplains were conducting a funeral service for the heroic Gordon. His sacrifice had not been all in vain. The Soudan belongs to civilization forever.

CHAPTER L

THE WAR OF GREAT BRITAIN AGAINST THE BOER REPUBLICS IN SOUTH AFRICA, 1899–1900

THE story of the grievances of the Boers of South Africa need not be retold here. The Boer wished to live a quiet life in the open air among his flocks and herds undisturbed by cities and trade. To this end he emigrated to the wilderness and established the republics of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State. But unwittingly he chose the very place in South Africa where trade and cities were most sure to come. The diamond mines of Kimberley and the gold-reefs of the Transvaal brought a crowd of foreigners — Outlanders—to exploit them. In their train came business, trade, speculation.

It is the grievance of the Outlander that the Boer exploited the Briton as eagerly as the Briton exploited the mines. The Britons paid all the taxes, the Boers sold the concessions at extravagant rates. Friction of all kinds arose, and Great Britain undertook to settle matters by force of arms in 1881. But the Boers carried Majuba Hill by storm, killed the British commander, Sir George Colley, and Mr. Gladstone then concluded a peace, which the

English Tories called inglorious, and under which Cecil Rhodes and other South African capitalists chafed. At the instigation of Rhodes, Dr. Jameson organized an armed raid into the Transvaal in 1895 with six hundred men. The Boers captured the whole force, after a combat, and sent Jameson to England for trial. He was condemned in the English courts and imprisoned. The friction at Johannesburg between the Boers and the Outlanders increased.

In the summer of 1899, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the English Secretary of State for the Colonies, was pressing the Boer Government hard, by diplomatic means, for a redress of grievances. With patience everything might have been adjusted, but the Boer President and his advisers felt that the situation had become unbearable. For some years the Boers had been quietly purchasing arms and munitions of war so that they were well supplied and entirely ready. The British had few troops in the colony and they did not expect war, although they had accumulated £1,000,000 worth of military stores at Ladysmith in Natal.

Suddenly, on October 10, 1899, President Krüger issued an ultimatum to the British government couched in such terms that it was equivalent to a declaration of war. The English were defied. If they were to be masters in South Africa in the twentieth century, they must conquer the two Boer Republics (for the Orange Free State had cast in its lot with the Transvaal), and dictate a peace at their capitals of Bloemfontein and Pretoria. The task did not seem to be very difficult, although a considerable time would be required to bring troops from England to the Cape. The war began October 15, 1899.

The Dutch population of Cape Colony is 265,000, and of these a large number were openly hostile to the British. The British population of the Colony is 194,000. It was likely that the two Republics could put an army of some 50,000 men into the field, swelled, as it would be, by sympathizers from Cape Colony and by adventurers from foreign countries.

From Cape Town to the frontier of the Orange Free State is (by rail) 650 miles, to Pretoria is 1,050 miles. From Durban to Pretoria is 511 miles. From Durban on the sea to Ladysmith

is 189 miles, and the altitude of Ladysmith is 3,285 feet. There are railways from Durban through Ladysmith to Pretoria, from Port Elizabeth to Bloemfontein, from Cape Town to Kimberley, Mafeking and beyond.

The surface of the Orange Free State is mostly level, but it is bordered on the southeast by rugged mountains. Much of the Transvaal is mountainous, and large parts of both Republics are barren. The wagon roads are few and poor, so that an invading army must depend on its railways. There are many rivers to cross and narrow defiles on the roads. The characteristic features of the country are the veldt, an open desert almost barren, and the kopjes, hills with steep sides jutting out of the plain. Such a country lends itself to a defensive campaign. All the supplies for an army must be carried with it. The army cannot live on the country as did General Sherman's in Georgia. Wellington's saying that "war is a question of commissariat, and commissariat is a question of transport," applies in its fullest force. The British army corps called out for service contained 52,128 officers and men, with 11,210 horses, 14,268 mules, 114 cannon, 47 Maxim guns, and 2,588 wagons. It is no small problem to feed, clothe, arm and transport such an organization, to say nothing of using it to good effect on the field of battle.[1]

The military situation at the opening of the campaign was most peculiar. In the far north, Mafeking[2] was invested by the Boers on October 24th. Colonel Plumer's force moving south from Rhodesia to relieve it was checked by the Boers at Gaberones, one hundred miles to the north of the town. Kimberley was besieged on October 20th by a strong force and harassed by bombardment.[3]

Interest at first centered on the field of operations in Natal.

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[1] This Army Corps began to embark in England on October 20th, sailing at the rate of 9,000 per day, but it was not all landed in Africa before the end of November. The first transport arrived November 9th.

[2] The garrison of Mafeking was six hundred irregular troops under Colonel Baden-Powell.

[3] The town was relieved on February 15, 1900, after a hard experience of 118 days. It was garrisoned by 400 regular and 2,000 irregular troops, under the command of Colonel Kekewich. Cecil Rhodes was shut up in this town during the siege.

Nine thousand British troops were at Ladysmith, three thousand at Glencoe, forty-two miles distant; at Pietermaritzburg and at Durban were small garrisons. General Joubert, with two large Boer commandos of perhaps thirteen thousand men in all, established himself at Elandslaagte, fifteen miles from Ladysmith, and attacked the British force there on October 19th. The British General Symons was killed, and, after engagements at Glencoe and Dundee, all the British forces, under General White, were shut up in Ladysmith on October 30th and a regular siege begun.

The Boer forces constantly increased, and soon afterward it is estimated that they had some 47,000 men (27,000 from the Transvaal, 20,000 from the Orange Free State), of whom 22,000 were operating in Natal. They moved about destroying bridges, capturing towns, terrorizing British and impressing Dutch colonists at their will. The British army was outnumbered and there was nothing to do but to await the coming of General Sir Redvers Buller with his army corps of 50,000 men. General Buller's arrival marks the end of the first period of the war.

An English officer of high rank thus summarizes the general situation: "It was assumed, erroneously, as facts have turned out, that Sir George White, with his Natal field force of 12,000 men, would be able to keep the invaders at bay. The general scheme was to advance through the Orange Free State on Pretoria. It was reckoned, and with good reason, that any such advance would quickly have the effect of reducing the pressure on White in Natal; it would also, of course, have drawn off the Boer commandos besieging Kimberley. Such, briefly, was the plan of campaign when Sir Redvers Buller landed at Cape Town on the 1st of November, 1899. But during the seventeen days he had been at sea the military situation had entirely changed. With White shut up at Ladysmith, there was nothing to prevent the Boer invaders from sweeping the small forces at Maritzburg into the sea. Hence Sir Redvers Buller was compelled to direct every available battalion to Durban, thus, of course, diverting the stream of re-enforcements from the true line of advance on Bloemfontein." The original plan of campaign had been entirely given up owing to the rapidity of the Boer movements.

In Natal, the British retired to Estcourt on the 7th of November. The Boers then occupied Frere. About November 20th the Boer army threatened Pietermaritzburg, advancing to within twenty-five miles of it. By December 10th General Buller's forces had driven the Boers back so that his army was established at Frere, where, on December 10th, he had some 22,000 regular troops and about 4,000 irregulars and colonials. His immediate objective was the relief of Ladysmith. To succeed he must cross the Tugela River in the face of the enemy, capture their intrenchments, force the defiles of the mountains and join hands with General White.

General Buller's dispatch describing his first attempt was, with a few omissions, as follows:

"CHIEVELEY CAMP, *December 15, 1899*

"I regret to report a serious reverse. I moved in full strength [about 20,000 men] from camp this morning at four. There are two fordable places in the Tugela, and it was my intention to force a passage through at one of them. General Hart was to attack the left drift, General Hildyard the right road, and General Lyttleton in the centre to support either. Early in the day I saw that General Hart would not be able to force a passage, and directed him to withdraw. I then ordered General Hildyard to advance. At that moment I heard that the whole of the artillery was out of action, as it appears that Colonel Long, in his desire to be within effective range, advanced close to the river. It proved to be full of the enemy, who suddenly opened a galling fire at close range, killing all their horses. Desperate efforts were made to bring out the guns, but the fire was too severe and only two were saved. We have abandoned ten guns and lost, by shell fire, one. We have retired to our camp at Chieveley."

General Buller made two other attempts to reach Ladysmith, both unsuccessful and both attended with great loss of life. The second attempt was begun on January 10th by Potgieter's drift. On the 16th the Tugela was crossed, and on the 17th Lord Dundonald fought a successful action at Acton Homes. Spion Kop, a point of vantage, was captured by General Warren on January

23d, but it could not be held. The British loss was 271 killed, 1,066 wounded, and 293 missing.

The third attempt was made at Vaalkrantz, but here again the Boer position was too strong and on February 9th this line was given up. On February 14th the fourth forward movement was begun. The Boer force had then been greatly weakened by sending re-enforcements to General Cronje, who was facing Lord Roberts at Magersfontein in the west, so that finally Ladysmith was relieved, on February 15th, after enduring a horrible siege of four months attended by famine and sickness.

At Stormberg in Cape Colony, General Gatacre met with a severe defeat from the Boers on December 9th. This check at Stormberg was paralleled by the check of the force of Lord Methuen in the west, who, with some twelve thousand men, was proceeding to the relief of Kimberley.

General Methuen had fought his way from the Orange River to the Modder River, some twenty miles from Kimberley. Here he met the Boers strongly intrenched, and after "one of the hardest and most trying fights in the annals of the British army," the English and Boers remained in their old positions, the English losing some 470 officers and men. The Boers moved off the next day to Magersfontein, where a battle was fought on December 10th and 11th, with a loss to the British of some 800 men. The Boers, under General Cronje, lost heavily also, but they succeeded in bringing Lord Methuen's army to a complete standstill. The second period of the war now ends, with Buller, Gatacre and Methuen checked, Mafeking, Kimberley and Ladysmith besieged.

The campaign, up to December 20th, had already put some 8,000 British soldiers *hors de combat.* It was clear that more men were needed and re-enforcements were at once dispatched from London. It was also decided to place Field-Marshal Lord Roberts in supreme command, with Lord Kitchener as Chief of Staff. This determination on the part of the Home Government marks the first realization of the magnitude of the task before the British army. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener left Cape Town early in February, 1900, and were first heard from on the

Modder River. Here a vigorous campaign, resulting in the conquest of the Orange Free State, began on February 11th.

With a celerity quite new to the British army the fords of the Riet River were seized by the cavalry division and Kimberley was relieved on February 15th. The British now threatened the communications of General Cronje with Bloemfontein, who accordingly abandoned his fortified position at Magersfontein and made a hurried retreat eastward to join hands with re-enforcements which were hastening to meet him. Lord Roberts, with 45,000 men and one hundred guns, followed the retreating Boers closely, and finally they were brought to bay at Paardeberg drift, in the valley of the Modder River, thirty miles from Kimberley. Here they intrenched themselves in deep pits and made a gallant resistance to the enveloping British infantry and artillery. The re-enforcements coming to meet them were driven away, and on February 27th, General Cronje, with about 4,000 men, surrendered.

The Boers hastily collected their forces at Osfontein on March 7th, and prepared to resist the passage of the British to Bloemfontein, the Free State capital. By skillful and rapid flanking movements their strong position was rendered untenable and they were forced to retreat precipitately. The Presidents of both republics were at this battle of Poplar River, and endeavored in vain to stop the retreat, or rather the rout, of the Federal forces. The Boer army began to melt away, and on March 9th President Krüger telegraphed to Lord Salisbury proposing terms of peace, which were refused. Bloemfontein was captured on March 14th. Up to this time the British losses had been 15,800 men.

CHAPTER LI

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE FILIPINOS AND THE AMERICANS IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, 1898—1900

ON May 1, 1898, the American Navy, under Admiral Dewey, fought the memorable battle of Manila Bay. The city of Manila was at the mercy of our force. A bombardment would make it untenable to the Spanish army. For long weeks our navy lay in the harbor, awaiting the arrival of troops

from America, while the Spanish garrison within the city was holding back the Filipinos. Centuries of misgovernment by the Spaniards had filled them with hate, and they were burning for revenge, and eager for the opportunity to plunder the rich capital.

Aguinaldo, the leader of the Filipinos, proclaimed a provisional Republic in June, 1898, and established his capital at Bacoor. His troops were in trenches closely investing the city and in possession of the water-works which supplied it. When the first American troops arrived they occupied some of the trenches that the Filipinos had constructed. As more and more Americans came, Aguinaldo began to feel that they were not there merely to assist him but for purposes of their own. His capital was then withdrawn to Malolos, though most of his troops remained before Manila. The Spanish army surrendered to the American army, of 16,000 volunteers and 6,000 regulars, on August 13, 1898. The Filipinos threatened to sack the city and to execute summary vengeance upon their oppressors, the Spanish. To avoid this danger General Merritt directed the Filipinos to evacuate the suburbs of the city. This was done with reluctance, and they took up an outer line of intrenchments, while the Americans occupied an inner line, parallel to it, around the city walls. At this time the Filipinos had some twenty-five thousand men in their camps, and they still held the water-works. There was constant friction between the American volunteer soldiers and the Filipinos. They soon came to open conflict. A Commission was appointed to confer with three Filipino commissioners appointed by Aguinaldo.

"We did everything in our power," the American commissioners say, "to approximate an understanding; we made most liberal propositions; we invited the Filipino commissioners to make us definite statements in return. . . . Finally, they declared that the least they would accept was the assurance of absolute independence. American land forces were to be withdrawn at once, but our navy was to remain to protect them from meddlesome foreigners. . . . When we pointed out to them that such conditions were unreasonable until they should prove their capability of governing the whole group of islands, that our Government had a responsibility to all the world in seeing stable

government established, and that simply defending them without a voice in their control of affairs might involve us in wars with other nations, they could or would not see the situation in that light. We even went so far as to assure them that the United States would grant them every degree of autonomy they proved themselves equal to . . . but all without avail."

The Filipinos forgot that it was not by their own force that the Spanish had been expelled from the islands. Their leaders desired to reap all the advantages of government without assuming any of its graver responsibilities. They ignored the fact that without American support they could not maintain themselves against foreign aggression. They were blinded by the sight of the power immediately in their view, and were bent on attaining it.

The friction between the Filipino troops and our own was constant and annoying. Treachery on their part was feared, and General Otis gave strict orders that no one should pass through the American lines after nightfall. On February 4, 1899, a small party of Filipinos approached the American lines about 8:30 P.M. A sentinel repeatedly ordered the natives to halt, and, as he was not obeyed, fired, and killed one of the party. Within an hour's time there was firing between the American and Filipino troops along the whole line twenty miles in length. The armed insurrection of the Filipinos against American authority began here. It was certain to have arisen soon. It is now known that it was the intention of Aguinaldo to attack the Americans before re-enforcements could arrive from the United States and to provoke a rising within the walls of Manila itself.

In the next few days, February 4–7, thirteen thousand American troops pushed the twenty thousand Filipinos out of their intrenchments and took possession of Manila and its suburbs, including the water-works at Santolan, six miles to the eastward.

The first pitched battle with the Filipino insurgents was that of Caloocan, which was fought on February 10th. The city of Manila was now entirely secure from attack, but no further advance could be made before the arrival of re-enforcements from San Francisco, seven thousand miles away. If enough trained troops

had been at hand the insurrection could have been suppressed in a few weeks. The experience of the Filipinos in fighting American troops had impressed them with the hopelessness of offensive operations in spite of their superior numbers. They decided on a policy of defense behind intrenchments, which they constructed with great industry and skill.

A plot was arranged by them to burn the city of Manila and to take advantage of the confusion to rise. The plot was discovered, and the rising came to nothing, although a whole quarter of the city was burned on February 22d. On the 15th an order was issued from Malolos calling for the assassination of all foreigners in Manila—English and Germans as well as Americans—but it came to nothing. The campaign was, at this time, made up of small separate operations, each one conducted with activity and leading to distinct advantages.

General Wheaton made an expedition to Pasig on March 13–19; General MacArthur to Malolos, March 25–31; General Lawton to Laguna de Bay, April 8–17; General MacArthur to Calumpit and San Fernando, April 25–May 5; General Lawton to San Isidro (with combats at Novaliches, Norzagaray, Balinag and San Ildefonso), April 22–May 17; Generals Lawton and Wheaton advanced southward to Imus, June 10–19; General Kobbé up the Rio Grande to Arayat, May 17 (with combats at Antipolo, Morong and Calamba); General MacArthur to San Fernando, August 9, and to Angeles, which was captured, August 16.

Whenever it was possible, the navy assisted the land operations, and the army organized a gunboat service of little steam-vessels covered with boiler-iron ("tin-clads") and carrying light cannon. The history of one of these operations is the history of all. The Filipinos always constructed formidable intrenchments in strong positions and fought with valor behind them. The Americans always attacked them with impetuosity and intelligence, flanking them when practicable, and always won the position. The Filipinos retreated and again took up a strong fortified position, from which they were again driven, and so on *da capo*.

In a single expedition General Lawton's troops marched 120 miles in 20 days, engaged in 22 combats, captured 28 towns, de-

stroyed 300,000 bushels of rice stored by the insurgents, leaving 400 of the enemy dead. Only six American soldiers were killed in this expedition and thirty-one wounded.

As re-enforcements of regular troops arrived from the United States more extended operations became possible. The volunteers, who had done gallant service (many regiments remaining long after the expiration of their terms of enlistment), returned to the United States, deserving and receiving the thanks of their country. With the advent of new troops the advantages gained could be permanently retained by leaving small garrisons in possession of the captured towns.

From the very beginning of the operations the necessity of taking possession of the southern islands of the Philippine group and of the hemp-exporting seaports was recognized, and they were successively occupied. Some idea of the difficulties encountered may be had by remembering that the island of Mindanao is as large as the State of Maine. In these expeditions the assistance of the navy was highly important, nay vital.

Complete statistics of the losses in the Philippine campaigns are, naturally, not available at this time. The figures from May 1, 1898, to July 1, 1899, have been furnished by the Adjutant-General of the army as follows: Killed, officers 20, enlisted men 233; died of wounds, officers 10, enlisted men 82; died of disease, officers 11, enlisted men 369. This is an astonishingly good showing for an army of over thirty thousand men on the average operating in a foreign country, with poor transportation, in a trying climate. By December, 1899, there were some sixty thousand American troops in the field and in garrisoned towns.

Operations were commenced with great vigor in November, 1899. The general plan of campaign was to make a forward movement to Tarlac, north of Manila, where the Filipino capital was situated, to capture it, and if possible to capture Aguinaldo. General MacArthur moved forward, capturing Porac, after several days' fighting, on September 28th. General Schwan captured Rosario and Malabon in Southern Luzon, October 1–10. General Lawton took his force, on transports, to the Gulf of Lingayen, north of Tarlac, landed and moved south, thus pressing the insurgents toward

MacArthur. Tarlac was captured, after a brilliant and trying campaign, by MacArthur, on November 14th. The Filipino capital was moved into the mountains, "owing," so Aguinaldo's proclamation reads, "to the unhealthy condition of Tarlac." Flying columns pursued the insurgents in all directions and totally scattered their army. Aguinaldo's Secretary of State and other members of the Government were captured, as well as his mother and his son. The insurrection, as an organized movement, was broken up. From this time onward it became a matter of guerrilla warfare by small bands. Under the most trying conditions the American officers and men performed wonders. Their gallantry has been splendid, and their energy, patience and resourcefulness under difficulties unparalleled.

On December 11th the ports of the Philippines were opened to commerce.

As the field of operations has been extended, it has been demonstrated that we are not endeavoring to suppress a rebellion of the whole population of the islands, but only a rising of one powerful tribe, the Tagalogs, led by Aguinaldo. The American troops are welcomed and assisted by friendly tribes—the Macabebes, the Igorrotes, for example—and the expulsion of the Tagalogs is hailed as a deliverance from tyrants. With patience the insurrection will be put down once and forever. A just and kind administration on our part will attach the natives to our rule.

The American troops have now penetrated nearly every region of the island of Luzon from the extreme north to the south. All of the other important islands have been occupied. The chief difficulties have been overcome. Those that remain relate rather to the preservation of good order by an active police than to military operations against an organized enemy.

CHAPTER LII

THE WAR OF GREAT BRITAIN AGAINST THE BOER REPUBLICS IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING

THE story of Mafeking will always occupy a conspicuous place in British military annals, though of those that took part in its defense only the more prominent of the officers belonged to the British army. The defense was all the more remarkable because the situation afforded no natural facilities for resistance, the town being laid out in an open plain, with nothing but trenches and redoubts and artificial devices, improvised as the siege progressed, to keep out the enemy. The troops composing the garrison were drawn from various colonial organizations, and comprised detachments of the Cape Mounted Police, the British South African Police, the Diamond Fields Artillery, the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuana Rifles, all under the command of Colonel (now Major-General) Baden-Powell, assisted by Lord Edward Cecil, son of the Marquis of Salisbury, and other British officers detached on special service. The total force was under seventeen hundred men.

The war began on October 11, 1899, and the first shot in the campaign was fired by the Boers, who attacked and captured an ironclad train on the railway at Kraaipan, between Mafeking and Vryburg, together with Lieutenant Nesbitt and thirteen men accompanying it. The communications by rail between Mafeking and the outside world, north and south, were cut off at the same time, and on October 15, and subsequent occasions during the month, the town was bombarded by the Boers, the garrison losing 14 killed and 32 wounded. Mafeking was well provisioned at the start, but it was feared, groundlessly as it proved, that it might

suffer from want of water, the supply of which it derived chiefly from the springs at Rooi Grond, in the Transvaal territory, near by. During the month of November there were few incidents to vary the monotony of the siege, and the organization of a relief column proceeded but slowly, there being no British force in Rhodesia, and the Boers operating northward along the line of rail and toward Tuli kept the Colonial levies fully occupied. Early in December, Colonel Plumer made an incursion into the northern part of the Transvaal, hoping to effect a diversion in favor of Mafeking by threatening the rear of the besieging force, but had to return to Tuli, having found the country he traversed deserted and barren of supplies. It was then decided to organize a relief column to proceed directly down the line of rail, which was gradually repaired and patroled to within a hundred and fifty miles of Mafeking.

December passed without any sensible progress being made either by the besiegers or the relieving force; but a sortie by the defenders was made on the 26th which failed of its object, and brought the garrison a loss of 32 officers and men. It was only toward the end of January that Colonel Plumer reached Gaberones, beyond which he was unable to proceed, owing to the presence of the Boers between there and Mafeking, and the destruction of the railway bridges that prevented his bringing forward his supplies by rail. He was also deficient in artillery. The beleaguered garrison now began to prepare for short rations, the news of the various disasters to the British arms in other parts of the country showing them that the war was likely to be prolonged for some time. The Boers on their side did not press the attack very closely, contenting themselves with occasional desultory bombardments and strict blockade, and holding Colonel Plumer back in the neighborhood of Gaberones. In March the condition of the garrison began to get more serious, sickness making inroads on its strength, and provisions running short, while the Transvaal and Orange Free State governments grew impatient with the apparent want of energy of their commanders in not bringing the siege to a conclusion. In order to economize provisions attempts were made to get a part of the native population of Mafeking out through the investing line, but they were driven back by the besiegers.

About the 13th of March rumors went out that Mafeking had been relieved, but there was no foundation for them beyond the advance of Colonel Plumer from Gaberones to Lobatsi, nearer to Mafeking, where hopes began to be entertained that the end was near and that their food supply would hold out. They were, however, doomed to disappointment, for on the 16th Colonel Plumer was attacked by the Boers and compelled to fall back to Crocodile Pools, the Boers under Commandant Snyman, who was conducting the siege, having been re-enforced by a force under Commandant Eloff, grandson of President Kruger. On March 29, the Boers renewed the bombardment of the town, but with little effect. Early in April, Colonel Plumer made another effort to reach Mafeking, and on the 6th had come within six miles of the place, but was again driven back with some loss. The messages that now came from Mafeking were still in the usual cheerful tone that had characterized Colonel Baden-Powell's communications during the earlier months of the investment, but it was known that the situation was getting worse and that there was great suffering among the non-combatant population. There was, however, no means of sending speedy help from any quarter, there not having been time after the relief of Kimberley to organize a column strong enough and with the requisite supplies to attempt to cross the two hundred miles of space between there and Mafeking; and time was necessary to enable the re-enforcements going through Rhodesia, by way of Beira on the Portuguese Mozambique coast, to reach Colonel Plumer.

On April 20, in reply to his appeals for early relief, Colonel Baden-Powell received a message from Lord Roberts promising it to him by May 18, which, however, was received with great disappointment by the weary besieged, who saw the Boer force surrounding them growing in numbers and daily becoming more active; the attempts, too, that were made by Colonel Plumer to run in cattle with the help of the Baralongs, a tribe friendly to the British, failed. But the promised relief was preparing, and on May 4 a well-equipped force of selected men, 2,300 in number, under the command of Colonel Mahon, with ample supplies, left Kimberley and crossed the Vaal at Barkly West on the march to Mafeking.

The Boers evidently had information of the destination of the column, for it had hardly started before they began moving from the neighborhood of Fourteen Streams to the northwest for the purpose of intercepting it. By keeping well to the westward, however, it successfully eluded the enemy, and it was not until it reached Vryburg, ninety miles from Mafeking, that it came in touch with the Boer force on the lookout for it. Colonel Mahon, who has a high reputation in the British army as a cavalry leader, although outmarched by the Boers in the race to Mafeking, by skillful maneuvering worked round the position at a place called Koodoosrand, where the Boers had planned to stop him. They, however, caught him on the 13th, but after a sharp combat were driven off, leaving a number of dead on the field. On the 15th Colonel Mahon was joined by Colonel Plumer from the north with 2,000 men, and the two columns, numbering over 4,000 men, with artillery, moved on Mafeking. They were only just in time; for, in anticipation of the advent of the relieving column, the Boers, under command of Commandant Eloff, had delivered an assault which had given them possession of the better part of the town. Their appearance entirely changed the situation. The Boers were driven from their lines of investment, and the greater part of the force that had penetrated the town from the westward, with its commandant, was captured. On May 17, the day before the date fixed by Lord Roberts, and after 219 days of siege, the relieving force entered Mafeking and delivered its heroic commander and garrison from imminent capture, to the intense joy and satisfaction of the British people, who had been watching their protracted and dogged defense with mingled anxiety and pride.